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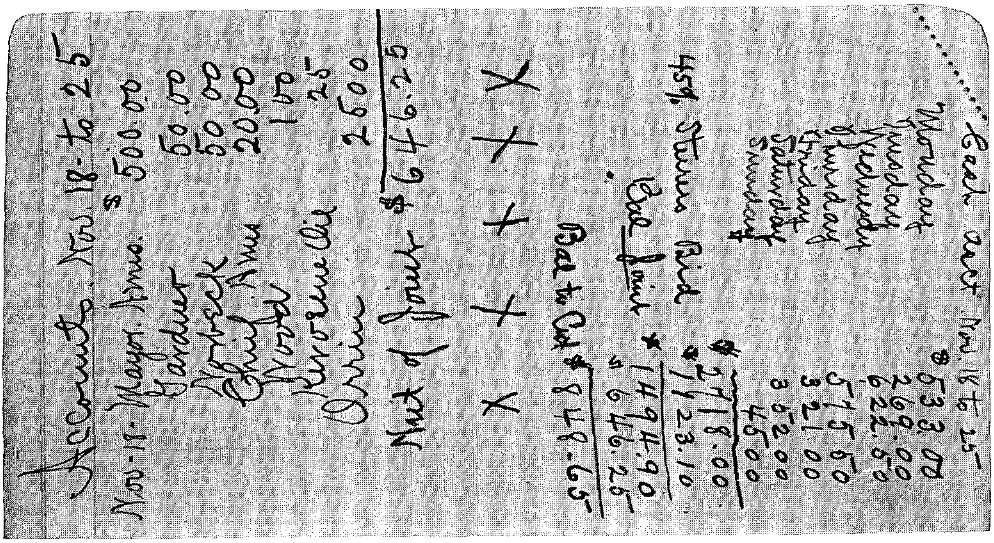
THE SHAME OF MINNEAPOLIS

The Rescue and Redemption of a City that was Sold Out

BY LINCOLN STEFFENS



Accounts. Nov. 18- to 25

Nov-18-	Mayor. Ames.	$ 500.00
	Gardner	50.00
	Norbeck	50.00
	Chief. Ames	20.00
	Wood	1.00
	Kerosene Oil	25
	Orrin	26.00
	Nact of Joint	$ 646.25

X X X X X

Cash acct Nov. 18 to 25

Monday	$ 533.00
Tuesday	269.00
Wednesday	622.50
Thursday	575.50
Friday	321.00
Saturday	352.00
Sunday	45.00
	$ 2718.00
45% Steerers Bid	$ 1223.10
Bal Joint	$ 1494.90
	$ 646.25
Bal to Cut	$ 848.65

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FAC-SIMILE OF THE FIRST PAGE OF "THE BIG MITT LEDGER"

An account kept by a swindler of the dealings of his "Joint" with City Officials, showing first payments made to Mayor Ames, his brother, the Chief of Police and Detectives. This book figured in trials and newspaper reports of the exposure, but was "lost"; and its whereabouts was the mystery of the proceedings. This is the first glimpse that any one, except "Cheerful Charlie" Howard, who kept it, and members of the grand jury, has had of the book

WHENEVER anything extraordinary is done in American municipal politics, whether for good or for evil, you can trace it almost invariably to one man. The people do not do it. Neither do the "gangs," "combines," or political parties. These are but instruments by which bosses (not leaders; we Americans are not led, but driven) rule the people, and commonly sell them out. But there are at least two forms of the autocracy which has supplanted the democracy here as it has everywhere it has been tried. One is that of the organized majority by which, as in Tammany Hall in New York and the Republican machine in Philadelphia, the boss has normal control of more than half the voters. The other is that of the adroitly managed minority. The "good people" are herded into parties and stupefied with convictions and a name, Republican or Democrat; while the "bad people" are so organized or interested by the boss that he can wield their votes to enforce terms with party managers and decide elections. St. Louis is a conspicuous example of this form. Minneapolis is another. Colonel Ed. Butler is the unscrupulous opportunist who handled the non-partisan minority which turned St. Louis into a "boodle town." In Minneapolis "Doc" Ames was the man.

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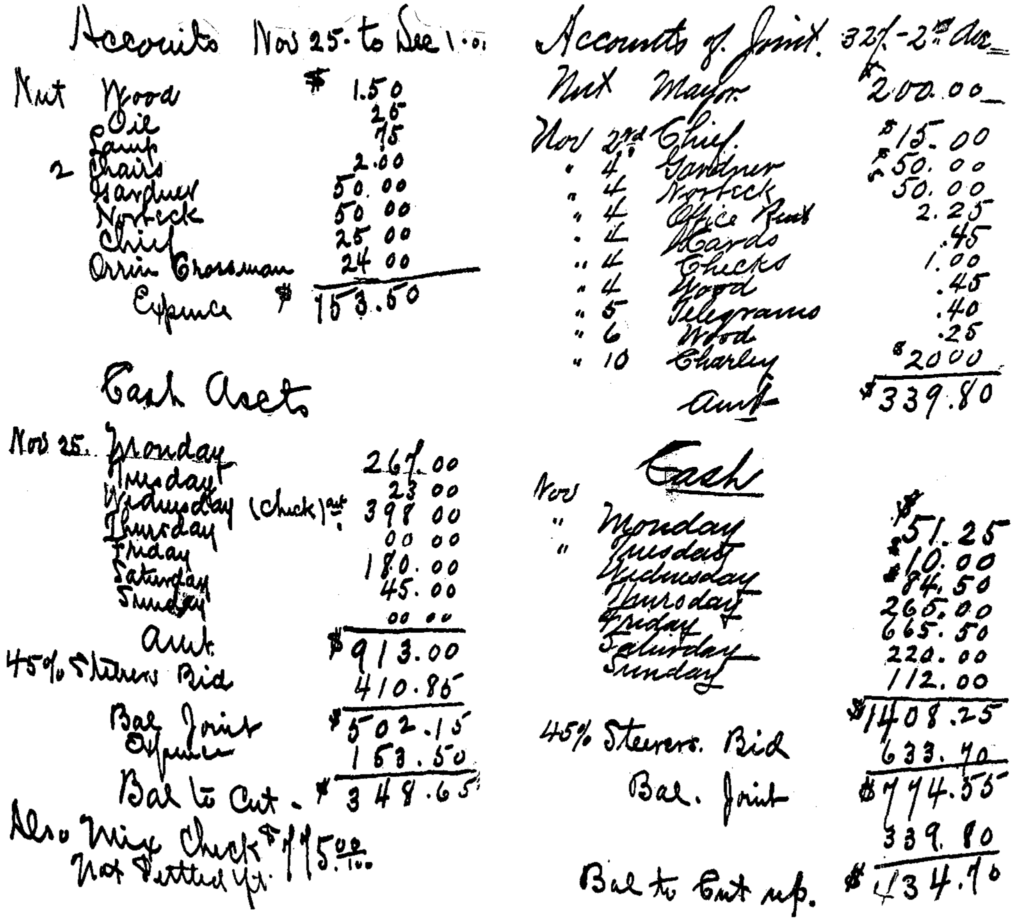


Accounts Nov 25· to Dec 1·01

Nut	Wood	$ 1.50
	Oil	25
	Lamp	75
2	Chairs	2.00
	Gardner	50.00
	Norbeck	50 00
	Chief	25 00
	Orrin Grossman	24 00
	Expence	$ 153.50

Cash Asets

Nov 25.	Monday	267.00
	Tuesday	23 00
	Wednesday (check) out	398 00
	Thursday	00 00
	Friday	180.00
	Saturday	45.00
	Sunday	00 00
	Amt	$ 913.00
	45% Stevens Bid	410.85
	Bal Joint	$ 502.15
	Expence	153.50
	Bal to Cut	$ 348.65

Also Mix Check $775 00/100
Not Settled Yet.

Accounts of Joint. 327-2nd Ave

Nut	Mayor	$ 200.00
Nov 2nd	Chief	$ 15.00
" 4	Gardner	$ 50.00
" 4	Norbeck	50.00
" 4	Office Rent	2.25
" 4	Cards	.45
" 4	Checks	1.00
" 4	Wood	.45
" 5	Telegrams	.40
" 6	Wood	.25
" 10	Charley	$ 20 00
	Amt	$ 339.80

Cash

Nov	Monday	$ 51.25
"	Tuesday	$ 10.00
"	Wednesday	$ 84.50
	Thursday	265.00
	Friday	665.50
	Saturday	220.00
	Sunday	112.00
		$ 1408.25
	45% Stevens. Bid	633.70
	Bal. Joint	$ 774.55
		339.80
	Bal to Cut up.	$ 434.70

TWO OTHER PAGES FROM "THE BIG MITT LEDGER"

The first shows an item concerning the check for $775, which the "sucker" Meix (here spelt Mix) wished not to have honored. The second shows the accounts for a week of small transactions

Minneapolis is a New England town on the upper Mississippi. The metropolis of the Northwest, it is the metropolis also of Norway and Sweden in America. Indeed, it is the second largest Scandinavian city in the world. But Yankees, straight from Down East, settled the town, and their New England spirit predominates. They had Bayard Taylor lecture there in the early days of the settlement; they made it the seat of the University of Minnesota. Yet even now, when the town has grown to a population of more than 200,000, you feel that there is something Western about it too—a Yankee with a small Puritan head, an open prairie heart, and a great, big Scandinavian body. The Roundhead takes the Swede and Norwegian bone out into the woods, and they cut lumber by forests, or they go out on the prairies and raise wheat and mill it into fleet-cargoes of flour. They work hard, they make money, they are sober, satisfied, busy with their own affairs. There isn't much time for public business. Taken together, Miles, Hans, and Ole are very American. Miles insists upon strict laws, Ole and Hans want one or two Scandinavians on their ticket. These things granted, they go off on raft or reaper, leaving whoso will to enforce the laws and run the city.

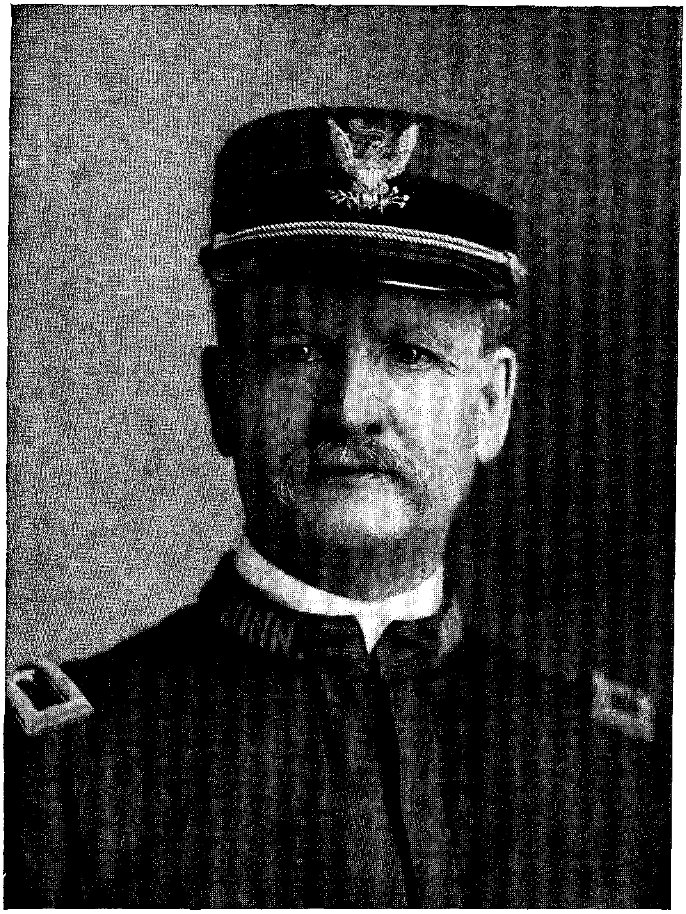
The people who were left to govern the city hated above all things strict laws. They were the loafers, saloon keepers, gamblers, criminals, and the thriftless poor of all nationalities. Resenting the sobriety of a staid, industrious community, and having no Irish to boss them, they delighted to follow the jovial pioneer doctor, Albert Alonzo Ames. He was the "good fellow"—a genial, generous reprobate. Devery, Tweed, and many more have exposed in vain this amiable type. "Doc" Ames, tall, straight, and cheerful, attracted men, and they gave him votes for his smiles. He stood for license. There was nothing of the Puritan about him. His father, the sturdy old pioneer, Dr. Alfred Elisha Ames, had a strong strain of it in him, but he moved on with his family of six sons from Garden Prairie, Ill., to Fort Snelling reservation, in 1851, before Minneapolis was founded, and young Albert Alonzo, who then was ten years old, grew up free, easy, and tolerant. He was sent to school, then to college in Chicago, and he returned home a doctor of medicine before he was twenty-one. As the town waxed soberer and richer, "Doc" grew gayer and more and more generous. Skilful as a surgeon, devoted as a physician, and as a man kindly, he increased his practice till he was the best-loved man in the community. He was especially good to the poor. Anybody could summon "Doc" Ames at any hour to any distance. He went, and he gave not only his professional service, but sympathy, and often charity. "Richer men than you will pay your bill," he told the destitute. So there was a basis for his "good-fellowship." There always is; these good fellows are not frauds—not in the beginning.

But there is another side to them sometimes. Ames was sunshine not to the sick and destitute only. To the vicious and the depraved also he was a comfort. If a man was a hard drinker, the good Doctor cheered him with another drink; if he had stolen something, the Doctor helped to get him off. He was naturally vain; popularity developed his love of approbation. His loose life brought disapproval only from the good people, so gradually the Doctor came to enjoy best the society of the barroom and the streets. This society, flattered in turn, worshipped the good Doctor, and, active in politics always, put its physician into the arena.

Had he been wise, or even shrewd, he might have made himself a real power. But he wasn't calculating, only light and frivolous, so he did not organize his forces and run men for office. He sought office himself from the start, and he got most of the small places he wanted by changing his party to seize the

HOVEY C. CLARKE

Foreman of the grand jury which cleaned out Mayor Ames's administration, caught and had convicted the officials who sold criminal rights to loot Minneapolis



MAYOR A. A. AMES

The "moral leper," who, known to everybody in Minneapolis for what he was, was four times elected mayor; head of a system of robbery, blackmail, and plunder conducted by professional criminals under police direction

opportunity. His floating minority, added to the regular partisan vote, was sufficient ordinarily for his useless victories. As time went on he rose from smaller offices to be a Republican mayor, then twice at intervals to be a Democratic mayor. He was a candidate once for Congress; he stood for governor once on a sort of Populist-Democrat ticket. Ames could not get anything outside of his own town, and after his third term as mayor it was thought he was out of politics altogether. He was getting old, and he was getting worse.

Like many a "good fellow" with hosts of miscellaneous friends down town to whom he was devoted, the good Doctor neglected his own family. From neglect he went on openly to separation from his wife and a second establishment. The climax came not long before the election of 1900. His wife was dying, and his daughter wrote to her father a note saying that her mother wished to see and forgive him. The messenger found him in a saloon. The Doctor read the note, laid it on the bar, and scribbled across it a sentence incredibly obscene. His wife died. The outraged family would not have the father at the funeral, but he appeared, not at the house, but in a carriage on the street. He sat across the way, with his feet up and a cigar in his mouth, till the funeral moved; then he circled around, crossing it and meeting it, and making altogether a scene which might well close any man's career.

It didn't end his. The people had just secured the passage of a new primary law to establish direct popular government. There were to be no more nominations by convention. The voters were to ballot for their party candidates. By a slip of some sort, the laws did not specify that Republicans only should vote for Republican candidates, and only Democrats for Democratic candidates. Any voter could vote at either primary. Ames, in disrepute with his own party, the Democratic, bade his followers vote for his nomination for mayor on the Republican ticket. They all voted; not all the Republicans did. He was nominated. Nomination is far from election, and you would say that the trick would not help him. But that was a Presidential year, so the people of Minneapolis had to vote for Ames, the Republican candidate for Mayor. Besides, Ames said he was going to reform; that he was getting old, and wanted to close his career with a good administration. The effective argument, however, was that, since McKinley had to be elected to save the country, Ames must be supported for Mayor of Minneapolis. Why? The great American people cannot be trusted to scratch a ticket.

Well, Minneapolis got its old mayor back, and he was reformed. Up to this time Ames had not been very venal personally. He was a "spender," not a "grafter," and he was guilty of corruption chiefly by proxy; he took the honors and left the spoils to his followers. His administrations were no worse than the worst. Now, however, he set out upon a career of corruption which for deliberateness, invention, and avarice has never been equalled. It was as if he had made up his mind that he had been careless long enough, and meant to enrich his last years. He began early.

Immediately upon his election, before he took office (on January 7th), he organized a cabinet and laid plans to turn the city over to outlaws who were to work under police direction for the profit of his administration. He chose for chief his brother, Colonel Fred W. Ames, who had recently returned under a cloud from service in the Philippines. The Colonel had commanded a Minnesota regiment out there till he proved a coward under fire; he escaped court-martial only on the understanding that he should resign on reaching San Francisco, whither he was immediately shipped. This he did not do, and his brother's influence at Washington saved him to be mustered out with the regiment. But he was a weak vessel for chief of police, and the mayor picked for chief of detectives an abler man, who was to direct the more difficult operations. This was Norman W. King, a former gambler, who knew the criminals needed in the business ahead. King was to invite to Minneapolis thieves, confidence men, pickpockets, and gamblers, and release some that were in the local jail. They were to be organized into groups, according to their profession, and detectives were assigned to assist and direct them. The head of the gambling syndicate was to have charge of the gambling, making the terms and collecting the "graft," just as King and a Captain Hill were to collect from the thieves. The collector for women of the town was to be Irwin A. Gardner, a medical student in the Doctor's office, who was made a special policeman for the purpose. These men looked over the force, selected those men who could be trusted, charged them a price for their retention, and marked for dismissal 107 men out of 225, the 107 being the best policemen in the department from the point of view of the citizens who afterward reorganized the force. John Fitchette, better known as "Coffee John," a Virginian (who served on the Jeff Davis jury), the keeper of a notorious coffee-house, was to be a captain of police, with no duties except to sell places on the police force.

FRED W. AMES
The Mayor's brother, who succeeded in getting the control of the graft away from Gardner

And they did these things that they planned—all and more. The administration opened with the revolution on the police force. They liberated the thieves in the local jail, and made known to the Under World generally that "things were doing" in Minneapolis. The incoming swindlers reported to King or his staff for instructions, and went to work, turning the "swag" over to the detectives in charge. Gambling went on openly, and disorderly houses multiplied under the fostering care of Gardner, the medical student. But all this was not enough. Ames dared to break openly into the municipal system of vice protection.

There was such a thing. Minneapolis, strict in its laws, forbade vices which are inevitable, then regularly permitted them under certain conditions. Legal limits, called "patrol lines," were prescribed, within which saloons might be opened. These ran along the river front, out through part of the business section, with long arms reaching into the Scandinavian quarters, north and south. Gambling also was confined, but more narrowly. And there were limits, also arbitrary, but not always identical with those for gambling, within which the social evil was allowed. But the novel feature of this scheme was that disorderly houses were practically licensed by the city, the women appearing before the clerk of the Municipal Court each month to pay a "fine" of $100. Unable at first to get this "graft," Ames's man Gardner persuaded women to start houses, apartments, and, of all things, candy stores, which sold sweets to children and tobacco to the "lumber Jacks" in front, while a nefarious traffic was carried on in the rear. But they paid Ames, not the city, and that was all the reform administration cared about.

C. F. BRACKETT

A captain and detective, who instigated, guarded, and shared in the robbery of a safe

NORMAN W. KING

Ex-gambler and chief of detectives, who directed the work of criminals

The revenue from all these sources must have been enormous. It only whetted the avarice of the mayor and his Cabinet. They let gambling privileges without restriction to location or "squareness"; the syndicate could cheat and rob as it would. Peddlers and pawnbrokers, formerly licensed by the city, bought permits now instead from "Gardner's father," A. L. Gardner, who was the mayor's agent in this field. Some two hundred slot machines were installed in various parts of the town, with owner's agent and mayor's agent watching and collecting from them enough to pay the mayor $15,000 a year as his share. Auction frauds were instituted. Opium joints and unlicensed saloons, called "blind pigs," were protected. Gardner even had a police baseball team, for whose games tickets were sold to people who had to buy them. But the women were the easiest "graft." They were compelled to buy illustrated biographies of the city officials; they had to give presents of money, jewelry, and gold stars to police officers. But the money they still paid direct to the city in fines, some $35,000 a year, fretted the mayor, and at last he reached for it. He came out with a declaration, in his old character as friend of the oppressed, that $100 a month was too much for these women to pay. They should be required to pay the city fine only once in two months. This puzzled the town till it became generally known that Gardner collected the other month for the mayor. The final outrage in this department, however, was an order of the mayor for the periodic visits to disorderly houses, by the city's physicians, at from $5 to $20 per visit. The two physicians he appointed called when they willed, and more and more frequently, till toward the end the calls became a pure formality, with the collections as the one and only object.

In a general way all this business was known. It did not arouse the citizens, but it did attract criminals, and more and more thieves and swindlers came hurrying to Minneapolis. Some of them saw the police, and made terms. Some were seen by the police and invited to go to work. There was room for all. This astonishing fact that the government of a city asked criminals to rob the people is fully established. The police and the criminals have confessed it separately. Their statements agree in detail. Detective Norbeck made the arrangement, and introduced the swindlers to Gardner, who, over King's head, took the money from them. Here is the story "Billy" Edwards, a "big mitt" man, told under oath of his reception in Minneapolis:

"I had been out to the coast, and hadn't seen Norbeck for some time. After I returned I boarded a Minneapolis car one evening to go down to South Minneapolis to visit a friend. Norbeck and Detective DeLaittre were on the car. When Norbeck saw me he came up and shook hands, and said, 'Hullo Billy, how goes it?' I said, 'Not very well.' Then he says, 'Things have changed since you went away. Me and Gardner are the whole thing now. Before you left they thought I didn't know anything, but I turned a few tricks, and now I'm It.' 'I'm glad of that, Chris,' I said. He says, 'I've got great things for you. I'm going to fix up a joint for you.' 'That's good,' I said, 'but I don't believe you can do it.' 'Oh, yes, I can,' he

T. R. BROWN

The private secretary of Mayor Ames, who filled the office for a few days when the Mayor was away

JOHN FITCHETTE, "COFFEE JOHN"

Captain of police while conducting a restaurant with booths; convicted of selling places on the police force replied. 'I'm It now—Gardner and me.' 'Well, if you can do it,' says I, 'there's money in it.' 'How much can you pay?' he asked. 'Oh, $150 or $200 a week,' says I. 'That settles it,' he said; 'I'll take you down to see Gardner, and we'll fix it up.' Then he made an appointment to meet me the next night, and we went down to Gardner's house together."

There Gardner talked business in general, showed his drawer full of bills, and jokingly asked how Edwards would like to have them. Edwards says:

"I said, 'That looks pretty good to me,' and Gardner told us that he had 'collected' the money from the women he had on his staff, and that he was going to pay it over to the 'old man' when he got back from his hunting trip next morning. Afterward he told me that the mayor had been much pleased with our $500, and that he said everything was all right, and for us to go ahead."

"Link" Crossman, another confidence man who was with Edwards, said that Gardner demanded $1,000 at first, but compromised on $500 for the mayor, $50 for Gardner, and $50 for Norbeck. To the chief, Fred Ames, they gave tips now and then of $25 or $50. "The first week we ran," said Crossman, "I gave Fred $15. Norbeck took me down there. We shook hands, and I handed him an envelope with $15. He pulled out a list of steerers we had sent him, and said he wanted to go over them with me. He asked where the joint was located. At another time I slipped $25 into his hand as he was standing in the hallway of City Hall." But these smaller payments, after the first "opening, $500," are all down on the pages of the "big mitt" ledger, photographs of which illuminate this article. This notorious book, which was kept by Charlie Howard, one of the "big mitt" men, was much talked of at the subsequent trials, but was kept hidden to await the trial of the mayor himself.

The "big mitt" game was swindling by means of a stacked hand at stud poker. "Steerers" and "boosters" met "suckers" on the street, at hotels, and railway stations, won their confidence, and led them to the "joint." Usually the "sucker" was called, by the amount of his loss, "the $102 man" or "the $35 man." Roman Meix alone had the distinction among all the Minneapolis victims of going by his own name. Having lost $775, he became known for his persistent complainings. But they all "kicked" some. To Norbeck at the street door was assigned the duty of hearing their complaints, and "throwing a scare into them." "Oh, so you've been gambling," he would say. "Have you got a license? Well, then, you better get right out of this town." Sometimes he accompanied them to the station and saw them off. If they were not to be put off thus, he directed them to the chief of police. Fred Ames tried to wear them out by keeping them waiting in the anteroom. If they outlasted him, he saw them and frightened them with threats of all sorts of trouble for gambling without a license. Meix wanted to have payment on his check stopped. Ames, who had been a bank clerk, told him so, and then had the effrontery to say that payment on such a check could not be stopped.

Burglaries were common. How many the police planned may never be known. Charles F. Brackett and Fred Malone, police captains and detectives, were active, and one well-established crime of theirs is the robbery of the Pabst Brewing Company office. They persuaded two men, one an employee, to learn the combination of the safe, open and clean it out one night, while the two officers stood guard outside.

The excesses of the municipal administration became so notorious that some of the members of it remonstrated with the others, and certain county officers were genuinely alarmed. No restraint followed their warnings. Sheriff Megaarden, no Puritan himself, felt constrained to interfere, and he made some arrests of gamblers. The Ames people turned upon him in a fury; they accused him of making overcharges in his accounts with the county for fees, and laying the evidence before Governor Van Sant, they had Megaarden removed from office. Ames offered bribes to two county commissioners to appoint Gardner sheriff, so as to be sure of no more trouble in that quarter. This move failed, but the lesson taught Megaarden served to clear the atmosphere, and the spoliation went on as recklessly as ever. It became impossible.

Even lawlessness must be regulated. Dr. Ames, never an organizer, attempted no control, and his followers began to quarrel among themselves. They deceived one another; they robbed the thieves; they robbed Ames himself. His brother became dissatisfied with his share of the spoils, and formed cabals with captains who plotted against the administration and set up disorderly houses, "panel games," and all sorts of "grafts" of their own. The one man loyal to the mayor was Gardner, and Fred Ames, Captain King, and their pals, plotted the fall of the favorite. Now anybody could get anything from the Doctor, if he could have him alone. The Fred

Ames clique chose a time when the mayor was at West Baden; they filled him with suspicion of Gardner and the fear of exposure, and induced him to let a creature named "Reddy" Cohen, instead of Gardner, do the collecting, and pay over all the moneys, not directly, but through Fred. Gardner made a touching appeal. "I have been honest. I have paid you all," he said to the mayor. "Fred and the rest will rob you." This was true, but it was of no avail.

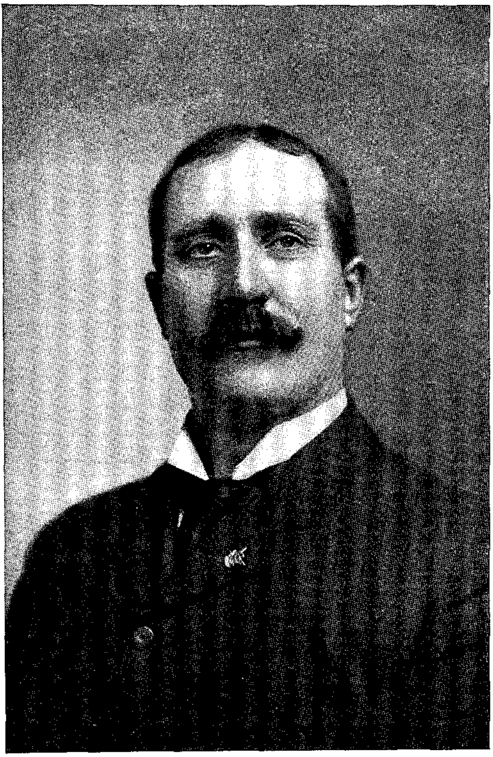
Fred Ames was in charge at last, and he himself went about giving notice of the change. Three detectives were with him when he visited the women, and here is the women's story, in the words of one, as it was told again and again in court: "Colonel Ames came in with the detectives. He stepped into a side room and asked me if I had been paying Gardner. I told him I had, and he told me not to pay no more, but to come to his office later, and he would let me know what to do. I went to the City Hall in about three weeks, after Cohen had called and said he was 'the party.' I asked the chief if it was all right to pay Cohen, and he said it was."

The new arrangement did not work so smoothly as the old. Cohen was an oppressive collector, and Fred Ames, appealed to, was weak and lenient. He had no sure hold on the force. His captains, free of Gardner, were undermining the chief. They increased their private operations. Some of the detectives began to drink hard and neglect their work. Norbeck so worried the "big mitt" men by staying away from the joint, that they complained to Fred about him. The chief rebuked Norbeck, and he promised to "do better," but thereafter he was paid, not by the week, but by piece work—so much for each "trimmed sucker" that he ran out of town. Protected swindlers were arrested for operating in the street by "Coffee John's" new policemen who took the places of the negli-

D. PERCY JONES

The acting-mayor, who refused to license vice either for public revenue or public safety gent detectives. Fred let the indignant prisoners go when they were brought before him, but the arrests were annoying, inconvenient, and disturbed business. The whole system became so demoralized that every man was for himself. There was not left even the traditional honor among thieves.

It was at this juncture, in April, 1902, that the grand jury for the summer term was drawn. An ordinary body of unselected citizens, it received no special instructions from the bench; the county prosecutor offered it only routine work to do. But there was a man among them who was a fighter—the foreman, Hovey C. Clarke. He was of an old New England family. Coming to Minneapolis when a young man, seventeen years before, he had fought for employment, fought with his employers for position, fought with his employees, the lumber-Jacks, for command, fought for his company against competitors; and he had won always, till now he had the habit of command, the impatient, imperious manner of the master, and the assurance of success which begets it. He did not want to be a grand juryman, he did not want to be a foreman; but since he was both, he wanted to accomplish something.



CAPTAIN NORBECK

The detective who was assigned by the chief of police to the duty of "throwing scares into trimmed suckers"

Why not rip up the Ames gang? Heads shook, hands went up; it was useless to try. The discouragement fired Clarke. That was just what he would do, he said, and he took stock of his jury. Two or three were men with backbone; that he knew, and he quickly had them with him. The rest were all sorts of men. Mr. Clarke won over each man to himself, and interested them all. Then he called for the county prosecutor. The prosecutor was a politician; he knew the Ames crowd; they were too powerful to attack.

"You are excused," said the foreman.

There was a scene; the prosecutor knew his rights.

"Do you think, Mr. Clarke," he cried, "that you can run the grand jury and my office, too?"

"Yes," said Clarke, "I will run your office if I want to; and I want to. You're excused."

Mr. Clarke does not talk much about his doings last summer; he isn't the talking sort. But he does say that all he did was to apply simple business methods to his problem. In action, however, these turned out to be the most approved police methods. He hired a lot of local detectives who, he knew, would talk about what they were doing, and thus would be watched by the police. Having thus thrown a false scent, he hired some other detectives whom nobody knew about. This was expensive; so were many of the other things he did; but he was bound to win, so he paid the price, drawing freely on his own and his colleagues' pockets. (The total cost to the county for a long summer's work by this grand jury was $259.) With his detectives out, he himself went to the jail to get tips from the inside, from criminals who, being there, must have grievances. He made the acquaintance of the jailor, Captain Alexander, and Alexander was a friend of Sheriff Megaarden. Yes, he had some men there who were "sore" and might want to get even.

Now two of these were "big mitt" men who had worked for Gardner. One was "Billy" Edwards, the other "Cheerful Charlie" Howard. I heard too many explanations of their plight to choose any one; this general account will cover the ground: In the Ames mêlée, either by mistake, neglect, or for spite growing out of the network of conflicting interests and gangs, they were arrested, arraigned, not before Fred Ames, but a judge, and held in bail too high for them to furnish. They had paid for an unexpired period of protection, yet could get neither protection nor bail. They were forgotten. "We got the double cross all right," they said, and they bled with their grievance; but squeal, no, sir!—that was "another deal."

But Mr. Clarke had their story, and he was bound to force them to tell it under oath on the stand. If they did, Gardner and Norbeck would be indicted, tried, and probably convicted. In themselves, these men were of no great importance; but they were the key to the situation, and a way up to the mayor. It was worth trying. Mr. Clarke went into the jail with Messrs. Lester Elwood and Willard J. Hield, grand jurors on whom he relied most for delicate work. They stood by while the foreman talked. And the foreman's way of talking was to smile, swear, threaten, and cajole. "Billy" Edwards told me afterwards that he and Howard were finally persuaded to turn state's evidence, because they believed that Mr. Clarke was the kind of a man to keep his promises and fulfil his threats. "We," he said, meaning criminals generally, "are always stacking up against juries and lawyers who want us to holler. We don't, because we see they ain't wise, and won't get there. They're quitters; they can be pulled off. Clarke has a hard eye. I know men. It's my business to size 'em up, and I took him for a winner, and I played in with him against that whole big bunch of easy things that was running things on the bum." The grand jury was ready at the end of three weeks of hard work to find bills. A prosecutor was needed. The public prosecutor was being ignored, but his first assistant and friend, Al. J. Smith, was taken in hand by Mr. Clarke. Smith hesitated; he knew better even than the foreman the power and resources of the Ames gang. But he came to believe in Mr. Clarke, just as Edwards had; he was sure the foreman would win; so he went over to his side, and, having once decided, he led the open fighting, and, alone in court, won cases against men who had the best lawyers in the State to defend them. His court record is extraordinary. Moreover, he took over the negotiations with criminals for evidence, Messrs. Clarke, Hield, Elwood, and the other jurors providing means and moral support. These were needed. Bribes were offered to Smith; he was threatened; he was called a fool. But so was Clarke, to whom $28,000 was offered to quit, and for whose slaughter a slugger was hired to come from Chicago. What startled the jury most, however, was the character of the citizens who were sent to them to dissuade them from their course. No reform I ever studied has failed to bring out this phenomenon of virtuous cowardice, the baseness of the decent citizen.

Nothing stopped this jury, however. They had courage. They indicted Gardner, Norbeck, Fred Ames, and many lesser persons. But the gang had courage, too, and raised a defence fund to fight Clarke. Mayor Ames was defiant. Once, when Mr. Clarke called at the City Hall, the mayor met and challenged him. The mayor's heelers were all about him, but Clarke faced him.

"Yes, Doc. Ames, I'm after you," he said. "I've been in this town for seventeen years, and all that time you've been a moral leper. I hear you were rotten during the ten years before that. Now I'm going to put you where all contagious things are put—where you cannot contaminate anybody else."

The trial of Gardner came on. Efforts had been made to persuade him to surrender the mayor, but the young man was paid $15,000 "to stand pat," and he went to trial and conviction silent. Other trials followed fast —Norbeck's, Fred Ames's, Chief of Detectives King's. Witnesses who were out of the State were needed, and true testimony from women. There was no county money for extradition, so the grand jurors paid these costs also. They had Meix followed from Michigan down to Mexico and back to Idaho, where they got him, and he was presented in court one day at the trial of Norbeck, who had "steered" him out of town. Norbeck thought Meix was a thousand miles away, and had been bold before. At the sight of him in court he started to his feet, and that night ran away. The jury spent more money in his pursuit, and they caught him. He confessed, but his evidence was not accepted. He was sentenced to three years in state's prison. Men caved all around, but the women were firm, and the first trial of Fred Ames failed. To break the women's faith in the ring, Mayor Ames was indicted for offering the bribe to have Gardner made sheriff—a genuine, but not the best case against him. It brought the women down to the truth, and Fred Ames, retried, was convicted and sentenced to six and a half years in state's prison. King was tried for accessory to felony (helping in the theft of a diamond, which he afterward stole from the thieves), and sentenced to three and a half years in prison. And still the indictments came, with trials following fast. Al. Smith resigned with the consent and thanks of the grand jury; his chief, who was to run for the same office again, wanted to try the rest of the cases, and he did very well.

All men were now on the side of law and order. The panic among the "grafters" was laughable, in spite of its hideous significance. Two heads of departments against whom nothing had been shown suddenly ran away, and thus suggested to the grand jury an ininquiry which revealed another source of "graft," in the sale of supplies to public institutions and the diversion of great quantities of provisions to the private residences of the mayor and other officials. Mayor Ames, under indictment and heavy bonds for extortion, conspiracy, and bribe-offering, left the State on a night train; a gentleman who knew him by sight saw him sitting up at eleven o'clock in the smoking-room of the sleeping-car, an unlighted cigar in his mouth, his face ashen and drawn, and at six o'clock the next morning he still was sitting there, his cigar still unlighted. He went to West Baden, a health resort in Indiana, a sick and broken man, aging years in a month. The city was without a mayor, the ring was without a leader; cliques ruled, and they pictured one another hanging about the grand-jury room begging leave to turn state's evidence. Tom Brown, the mayor's secretary, was in the mayor's chair; across the hall sat Fred Ames, the chief of police, balancing Brown's light weight. Both were busy forming cliques within the ring. Brown had on his side Coffee John and Police Captain Hill. Ames had Captain "Norm" King (though he had been convicted and had resigned), Captain Krumweide, and Ernest Wheelock, the chief's secretary. Alderman D. Percy Jones, the president of the council, an honorable man, should have taken the chair, but he was in the East; so this unstable equilibrium was all the city had by way of a government.

Then Fred Ames disappeared. The Tom Brown clique had full sway, and took over the police department. This was a shock to everybody, to none more than to the King clique, which joined in the search for Ames. An alderman, Fred M. Powers, who was to run for mayor on the Republican ticket, took charge of the mayor's office, but he was not sure of his authority or clear as to his policy. The grand jury was the real power behind him, and the foreman was telegraphing for Alderman Jones. Meanwhile the cliques were making appeals to Mayor Ames, in West Baden, and each side that saw him received authority to do its will. The Coffee John clique, denied admission to the grand-jury room, turned to Alderman Powers, and were beginning to feel secure, when they heard that Fred Ames was coming back. They rushed around, and obtained an assurance from the exiled mayor that Fred was returning only to resign. Fred —now under conviction—returned, but he did not resign; supported by his friends, he took charge again of the police force. Coffee John besought Alderman Powers to remove the chief, and when the acting mayor proved himself too timid, Coffee John, Tom Brown, and Captain Hill laid a deep plot. They would ask Mayor Ames to remove his brother. This they felt sure they could persuade the "old man" to do. The difficulty was to keep him from changing his mind when the other side should reach his ear. They hit upon a bold expedient. They would urge the "old man" to remove Fred, and then resign himself, so that he could not undo the deed that they wanted done. Coffee John and Captain Hill slipped out of town one night; they reached West Baden on one train and they left for home on the next, with a demand for Fred's resignation in one hand and the mayor's own in the other. Fred Ames did resign, and though the mayor's resignation was laid aside for a while, to avoid the expense of a special election, all looked well for Coffee John and his clique. They had Fred out, and Alderman Powers was to make them great. But Mr. Powers wobbled. No doubt the grand jury spoke to him. At any rate he turned most unexpectedly on both cliques together. He turned out Tom Brown, but he turned out also Coffee John, and he did not make their man chief of police, but another of some one else's selection. A number of resignations was the result, and these the acting mayor accepted, making a clearing of astonished rascals which was very gratifying to the grand jury and to the nervous citizens of Minneapolis.

But the town was not yet easy. The grand jury, which was the actual head of the government, was about to be discharged, and, besides, their work was destructive. A constructive force was now needed, and Alderman Jones was pelted with telegrams from home bidding him hurry back. He did hurry, and when he arrived, the situation was instantly in control. The grand jury prepared to report, for the city had a mind and a will of its own once more. The criminals found it out last.

Percy Jones, as his friends call him, is of the second generation of his family in Minneapolis. His father started him well-to-do, and he went on from where he was started. College graduate and business man, he has a conscience which, however, he has brains enough to question. He is not the fighter, but the slow, sure executive. As an alderman he is the result of a movement begun several years ago by some young men who were convinced by an exposure of a corrupt municipal council that they should go into politics. A few did go in; Jones was one of these few.

The acting mayor was confronted at once with all the hardest problems of municipal government. Vice rose right up to tempt or to fight him. He studied the situation deliberately, and by and by began to settle it point by point, slowly but finally, against all sorts of opposition. One of his first acts was to remove all the proved rascals on the force, putting in their places men who had been removed by Mayor Ames. Another important step was the appointment of a church deacon and personal friend to be chief of police, this on the theory that he wanted at the head of his police a man who could have no sympathy with crime, a man whom he could implicitly trust. Disorderly houses, forbidden by law, were permitted, but only within certain patrol lines, and they were to pay nothing, in either blackmail or "fines." The number and the standing and the point of view of the "good people" who opposed this order was a lesson to Mr. Jones in practical government. One very prominent citizen and church member threatened him for driving women out of two flats owned by him; the rent was the surest means of "support for his wife and children." Mr. Jones enforced his order.

Other interests—saloon-keepers, brewers, etc.—gave him trouble enough, but all these were trifles in comparison with his experience with the gamblers. They represented organized crime, and they asked for a hearing. Mr. Jones gave them some six weeks for negotiations. They proposed a solution. They said that if he would let them (a syndicate) open four gambling places down town, they would see that no others ran in any part of the city. Mr. Jones pondered and shook his head, drawing them on. They went away, and came back with a better promise. Though they were not the associates of criminals, they knew that class and their plans. No honest police force, unaided, could deal with crime. Thieves would soon be at work again, and what could Mr. Jones do against them with a police force headed by a church deacon? The gamblers offered to control the criminals for the city.

Mr. Jones, deeply interested, declared he did not believe there was any danger of fresh crimes. The gamblers smiled and went away. By an odd coincidence there happened just after that what the papers called "an epidemic of crime." They were petty thefts, but they occupied the mind of the acting mayor. He wondered at their opportuneness. He wondered how the news of them got out.

The gamblers soon reappeared. Hadn't they told Mr. Jones crime would soon be prevalent in town again? They had, indeed, but the mayor was unmoved; "porch climbers" could not frighten him. But this was only the beginning, the gamblers said: the larger crimes would come next. And they went away again. Sure enough, the large crimes came. One, two, three burglaries of jewelry in the houses of well-known people occurred; then there was a fourth, and the fourth was in the house of a relative of the acting mayor. He was seriously amused. The papers had the news promptly, and not from the police.

The gamblers called again. If they could have the exclusive control of gambling in Minneapolis, they would do all that they had promised before, and, if any large burglaries occurred, they would undertake to recover the "swag," and sometimes catch the thief. Mr. Jones was sceptical of their ability to do all this. The gamblers offered to prove it. How? They would get back for Mr. Jones the jewelry recently reported stolen from four houses in town. Mr. Jones expressed a curiosity to see this done, and the gamblers went away. After a few days the stolen jewelry, parcel by parcel, began to return; with all due police-criminal mystery it was delivered to the chief of police.

When the gamblers called again, they found the acting mayor ready to give his decision on their propositions. It was this: There should be no gambling, with police connivance, in the city of Minneapolis during his term of office.

Mr. Jones told me that if he had before him a long term, he certainly would reconsider this answer. He believed he would decide again as he had already, but he would at least give studious reflection to the question—Can a city be governed without any alliance with crime? It was an open question. He had closed it only for the four months of his emergency administration. Minneapolis should be clean and sweet for a little while at least, and the new administration should begin with a clear deck.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The people of Minneapolis rose to the emergency on Election Day, November 4th. Though for all other offices they elected a straight Republican ticket, for Mayor they preferred James C. Haynes, the Democratic candidate, to "Alderman" Powers (Rep.) by some 6,000 majority. Clarke and Jones both refused to run.

THE IMPERTINENCE OF CHARLES EDWARD

BY H. G. RHODES

Illustrated by May Wilson-Watkins

I

MOST people who know Charles Edward Austin and Lady Angela have heard the story of their first meeting. But, although everyone ought to know this amazing and delightful couple, many do not; so the tale is worth telling. It is rather surprising that it has never found its way into the newspapers, for the marriage attracted an enormous amount of attention. Editors who had long since despaired of finding anything fresh to say of the marriages of American heiresses and foreign noblemen took fresh heart, now that it was the other way about. As Charles Edward got no title for himself, the newspapers suspected that he might love his bride, which was, indeed, true. There was also a great deal of discussion as to how one was to speak of them after the marriage ceremony. Some people, fiercely democratic, thought that Lady Angela, out of respect for American institutions, ought to become a mere Mrs. Austin. Some wondered whether she would attach "Austin" to her name at all, and prophesied that she would still be known as Lady Angela Farnston. In some circles, it is said, she was spoken of as Mrs. Lady Austin. But, of course, this was not in smart society. Fashionable New York has probably a more accurate knowledge of the rules for being a British aristocrat than has fashionable London, and "Mr. Charles Edward and Lady Angela Austin" fell naturally from even more than four hundred pairs of lips.

Charles Edward's reputation at Harvard had caused a number of elderly Boston ladies to say that he must be quite mad. But since his graduation, which, to everyone's astonishment, he accomplished with honors, very little had been heard of him. He had been making, in leisurely fashion, a tour round the world. It is probable that he was not always quite calm during that period. The traditions of several Japanese and Indian towns might be advantageously gathered together if it should ever be worth while writing Charles Edward's biography. And it is even said that in Vienna the police records—but if this is true it is not especially characteristic of him. For his adventures were, on the whole, whimsical rather than violent. The possible biographer might state it as a significant fact that in college his favorite book was Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights."

In June of '98 he had progressed as far as Paris, coming from the East, and after leaving there he met, on the boat crossing the Channel, Edward Singer, whom he had known at Cambridge when he himself was a sophomore and Singer a senior. "Since that time I have graduated, and seen a good many places that anyone, even Cook's people, can see; while you've been somewhere," was the polite way in which Charles Edward summed up their interchange of confidences. Singer was going to London with the manuscript of a book on Eastern Turkestan in his luggage. He had been there for two years, and when Charles Edward announced that he considered his friend the only authority on Central Asia, he only uttered the unspoken hope of Singer's heart.

Strange to relate, the train drew into Charing Cross station on time. It was the second time that month that this had happened, a porter remarked with admiration, and it was only the 28th. When the train does arrive when it should one can go to one's hotel, dress comfortably, and dine at a reasonable hour. Even authorities on Central Asia must eat and go to the Gaiety Theatre, Charles Edward said; so nine o'clock found the two friends finishing coffee on the terrace of the Savoy, while the fading light over the river and the gardens began to grow a deep purplish blue by contrast with the glow inside.

"Ought we to go on to the theatre?" asked Singer, after consulting his watch.

"Some time, I suppose," was the answer. "But when I was here before, a long time ago, I learned one great fact about English life, which is that no one has ever seen the beginning of a Gaiety piece. It wouldn't be legal, I believe. What the first half of the first act is like is one of the great mysteries of London."

"That sounds enormously experienced. Joking aside, do you know London well?"

"I have a few esoteric bits of information like that, but—know London? No."

"I was thinking really of knowing people." Singer looked around the room with manifest satisfaction. "One wouldn't mind."

It was a pleasant sight even for one who was not fresh from the regions of the barbarians. Half the tables were still filled, and the restaurant, with its low ceiling and its dark, mahogany-paneled walls, looked like a warm, glowing cave. At a table near by a party of eight were dining. Facing Austin sat a girl with a quiet face, but an infinite fund of laughter in her eyes. Not much description is needed; everyone has seen Lady Angela's portrait in the illustrated papers. Charles Edward withdrew his gaze from her.

"Mind!" he exclaimed. "Rather not. No, I don't know anybody here. I have a cousin who has bagged an English husband. If she were here she would fix me. But the silly woman has chosen just this time to go to America on a visit. She is sending some letters for me, I believe, but they haven't come. And she won't be back herself for three weeks or so. But even if one got acquainted, one couldn't be sure of getting acquainted with just the people one wants to know."

His eye rested again upon the girl at the table near by.

"How ridiculous all this business of introductions is anyhow, Singer. Here you and I are for only a little time. We should love to give dinners here every night and ask quantities of these charming people. We can't, because we don't know them. And so we've got to spend all the time we have for London in making friends and getting ready to enjoy it."

"It's a dazzling prospect, but if I gave dinners every night they would soon degenerate into buns and milk at the—what do they call 'em, the A B C shops. *You* can talk about the Savoy."

"That's nothing." Austin was honestly modest about his money. "I don't exactly know what the current quotations on Central Asian books are, but I'll bet that in two weeks you will sell yours for hundreds of guineas, crowns, florins, and ha'pence of their ridiculous money. But until then I'll be the host at our dinners."

"I might venture to do that myself, I suppose, as long as we don't know anyone to ask."

"Yes, I suppose you must know them," meditated Charles Edward. Then suddenly, "I have an idea, Singer."

"Don't boast," his companion counselled.

"Will you dine here with me a week from to-night?"

"Gladly," laughed Singer; "that's simple."

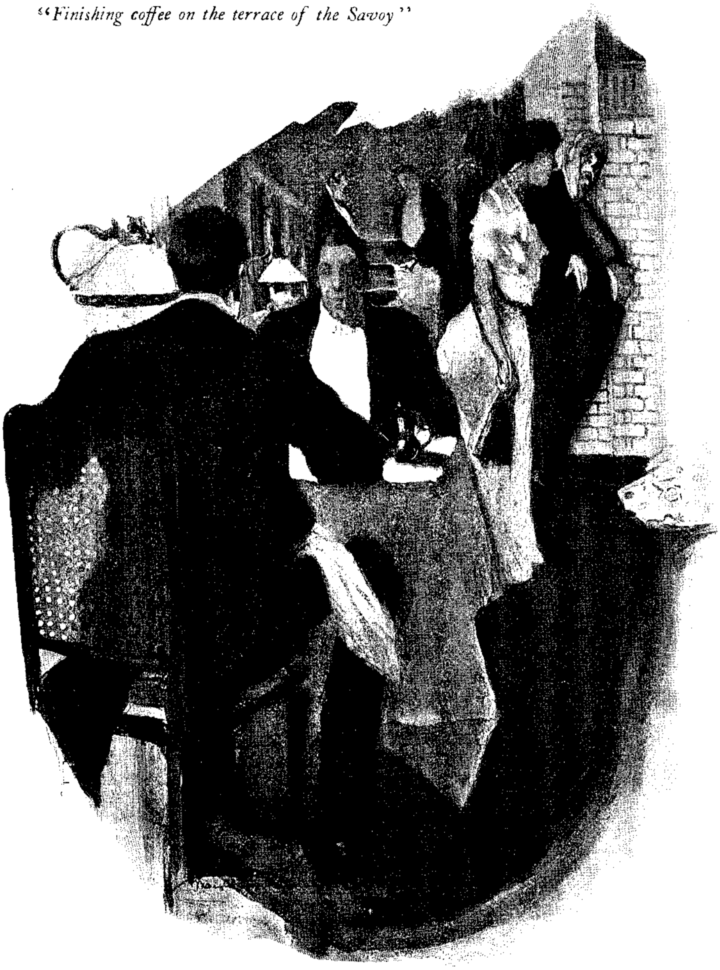
"And wouldn't you rather be surrounded by distinguished Londoners and beautiful English women than to feed alone with me?"

"Yes, I should."

"Then you shall. I have an idea." This with a gesture.

"Don't knock over that bottle. I'll come to dinner, but you won't get anyone else. I don't believe that even good dinners like this are so rare in London that people will come to dine with a total stranger in order to get one."

"Finishing coffee on the terrace of the Savoy"



"Oh, but they shall think they know me."

"If you are going to do it under an assumed name, why not issue a royal command for a state dinner at Buckingham Palace?"

"I shall use my own name of Charles Edward Austin."

"But how?"

"That's my idea." And Austin sent for the head waiter. "You can give me a private room for a dinner of ten or twelve this night of next week, can't you?" he enquired of that gentleman. "I'll come in later and order dinner. Austin is the name. Wednesday, yes. Oh, by the bye," as the maitre d'hotel turned to go, "can you tell me, is that lady in white at the next table Lady Susan Simpkins? I think I know her, but I'm not sure."

"No, sir, that is Lady Angela Farnston."

"Oh," said Charles Edward, putting a note of disappointment into his voice. "She is, let me see——"

"She is Lord Emscott's daughter."

"Of course. Thanks, so much," and then to Singer, as Monsieur Rodolphe moved away, "I know one person I shall ask. Let's go to the Gaiety."

II

THE valet at the Berkeley Hotel took away from Mr. Austin's room on Thursday evening a huge pile of weekly and daily papers. There were numbers of the "Gossiping Times" for the past three months, with portraits and anecdotes, one might have thought, of half the people of England. The smoking room waiter observed a guest that afternoon deep for hours in the "Blue Book," "Who's Who," and "Burke's Peerage." A clerk in a Piccadilly book shop sold an irreproachable looking young American a copy of "The Polite Letter Writer." And that evening Charles Edward consigned a number of letters to the post. A glimpse at a few of them may not be uninteresting.

The first was addressed to the Countess of Emscott.

DEAR LADY EMSCOTT,

I hope you will remember me, and that you and Lord Emscott will pardon rather short notice, and if you are free, dine next Wednesday, the Savoy, 8.30. I can't even call on you before then as in the interval I may have to go North. A fellow-countryman of mine, Edward Singer, is coming, and as all London is clamoring to know him soon, on account of his exploits in Eastern Turkestan, I am seizing the earliest opportunity to profit by my friendship with a new celebrity.

Do you remember promising me at Monte Carlo last February that I should meet your daughter in London? Will you bring Lady Angela to dine? It will just make my number even.

Yours most sincerely,
CHARLES EDWARD AUSTIN.

"Is there anything interesting in your letters, mother?" asked Lady Angela the following morning at breakfast in Grosvenor Crescent.

"Nothing much. Invitations. One from a Mr. Austin whom I seem to have met last winter at Monte Carlo."

"Who was he, Caroline?" asked her husband.

"That's what I don't seem to remember, Frederick. Helena Frampton always had a great many young men about. I forget their names."

"You would, dear Caroline, wouldn't you?" His wife's uncertain memory was one of the few trials of his life.

"I remember hearing of him," said Angela, "from Mrs. Frampton. Mother was considered to have flirted disgracefully with him."

"Angela, you are outrageous," Lady Emscott gasped.

"Yes, I know I am. What night does he want us to dine?"

Lady Emscott read the note.

"That 'fellow-countryman' means that he is an American," observed Lady Angela.

"We certainly shan't dine with him when your mother doesn't remember him."

"I remember him well enough, Frederick; that is, as well as I remember any of Helena's young men."

"Wednesday is a free evening," was Lady Angela's comment. She cared very little for unoccupied hours during the London season.

"It doesn't need to be," said her mother. "Your Aunt Emily wants us to come there that night. And afterwards—where is her note? Oh, afterwards there will be some more people in and a little talk on the housing problem by an expert from the County Council."

Lord Emscott looked up apprehensively from the "Times."

"Has your sister changed her cook, Caroline?"

"No, I don't think so."

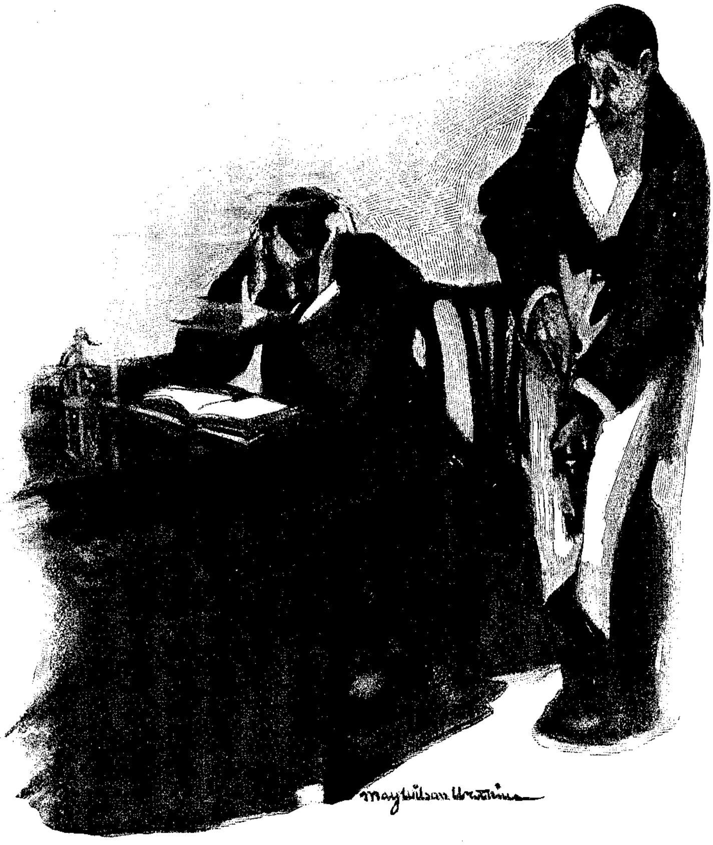
"We know the Savoy hasn't, Father."

"That quite apart, perhaps Eastern Turkestan interests me fully as much as the housing problem. I think we had better accept, Caroline."

The "Gossiping Times" said that Mrs. Fred Wilding was a lion hunter. Charles Edward's note to her was a simple task.

DEAR MRS. WILDING,

Will you dine with one American to meet another, Wednesday next, the Savoy, 8.30? Edward Singer is my lion. He is just back from Central Asia and is going to make us forget Landor and Sven Hedin in no time.



"*Deep for hours in the Blue Book*"

I am also asking Lord and Lady Emscott and the William Northbridges.

Yours most sincerely
CHARLES EDWARD AUSTIN.

Mrs. Wilding remarked to a friend the next afternoon that really it was getting to a point in London where you rarely knew your host or hostess, or they you. But she asked in the next sentence whether Lady Wynche knew Edward Singer, the great explorer. Singer, it appeared, would be coming to Mrs. Wilding's one day shortly.

The William Northbridges declined Mr. Austin's kind invitation with great promptness, but Buxton, who is a F. R. G. S., and who thought that he himself knew something of Central Asian matters, accepted with alacrity. Mrs. Buxton would also come.

Mr. and Mrs. Revell have lived in London for years, although they are Americans. Charles Edward did not know them, so the rules of his game allowed him to ask them. Yet his conscience troubled him a little when he thought that because they knew the same set of people in New York that he did, the difficulties of conversation with them would be trifling. And when Mrs. Revell wrote to say that she had known her host's mother and thought she must have trotted him upon her knee in his early youth, Charles Edward, to whom this information was wholly unexpected, had a moment when he felt that he had behaved, to Singer at least, like an utter cad. But he overcame these pangs of remorse and ordered his dinner.

III

CHARLES EDWARD'S plan of campaign involved more expense than is usual, even at a smart London restaurant. He took a private sitting-room next his private dining-room, and impressed upon the waiter in attendance before dinner the necessity of announcing the names of arrivals with great distinctness.

Singer came first. He had been told an hour and fifteen minutes in advance of the time appointed in the notes of invitation. It is as well to cage your lion before you admit visitors to your menagerie. Besides which, the host of the evening hoped that interest in Eastern Turkestan would at once overpower all other feelings in his guests, especially the vice of curiosity.

"Well, Austin, I suppose you think you're going to bring it off. Do you really expect a dinner party of strangers?"

Could one trust to Singer's tact and resource? In spite of the honors at graduation, Charles Edward's knowledge of history was not great; still, he thought he could remember that Napoleon had kept the secret of his plans to himself.

"No," he answered; "I gave it up, old chap; it was too risky. These are people I do know. I found out that I had met Lady Emscott and had forgotten it. Funny, isn't it?"

The Buxtons were announced.

"It is good of you to come, Mrs. Buxton, since I knew your husband so slightly. But Mr. Singer insisted on my venturing to ask Mr. Buxton. How are you, Buxton? Have you been speaking again before the Geographical

Society since the time I met you? That must have been over a year ago; let's see——"

"The lecture on the abandoned salt mines, wasn't it, in July," said Buxton.

"Yes."

"I forget who brought you."

"Oh, what's his name—I have a confoundedly bad memory—you know, the chap who thinks he knows something about the region himself."

"You mean Hertwich," said Buxton with a snort.

"Yes, Hertwich."

"Is *he* coming to-night?"

"Well, no," Charles Edward beamed. "You see, Singer didn't seem even to have heard of him, and I thought if I could get you—" He introduced Singer, and Mrs. Wilding was announced.

"I am in great luck to get you, Mrs. Wilding," was the greeting she received.

"Yes, you are," she admitted. "I had to manage it, I can tell you. I was engaged to some cousins of mine for to-night. But if Mr. Singer is to burst upon London——"

"You would like to arrange that the sunrise should take place in Chester Street."

"Exactly, Mr. Austin. Do you know, I had a hard time trying to remember where I met you? It is good for the soul, they say, so I out with the truth."

"I can quite understand. You meet so many people, and I never was especially worth remembering."

"I thought at first it must have been at your Embassy."

"No, I never dined there," replied Charles Edward.

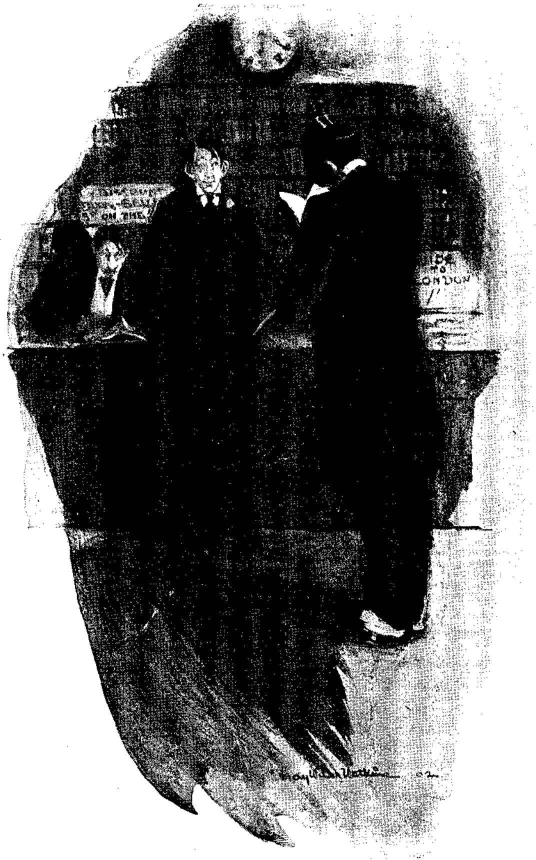
"Ah, then it *was* Mrs. Sackville's. I thought so."

"And you forgot!" The speaker endeavored to put a mildly sentimental note into his voice.

"Don't reproach me. You forgave me in the beginning. Now fetch me Mr. Singer."

An introduction followed. Fortunately Mrs. Wilding already knew the Buxtons. She had collected the explorer once some years ago, and he had occupied for an afternoon the place in the Chester Street drawing-room to which she now destined Singer.

"Sold an irreproachable looking young American a copy of 'The Polite Letter Writer'"

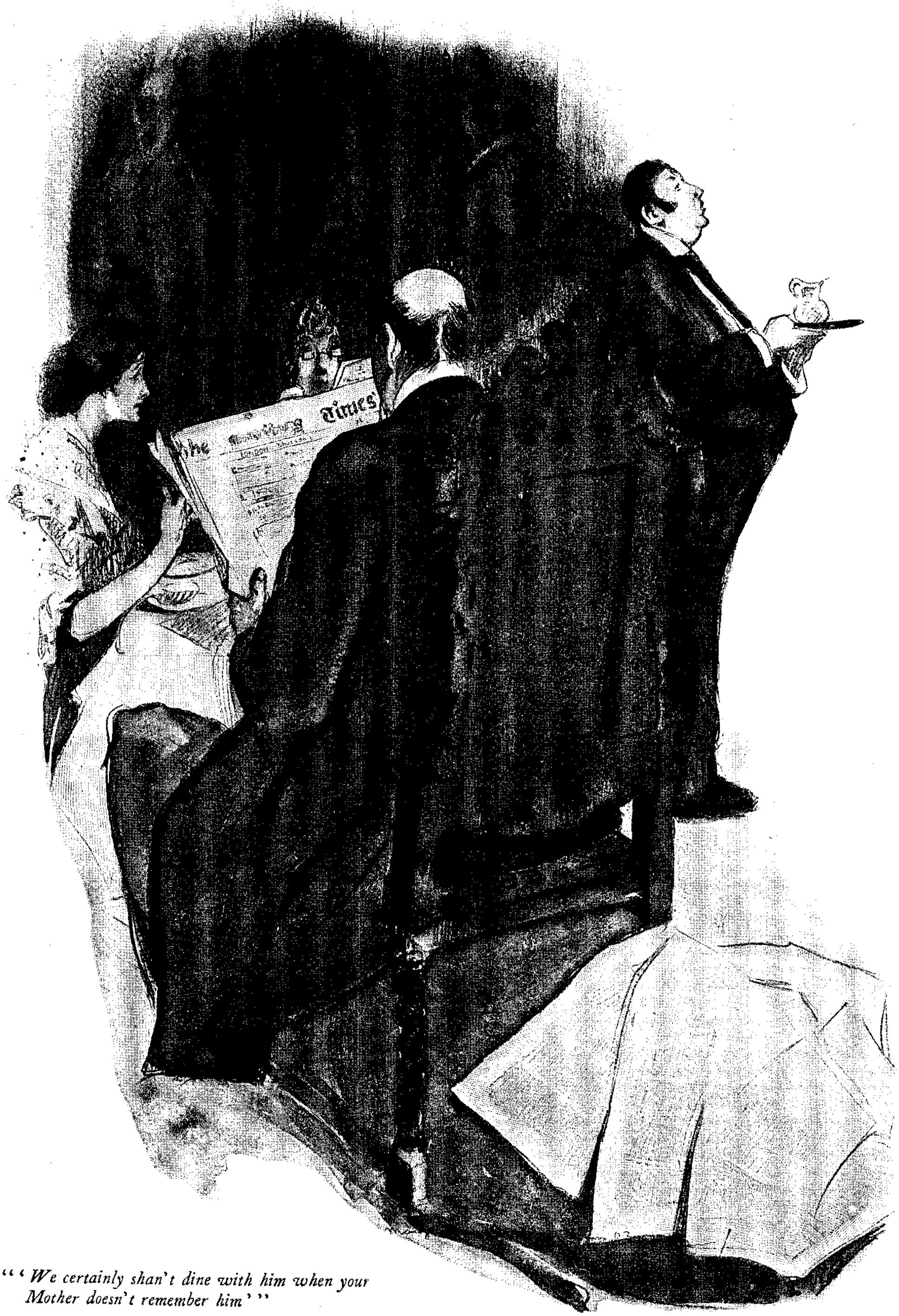


Next came the Revells, and their host, to his shame be it said, almost welcomed the feeling of security which they gave him. The arrival of the Emscott party interrupted Mrs. Revell's flow of anecdote concerning Charles Edward's childhood. Charles Edward, inwardly agitated, though outwardly calm enough, greeted these guests, and prayed that dinner would be announced at once.

"I am seating people a little unconventionally," he explained to Lady Emscott, who smiled vaguely in reply. "You ought to be at my right of course. But I know you will want to be next to Mr. Singer, and so, if I am to keep husbands and wives and fathers and daughters apart, I can't have you next me. It isn't rudeness."

Charles Edward had worked the problem out by making many charts of the dinner table on the Berkeley's best note-paper. If it is worth any one's while to follow his example, it can easily be proved whether or not Mrs. Buxton *had* to sit at his right; and at his left, Lady Angela, flanked by Buxton. The host noted with satisfaction that the Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society seemed a fairly dull dog. Besides, he would want to talk to Singer, who sat at his left, just beyond Mrs. Revell.

Before they went in to dinner Lady Emscott got a moment with her husband.



"'We certainly shan't dine with him when your Mother doesn't remember him'"

"Frederick," she said, "I never saw that young man."

"Which, my dear?"

"Our host."

"You knew him at Monte Carlo," explained Lord Emscott with patient weariness.

"Certainly I didn't."

"My dear Caroline, we know your memory."

"I'm perfectly positive."

"Then I'm sure he's all right. It's absurd to suppose that a perfect stranger would ask us to dine."

"He's an American."

"He's a gentleman, Caroline. I can tell by the look of him that he would be in Helena Frampton's train."

"Helena is what you call omnivorous; but really, Frederick, it doesn't follow that every young man who is a gentleman is also one of her young men."

"Oh," said Lord Emscott, "give Helena a chance——"

Dinner was announced.

Dinners are very much like dinners the world over. The points at the table where Charles Edward and Singer were seated are the only ones which require watching. Austin had discussed two books, three plays, and the comparative healthfulness of the air of Hampstead and the Regent's Park with Mrs. Buxton before he turned to Lady Angela. He meant that everyone, Lady Emscott especially, should see that it was almost a sacrifice he had made in having Lady Angela next him. But he trusted that he could speedily remove any such impression from the mind of that young woman herself. It would serve no end to record their conversation. They got on well together, because, as later events proved, they were destined to get on well. And Charles Edward kept the conversation so in hand that only once did it journey towards the Riviera and reach Monte Carlo.

"What do you think of Mrs. Frampton's locks?" enquired Angela.

"That," replied her host, "depends very much on what you happen individually to think of hair that color."

"I think perhaps it was nicer when it was a brighter red. You liked her immensely, I expect. All men do."

"Oh, well——"

"Mother is too funny taking care of Helena. You know what she is like. She gets so confused with Helena's attendant swains. She had great difficulty in remembering you."

"I should hate to say anything against your mother's memory."

"That sounds as if she were a historical character." Lady Angela laughed, and Charles Edward was again safely across the ice. Indeed, he was now flushed with victory. It was his moment of pride, and it came before a fall in the conversational vigor of his guests when he and Lady Angela both heard Singer.

The explorer had become expansive under the influence of pleasant surroundings.

"He is so amusing," he confided to Lady Emscott, deserting Asian wilds for the moment, and taking up their host as a topic. "He had a most extraordinary idea for to-night. Of course he didn't carry it out when he found he could get you people. He told me he would get together a party composed of people he had never met before." Singer explained in somewhat greater detail the humor of the original idea. Charles Edward cursed Napoleon.

Charles Edward does not hesitate to use the most hackneyed of phrases, and asserts that "no pen could describe" the way in which a chilling suspicion crept slowly over the company. The conversation became general after a short, but, to the unhappy host, bloodcurdling pause. Without daring to watch anyone, he could feel the interchange of confidences. For one moment he relied on Mrs. Revell to stem the tide. She knew who he was. No; she only knew who he said he was! Through the intermediation of Mrs. Wilding, much reached his lordship's ear. At first he smiled rather scornfully, but after listening a little longer to the lady's murmurings he sent a glance at Charles Edward that brought that youth's eyes up from his plate as an electric shock might have done. He left Mrs. Buxton to struggle for her right hand neighbor's attention as best she might, and turned to Lady Angela.

"Well?" inquired the young woman.

"Yes, it's so. Are you very angry?"

"Yes, I am." This she said very gravely. Then, with a sudden laugh, "But it's so ridiculous."

"That was the idea. I hoped it would be amusing."

"My father hasn't your sense of humor. Didn't you face the fact in the beginning that if you were found out we should be angry?"

"Yes. But I didn't think it would matter quite so much as it seems to now."

"What do you mean?"

"I suppose now I shall never be allowed to see you again."

"You only see me now by cheating."

"I was a fool, I suppose, not to wait and try to be properly introduced."

"*Do* you really know anyone in England?"

"Lady Butler-Warren is my cousin. She's an American, you know. But she is in America."

"Elizabeth Warren! Oh, but how can I tell you are speaking the truth now?"

"I don't know how you can. But I am. I don't so much care what the others think. I dislike having you think I am a hopeless bounder."

"What possessed you to do this?"

"I dined," said Charles Edward, "at the Savoy last Wednesday, not so very far from your table."

If Lady Angela's subsequent conduct seems to anyone to deviate from that lofty standard of ladylikeness to which her birth would seem to have destined her, or if Charles Edward's speeches, as here reported, seem inadequate to have soothed her anger, it must always be borne in mind that the two had already earlier in the dinner "got on very well."

"By-the-by, Mr. Austin," Lord Emscott launched at his host across the table.

"Here it comes," said Charles Edward beneath his breath.

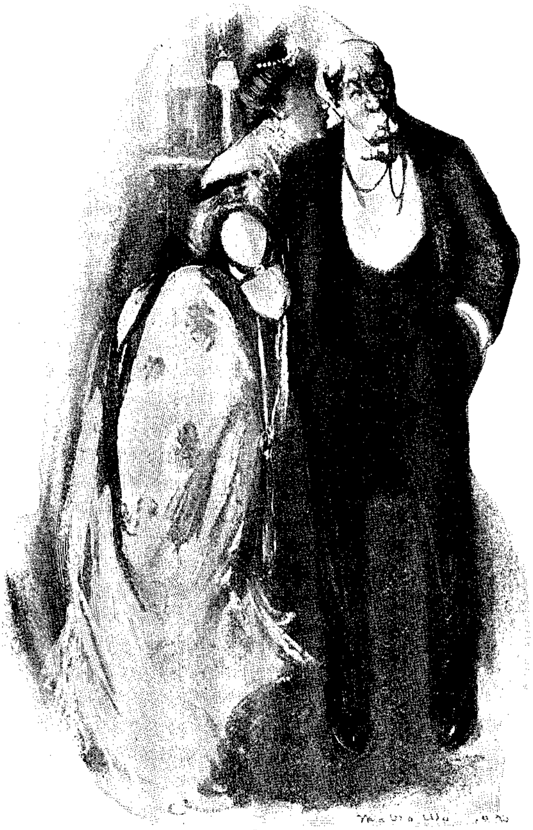
Then Lady Angela crossed the Rubicon.

"Isn't it extraordinary, father," she said, "that mother never told me about Mr. Austin's being Elizabeth Butler-Warren's cousin?"

"Perhaps not so strange," retorted Lady Emscott, and as the conversation seemed to include the whole circumference of the table, everyone stopped to listen. Charles Edward says his heart nearly stopped too.

"When I first saw Mr. Austin to-night I couldn't make out," Lady Angela went on, "why his face was so extraordinarily familiar to me. But when he spoke of his cousin I remembered at once. She has a large photograph of him standing on a writing table in her boudoir. Elizabeth used to tell me about him often. But somehow I didn't realize that our Mr. Austin and Elizabeth's were the same."

Lord Emscott felt solid ground beneath his feet once more. If one could not count on the untrustworthiness of Caroline's memory, on what could one count? Just then a waiter called upon him to choose between fine champagne, chartreuse, and kümmel doré, and, applying his mind to this problem, he forgot the other. Singer started afresh the discussion with Buxton on the advance of Russia towards India, and the dinner, reported afterwards by everyone to have been especially successful, passed on beautifully to its end.



"'*Frederick, I never saw that young man*'"

"I can't tell you what you are," murmured the host to his left hand neighbor. "At least not on so short an acquaintance."

"You see what you have made me. You must be Elizabeth's cousin now, if she has to adopt you."

"I swear I am. If I hadn't been I wouldn't have let you do what you did."

Ultimately the story, in a sort of way, got out; there had been, of course, Mrs. Sackville and Hertwich to reckon with. But by that time Lady Butler-Warren had returned from New York, and her cousin was fairly well known to all of her friends, and very intimate at the Emscotts'. Indeed Helena Frampton, from the beginning, backed up Lord Emscott's view of his wife's memory. Helena had a sense of humor, and she had a letter from Angela written the morning after the famous dinner. In any case, in the thick of a London season even Sherlock Holmes would scarcely find time for really effective investigations. Not that they could in the end have done any great harm to anyone. The Austin connection in New York is really satisfactory, and the money is indisputable. The story of that night remains merely to prove that even in the beginning the pair cared for each other enough to be willing to make sacrifices, even of the truth—so Charles Edward says.

THE OIL WAR OF 1872

BY IDA M. TARBELL

Author of "The Life of Lincoln"

CHAPTER III OF THE HISTORY OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY

FOR several days an uneasy rumor had been running up and down the Oil Regions. Freight rates were going up. Now an advance in a man's freight bill may ruin his business; more, it may mean the ruin of a region. Rumor said that the new rate meant just this; that is, that it more than decovered the margin of profit in any branch of the oil business. There was another feature to the report; the railroads were not going to apply the proposed tariffs to everybody. They had agreed to give to a company unheard of until now—the South Improvement Company—a special rate considerably lower than the new open rate. It was only a rumor and many people discredited it. *Why* should the railroads ruin the Oil Regions to build up a company of outsiders?

The Uprising in the Oil Regions

On the morning of February 26, 1872, the oil men read in their morning papers that the rise which had been threatening had come; moreover, that all members of the South Improvement Company were exempt from the advance. At the news all Oildom rushed into the streets. Nobody waited to find out his neighbor's opinion. On every lip there was but one word, and that was "conspiracy." In the vernacular of the region, it was evident that "a torpedo was filling for that scheme."

In twenty-four hours after the announcement of the increase in freight rates a mass meeting of three thousand excited, gesticulating oil men was gathered in the Opera House at Titusville. Producers, brokers, refiners, drillers, pumpers were in the crowd. Their temper was shown by the mottoes on the banners which they carried: "Down with the conspirators"—"No compromise"—"Don't give up the ship!" Three days later, as large a meeting was held at Oil City, its temper more warlike if possible; and so it went. They organized a Petroleum Producers' Union, pledged themselves to reduce their production by starting no new wells for sixty days and by shutting down on Sundays, to sell no oil to any person known to be in the South Improvement Company, but to support the Creek refiners and those elsewhere who had refused to go into the combination, to boycott the offending railroads, and to build lines which they would own and control themselves. They sent a committee to the Legislature asking that the charter of the South Improvement Company be repealed, and another to Congress demanding an investigation of the whole business on the ground that it was an interference with trade. They ordered that a history of the conspiracy, giving the names of the conspirators and the designs of the company, should be prepared, and 30,000 copies sent to "judges of all courts, Senators of the United States, members of Congress and of State Legislatures, and to all railroad men and prominent business men of the country, *to the end that enemies of the freedom of trade may be known and shunned by all honest men.*"

They prepared a petition ninety-three feet long, praying for a free pipe-line bill, something which they had long wanted, but which, so far, the Pennsylvania Railroad had prevented their getting, and sent it by a committee to the Legislature; and for days they kept a thousand men ready to march on Harrisburg at a moment's notice if the Legislature showed signs of refusing their demands. In short, for weeks the whole body of oil men abandoned regular business and surged from town to town intent on destroying the "Monster," the "Forty Thieves," the "Great Anaconda," as they called the mysterious South Improvement Company. Curiously enough, it was chiefly against the combination which had secured the discrimination from the railroads—not the railroads which had granted it—that their fury was directed. They expected nothing but robbery from the railroads, they said. They were used to that; but they would not endure it from men in their own business.

Fighting in the Dark

When they began the fight, the mass of the oil men knew nothing more of the South Improvement Company than its name and the fact that it had secured from the railroads advantages in rates which were bound to ruin all independent refiners of oil and to put all producers at its mercy. Their tempers were not improved by the discovery that it was a secret organization, and had been at work under their very eyes for some weeks without their knowing it. At the first public meeting this fact came out, leading refiners of the Region relating their experience with the "Anaconda." According to one of these gentlemen, Mr. J. D. Archbold—the same who afterward became vice-president of the Standard Oil Company, which office he now holds—he and his partners had heard of the scheme some months before. Alarmed by the rumor, a committee of independent refiners had attempted to investigate, but could learn nothing until they had given a promise not to reveal what was told them. When convinced that a company had been formed actually strong enough to force or persuade the railroads to give to it special rates and refuse them to all persons outside, Mr. Archbold said that he and his colleagues had gone to the railway kings to remonstrate, but all to no effect. The South Improvement Company by some means had convinced the railroads that they owned the Oil Regions, producers and refiners both, and that hereafter no oil of any account would be shipped except as they shipped it. Mr. Archbold and his partners had been asked to join the company, but had refused, declaring that the whole business was iniquitous, that they would fight it to the end, and that in their fight they would have the backing of the oil men, as a whole. They excused their silence up to this time by citing the pledge[*] exacted from them before they were informed of the extent and nature of the South Improvement Company.

The "Derrick's" Blacklist

Naturally the burning question throughout the Oil Region, convinced as it was of the iniquity of the scheme, was: who are the conspirators? Whether the gentlemen concerned regarded themselves in the light of "conspirators" or not, they seem from the first to have realized that it would be discreet not to be identified publicly with the scheme, and to have allowed one name alone to appear in all signed negotiations. This was the name of the president, Peter H. Watson. However anxious the members of the South Improvement Company were that Mr. Watson should combine the honors of president with the trials of scapegoat, it was impossible to keep their names concealed. The Oil City Derrick, at that time one of the most vigorous, witty, and daring newspapers in the country, began a blacklist at the head of its editorial columns the day after the raise in freights was announced, and it kept it there until it was believed complete. It stood finally as follows:

THE BLACK LIST.

P. H. WATSON, PRES. S. I. CO.

Charles Lockhart,

W. P. Logan,

R. S. Waring,

A. W. Bostwick,

W. G. Warden,

John Rockefeller,

Amasa Stone.

These seven are given as the Directors of the Southern Improvement Company. They are refiners or merchants of petroleum

Atlantic & Gt. Western Railway.

L. S. & M. S. Railway.

Philadelphia & Erie Railway.

Pennsylvania Central Railway

New York Central Railway.

Erie Railway.

Behold "The Anaconda" in all his hideous deformity!

This list was not exact,[*] but it was enough to go on, and the oil blockade, to which the Petroleum Producer's Union had pledged itself, was now enforced against the firms listed, and as far as possible against the railroads. All of these refineries had their buyers on the Creek, and although several of the buyers were young men generally liked for their personal and business qualities, no mercy was shown them. They were refused oil by everybody, though they offered from seventy-five cents to a dollar more than the market price. They were ordered at one meeting "to desist from their nefarious business or leave the Oil Region," and when they declined they were invited to resign from the Oil Exchanges of which they were members. So strictly, indeed, was the blockade enforced that in Cleveland the refineries were closed and meetings for the relief of the workmen were held. In spite of the excitement there was little vandalism, the only violence at the opening of the war being at Franklin, where a quantity of the oil belonging to Mr. Watson was run on the ground.

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[*] Two forms of these pledges were published at the time. See McClure's Magazine for December, 1902.

[*] See McClure's Magazine for December, 1902, for stockholders of the South Improvement Company, and list of railroads signing contracts with the Company.

The Oil Men Ask Leading Questions

The sudden uprising of the Oil Regions against the South Improvement Company did not alarm its members at first. The excitement would die out, they told one another. All that they needed to do was to keep quiet, and stay out of the oil country. But the excitement did not die out. Indeed, with every day it became more intense and more widespread. When Mr. Watson's tanks were tapped he began to protest in letters to a friend, F. W. Mitchell, a prominent banker and oil man of Franklin. The company was misunderstood, he complained. "Have a committee of leading producers appointed," he wrote, and "we will show that the contracts with the railroad are as favorable to the producing as to other interests; that the much-denounced rebate will enhance the price of oil at the wells, and that our entire plan in operation and effect will promote every legitimate American interest in the oil trade." Mr. Mitchell urged Mr. Watson to come openly to the Oil Regions and meet the producers as a body. A mass meeting was never a "deliberative body," Mr. Watson replied, but if a few of the leading oil men would go to Albany or New York, or any place favorable to calm investigation and deliberation, and therefore outside of the atmosphere of excitement which enveloped the Oil Country, he would see them. These letters were read to the producers, and a motion to appoint a committee was made. It was received with protests and jeers. Mr. Watson was afraid to come to the Oil Regions, they said. The letters were not addressed to the association, they were private—an insult to the body. "We are lowering our dignity to treat with this man Watson," declared one man. "He is free to come to these meetings if he wants to." "What is there to negotiate about?" asked another. "To open a negotiation is to concede that we are wrong. Can we go halves with these middlemen in their swindle?" "He has set a trap for us," declared another. "We cannot treat with him without guilt," and the motion was voted down.

The stopping of the oil supply finally forced the South Improvement Company to recognize the Producers' Union officially, by asking that a committee of the body be appointed to confer with them, on a compromise. The producers sent back a pertinent answer. They believed the South Improvement Company meant to monopolize the oil business. If that was so they could not consider a compromise with it. If they were wrong, they would be glad to be enlightened, and they asked for information. First: the charter under which the South Improvement Company was organized. Second: the articles of association. Third: the officers' names. Fourth: the contracts with the railroads and who signed them. Fifth: the general plan of management.

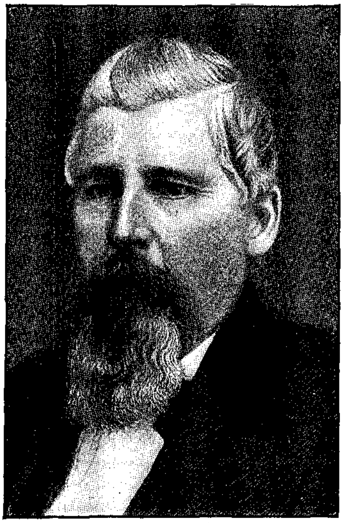
Until we know these things, the oil men declared, we can no more negotiate with you than we could sit down to negotiate with a burglar as to his privileges in our house.

An Omnibus Charter

The Producers' Union did not get the information they asked from the company at that time, but it was not long before they did, and much more, too. The committee which they had appointed to write a history of the South Improvement Company reported on March 20th, and in April the Congressional Committee appointed at the insistence of the oil men made its investigation. The former report was published broadcast, and is readily accessible to-day. The Congressional investigation was not published officially, and no trace of its work can now be found in Washington, but while it was going on, reports were made in the newspapers of the Oil Regions, and at its close the Producers' Union published in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, a pamphlet called the "Rise and Fall of the South Improvement Company," which contains the full testimony taken by the committee. This pamphlet is rare, the writer never having been able to find a copy save in three or four private collections. The most important part of it is the testimony of Peter H. Watson, the president, and W. G. Warden, the secretary of the South Improvement Company. It was in these documents that the oil men found full justification for the war they were carrying on and for the losses they had caused themselves and others. Nothing, indeed, could have been more damaging to a corporation than the publication of the charter of the South Improvement Company. As its president told the Congressional Investigating Committee, when he was under examination, "this charter was a sort of clothes-horse to hang a scheme upon." As a matter of fact, it was a clothes-horse big enough to hang the earth upon. It granted powers practically unlimited. There really was no exaggeration in the summary of its powers made and scattered broadcast by the irate oil men in their "History of the South Improvement Company":

> The Southern Improvement Company can own, contract or operate any work, business or traffic (save only banking); may hold and transfer any kind of property, real or personal; hold and operate on any leased property (oil territory, for instance); make any kind of con-

> tract; deal in stocks, securities, and funds; loan its credit; guarantee any one's paper; manipulate any industry; may seize upon the lands of other parties for railroading or *any other purpose;* may absorb the improvements, property or franchises of any other company, *ad infinitum;* may fix the fares, tolls or freights to be charged on lines of transit operated by it, or on any business it gives to *any other company* or line, without limit. Its capital stock can be expanded or "watered" at liberty; it can change its name and location at pleasure; can go anywhere and do almost anything. It is not a Pennsylvania corporation, only; it can, so far as these enactments are valid, or are confirmed by other Legislatures, operate in any State or Territory; its directors must be only citizens of the United States—not necessarily of Pennsylvania. It is responsible to no one; its stockholders are only liable to the amount of their stock in it; its directors, when wielding all the princely powers of the corporation, are also responsible only to the amount of their stock in it; it may control the business of the continent and hold and transfer millions of property and yet be rotten to the core. It is responsible to no one; makes no reports of its acts or financial condition; its records and deliberations are secret; its capital illimitable; its object unknown. It can be here to-day, to-morrow away. Its domain is the whole country; its business everything. Now it is petroleum it grasps and monopolizes; next year it may be iron, coal, cotton, or breadstuffs. They are landsmen granted perpetual letters of marque to prey upon all commerce everywhere.



S. V. HARKNESS

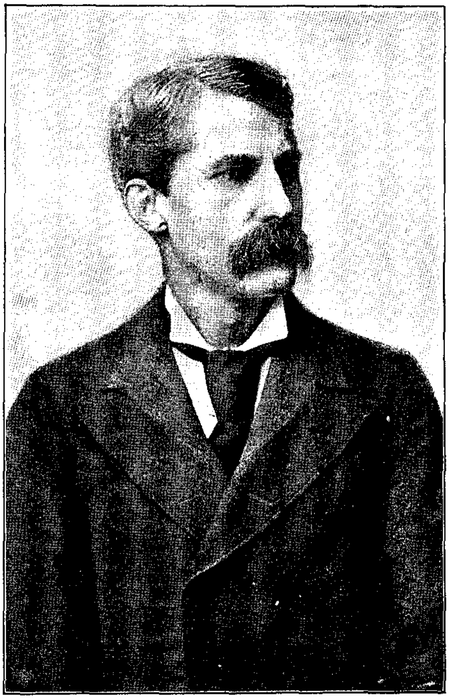
One of the five stockholders of the Standard Oil Company at its organization in 1870. Mr. Harkness held no stock in the South Improvement Company.

When the course of this charter through the Pennsylvania Legislature came to be traced, it was found to be devious and uncertain. The company had been incorporated in 1870, and vested with all the "powers, privileges, duties, and obligations" of two earlier companies — the Continental Improvement Company and the Pennsylvania Company, both of which were children of that interesting body known as the "Tom Scott Legislature." The act incorporating the company was never published, the name of the member introducing it was never known, and no votes on it are recorded. The origin of the South Improvement Company has always remained in darkness. It was one of thirteen "improvement" companies chartered in Pennsylvania at about the same time, and enjoying the same commercial *carte blanche.*

Amazing Contracts with the Railroads

Bad as the charter was in appearance, the oil men found that the contracts which the new company had made with the railroads were worse These contracts advanced the rates of freight from the Oil Regions over 100 per cent., but it was not the railroad that got the greater part of this advance; it was the South Improvement Company. Not only did it ship its own oil at fully a dollar a barrel cheaper on an average than anybody else could, but it received fully a dollar a barrel "rake-off" on every barrel its competitors shipped. It was computed and admitted by the members of the company who appeared before the investigating committee of Congress that this discrimination would have turned over to them fully $6,000,000 annually on the carrying trade. It is hardly to be wondered at that when the oil men had before them the full text of these contracts they refused absolutely to accept the repeated assertions of the members of the South Improvement Company that their scheme was intended only for "the good of the oil business." The committee of Congress could not be persuaded to believe it either. "Your success meant the destruction of every refiner who refused for any reason to join your company, or whom you did not care to have in, and it put the producers entirely in your power. It would make a monopoly such as no set of men are fit to handle," the chairman of the committee declared. Mr. Warden, the secretary of the company, protested again and again that they meant to take in all the refiners, though he had to admit that the contracts with the railroads were not made on this condition. Mr. Watson affirmed and reaffirmed before the committee that it was the intention of the company to take care of the producers. "It was an essential part of this contract that the producers should join it," he declared. But no such condition was embodied in the contract. It was verbal only, and, besides, it had never been submitted to the producers themselves in any form until after the trouble in the Oil Region began. The committee, like the oil men, insisted that under the circumstances no such verbal understanding was to be trusted.

No part of the testimony before the committee made a worse impression than that showing that one of the chief objects of the combination was to put up the price of refined oil. "Under your arrangement," said the chairman, "the public would have been put to an additional expense of $7,500,000 a year." "What public?" said Mr. Warden. "They would have had to pay it in Europe." "But to keep up the price abroad you would have to keep up the price at home," said the chairman. Mr. Warden conceded the point: "You could not get a better price for that exported without having a better price here." Thirty-two cents a gallon was the ideal price they had in view, though refined had not sold for that since 1869, the average price in 1870 being 26⅜ and in 1871 24¼. The average price of crude in 1870 was $3.90 a barrel; in 1871, $4.40. The Congressional Committee claimed that any combination formed for the purpose of putting up the price of an article of general consumption was an injury to the public, but the members of the company would not admit it as such. Everybody in the business should make more money, they argued; the profits were too small—the consumer ought to be willing to pay more.



HENRY M. FLAGLER IN 1872

One of the founders of the original Standard Oil Company and a stockholder in the South Improvement Company.

Popular Sympathy for the Oil Regions

It did not take the full exposition of the objects of the South Improvement Company, brought out by the Congressional Investigating Committee, with the publication of charters and contracts, to convince the country at large that the Oil Regions were right in their opposition. From the first the sympathy of the press and the people were with the oil men. It was evident to everybody that if the railroads had made the contracts as charged (and it daily became more evident they had done so), nothing but an absolute monopoly of the whole oil business by this combination could result. It was robbery, cried the newspapers all over the land. "Under the thin guise of assisting in the development of oil refining in Pittsburg and Cleveland," said the New York 'Tribune,' "this corporation has simply laid its hand upon the throat of the oil traffic with a demand to 'stand and deliver.'" And if this could be done in the oil business, what was to prevent its being done in any other industry? Why should not a company be formed to control wheat or beef or iron or steel, as well as oil? If the railroads would do this for one company, why not for another? The South Improvement Company, men agreed, was a menace to the free trade of the country. If the oil men yielded now, all industries must suffer from their weakness. The railroads must be taught a lesson as well as would-be monopolists.

Reinforcements from New York.

The oil men had no thought of yielding. With every day of the war their backbones grew stiffer. The men were calmer, too, for their resistance had found a moral ground which seemed impregnable to them, and arguments against the South Improvement Company now took the place of denunciations. The country so buzzed with discussion on the duties of the railroads, that reporters sent from the Eastern newspapers commented on it. Nothing was commoner, indeed, on the trains which ran the length of the region, and were its real forums, than to hear a man explaining that the railways derived their existence and power from the people, that their charters were contracts with the people, that a fundamental provision of these contracts was that there should be no discriminating in favor of one person or one town, that such a discrimination was a violation of charter, that therefore the South Improvement Company was founded on fraud, and the courts must dissolve it if the railways did not abandon it.

They now met the very plausible reasons given by the members of the company for their combination more intelligently than at first.

There were grave abuses in the business, they admitted; there was too great refining capacity; but this they argued was a natural development in a new business whose growth had been extraordinary and whose limits were by no means defined. Time and experience would regulate it. Give the refiners open and regular freights, with no favors to any one, and the stronger and better equipped would live, the others die—but give all a chance. In fact, time and energy would regulate all the evils of which they complained if there was fair play.

The oil men were not only encouraged by public opinion and by getting their minds clear on the merits of their case; they were upheld by repeated proofs of aid from all sides; even the women of the region were asking what they could do, and offering to wear their "black velvet bonnets" all summer if necessary. Solid support came from the independent refiners and shippers in other parts of the country, who were offering to stand in with them in their contest. New York was already one of the chief refining centers of the country, and the South Improvement Company had left it entirely out of its combination. As incensed as the Creek itself, the New York interests formed an association, and about the middle of March sent a committee of three, with H. H. Rogers of Charles Pratt & Company at its head, to Oil City, to consult with the Producers' Union. Their arrival in the Oil Regions was a matter of great satisfaction. What made the oil men most exultant, however, was their growing belief that the railroads—the crux of the whole scheme—were weakening.

The Railroads Back Down.

However fair the great scheme may have appeared to the railroad kings in the privacy of the council chamber, it began to look dark as soon as it was dragged into the open, and signs of a scuttle soon appeared. General G. B. McClellan, president of the Atlantic and Great Western, sent to the very first mass meeting this telegram:

> NEW YORK, *February* 27, 1872.
> Neither the Atlantic and Great Western, or any of its officers, are interested in the South Improvement Company. Of course, the policy of the road is to accommodate the petroleum interest.
> G. B. MCCLELLAN.

A great applause was started, only to be stopped by the hisses of a group whose spokesman read the following:

> Contract with South Improvement Company signed by Geo. B. McClellan, president, for the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad. I only signed it after it was signed by all the other parties.
> JAY GOULD.

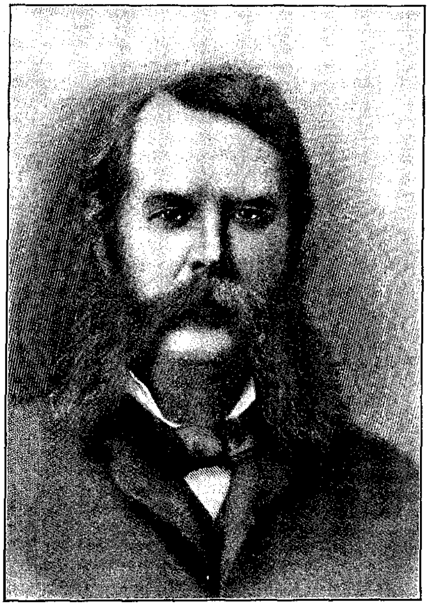
The railroads tried in various ways to appease the oil men. They did not enforce the new rates. They had signed the contracts, they declared, only after the South Improvement Company had assured them that all the refineries and producers were to be taken in. Indeed, they seem to have realized within a fortnight that the scheme was doomed, and to have been quite ready to meet cordially a committee of oil men which went east to demand that the railroads revoke their contracts with the South Improvement Company. This committee, which was composed of twelve persons, three of them being the New York representatives already mentioned, began its work by an interview with Colonel Scott at the Colonial Hotel in Philadelphia. With evident pride the committee wrote back to the Producers' Union

GENERAL J. H. DEVEREUX

It was General Devereux who, in 1868, when acting as vice-president of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern R.R., first granted rebates to Mr. Rockefeller's firm. He was with the same road when it made the contract with the South Improvement Company. Later he became president of the Atlantic and Great Western, and of the Indianapolis and St. Louis. General Devereux took an active part in the discussions which led to the Interstate Commerce Bill.

that: "Mr. Scott, differing in this respect from the railroad representatives whom we afterwards met, notified us that he would call upon us at our hotel." An interesting account of their interview was given to the Hepburn Committee in 1879 by Mr. W. T. Scheide, one of the number:

> We saw Mr. Scott on the 18th of March, 1872, in Philadelphia, and he said to us that he was very much surprised to hear of this agitation in the Oil Regions; that the object of the railroads in making this contract with the South Improvement Company was to obtain an evener to pool the freight—pool the oil freights among the different roads; that they had been cutting each other on oil freights for a number of years, and had not made any money out of it, although it was a freight they should have made money from; that they had endeavored to make an arrangement among themselves, but had always failed; he said that they supposed that the gentlemen representing the South Improvement Company represented the petroleum trade, but as he was now convinced they did not, he would be very glad to make an arrangement with this committee, who undoubtedly did represent the petroleum trade; the committee told him that they could not make any such contract; that they had no legal authority to do so; he said that could be easily fixed, because the Legislature was then in session, and by going to Harrisburg a charter could be obtained in a very few days; the committee still said that they would not agree to any such arrangement, that they did not think the South Improvement Company's contract was a good one, and they were instructed to have it broken, and so they did not feel that they could accept a similar one, even if they had the power.



W. G. WARDEN

The leading refiner in Philadelphia in 1872. Mr. Warden was one of the chief supports of the South Improvement Company, acting as its secretary, and defending it before the Congressional Investigating Committee. After the destruction of that company he continued to act in harmony with the various efforts at combining the refiners which were made under Mr. Rockefeller's direction. His firm was finally merged into the Standard Oil Trust.

Leaving Colonel Scott, the committee went on to New York, where they stayed for about a week, closely watched by the newspapers, all of which treated the "Oil War" as a national affair. Various conferences were held, leading up to a final all-important one on March 25th, at the Erie offices. Horace Clark, president of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad, was chairman of this meeting, and, according to H. H. Rogers's testimony before the Hepburn Committee, in 1879, there were present, besides the oil men, Colonel Scott, General McClellan, Director Diven, William H. Vanderbilt, Mr. Stebbins, and George Hall.

Mr. Rockefeller to the Rescue

The meeting had not been long in session before Mr. Watson, president of the South Improvement Company, and Mr. John D. Rockefeller, presented themselves for admission. Up to this time Mr. Rockefeller had kept well out of sight in the affair. He had given no interviews, offered no explanations. He had allowed the president of the company to wrestle with the excitement in his own way, but things were now in such critical shape that he came forward in a last attempt to save the organization by which he had been able to concentrate in his own hands the refining interests of Cleveland. With Mr. Watson, he knocked for admission to the council going on in the Erie offices. The oil men flatly refused to let them in. A dramatic scene followed, Mr. Clark, the chairman, protesting in agitated tones against shutting out his "lifelong friend, Watson." The oil men were obdurate. They would have nothing to do with anybody concerned with the South Improvement Company. So determined were they that although Mr. Watson came in, he was obliged at once to withdraw. A Times reporter who witnessed the little scene between the two supporters of the tottering company after its president was turned out of the meeting remarks sympathetically that Mr. Rockefeller soon went away, "looking pretty blue."

The acquiescence of the "railroad kings" in the refusal of the oil men to recognize representatives of the South Improvement Company was followed by an unwilling promise to break the contracts with the company. A strong effort was made to persuade the independents to make the same contracts on condition that they shipped as much oil, but they would not hear of it. They demanded open rates, with no rebates to any one. The Vanderbilts particularly stuck for this arrangement, but were finally obliged to consent to revoke the contracts and to make a new one embodying the views of the Oil Regions. The contract finally signed at this meeting by H. F. Clark for the Lake Shore Road, O. H. P. Archer for the Erie, W. H. Vanderbilt for the Central, George B. McClellan for the Atlantic and Great Western, and Thomas A. Scott for the Pennsylvania, agreed that all shipping of oil should be made on "a basis of perfect equality to all shippers, producers, and refiners, and that no rebates, drawbacks, or other arrangements of any character shall be made or allowed that will give any party the slightest difference in rates or discriminations of any character whatever."

The same rate was put on refined oil from Cleveland, Pittsburg, and the Creek, to eastern shipping points; that is, Mr. Rockefeller could send his oil from Cleveland to New York at $1.50 per barrel; so could his associates in Pittsburg, and this was what it cost the refiner on the Creek; but the latter had this advantage: he was at the wells. Mr. Rockefeller and his Pittsburg allies were miles away, and it cost them, by the new contract, fifty cents to get a barrel of crude to their works. The Oil Regions meant that geographical position should count. Unless there was some way to get around this contract, it looked at that moment very much as if Mr. Rockefeller had bought a white elephant when he swept up the refineries of Cleveland.

Grant on Monopolies

This contract was the first effective thrust into the great bubble. Others followed in quick succession. On the 28th, the railroads officially annulled their contracts with the company. About the same time the Pennsylvania legislature repealed the charter. On March 30th, the committee of oil men sent to Washington to be present during the Congressional investigation, now about to begin, spent an hour with President Grant. They wired home that on their departure he said: "Gentlemen, I have noticed the progress of monopolies, and have long been convinced that the National Government would have to interfere and protect the people against them." The President and the members of Congress of both parties continued to show the greatest interest in the investigation, and there was little or no dissent from the final judgment of the committee, given early in May, that the South Improvement Company was the "most gigantic and daring conspiracy" a free country had ever seen. This decision finished the work. The "monster" was slain, the Oil Regions proclaimed exultantly.

The Standard again Buys Oil

And now came the question; what should they do about the blockade established against the members of the South Improvement Company? The railroads they had forgiven; should they forgive the members of the South Improvement Company? This question came up immediately on the repeal of the charter. The first severe test to which their temper was put was early in April, when a firm of Oil City brokers sold some 20,000 barrels of oil to the Standard Oil Company. The moment the sale was noised a perfect uproar burst forth. Indignant telegrams came from every direction condemning the brokers. "Betrayal," "infamy," "mercenary achievement," "the most unkindest cut of all," was the gist of them. From New York, Porter and Archbold telegraphed annulling all their contracts with the guilty brokers. The Oil Exchange passed votes of censure, and the Producers'

PETER H. WATSON

After the Civil War Mr. Watson, who had been Mr. Stanton's assistant Secretary of War, instead of returning to his profession, which was that of a lawyer, went into the railroad business. He became what was known as the cattle agent, and is credited with devising the evener plan by which the cattle business was apportioned between various roads and competition avoided. This idea was one of the essential parts of the South Improvement scheme. Mr. Watson gave up the oil business after the oil war. Later he was made president of the Erie Railroad.

JOHN D. ARCHBOLD IN 1872

Now vice-president of the Standard Oil Company. Mr. Archbold, whose home, in 1872, was in Titusville, Pennsylvania, although one of the youngest refiners of the Creek, was one of the most active and efficient in breaking up the South Improvement Company.

Union turned them out. A few days later it was learned that a dealer on the Creek was preparing to ship 5,000 barrels to the same firm. A mob gathered about the cars and refused to let them leave. It was only by stationing a strong guard that the destruction of the oil was prevented.

But something had to be done. The cooler heads argued that the blockade, which had lasted now forty days, and from which the Region had, of course, suffered enormous loss, should be entirely lifted. The objects for which it had been established had been accomplished—that is, the South Improvement Company had been destroyed;—now let free trade be established. If anybody wanted to sell to "conspirators," it was his look-out. A long and excited meeting of men from the entire oil country was held at Oil City to discuss the question. At this meeting telegrams to the president of the Petroleum Producers' Union, Captain William Hasson, from officials of the railroads were read, declaring that the contracts with the South Improvement Company were canceled. Also the following from the Standard Oil Company was read:

> CLEVELAND, OHIO, *April* 8, 1872.
>
> *To Captain William Hasson:* In answer to your telegram, this company holds no contract with the railroad companies or any of them, or with the South Improvement Company. The contracts between the South Improvement Company and the railroads have been canceled, and I am informed you have been so advised by telegram. I state unqualifiedly that reports circulated in the Oil Region and elsewhere, that this company, or any member of it, threatened to depress oil, are false.
>
> JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, *President.*

It was finally decided that "inasmuch as the South Improvement Company contracts were annulled, and the Pennsylvania Legislature had taken pains to safeguard the interests of the trade, and Congress was moving on the same line, after the 15th trade should be free to all." This resolution put an official end to the "oil war."

But no number of resolutions could wipe out the memory of the forty days of terrible excitement and loss which the region had suffered. No triumph could stifle the suspicion and the bitterness which had been sown broadcast through the region. Every particle of independent manhood in these men whose very life was independent action had been outraged. Their sense of fair play, the saving force of the region in the days before law and order had been established, had been violated. These were things which could not be forgotten. There henceforth could be no trust in those who had devised a scheme which, the producers believed, was intended to rob them of their business.

The South Improvement Company alias *The Standard Oil Company*

It was inevitable that under the pressure of their indignation and resentment some person or persons should be fixed upon as responsible, and should be hated accordingly. Before the lifting of the embargo this responsibility had been fixed. It was the Standard Oil Company of Cleveland, so the Oil Regions decided, which was at the bottom of the business, and the "Mephistopheles of the Cleveland Company," as they put it, was John D. Rockefeller. Even the Cleveland Herald acknowledged this popular judgment. "Whether justly or unjustly," the editor wrote, "Cleveland has the odium of having originated the scheme." This opinion gained ground as the days passed. The activity of the president of the Standard in New York, in trying to save the contracts with the railroads, and his constant appearance with Mr. Watson, and the fact brought out by the Congressional investigation that a larger block of the South Improvement Company's stock was owned in the Standard than in any other firm, strengthened the belief. But what did more than anything else to fix the conviction was what they had learned of the career of the Standard Oil Company in Cleveland. Before the oil war the company had been known simply as one of several successful firms in that city. It drove close bargains, but it paid promptly, and was considered a desirable customer. Now the Oil Regions learned for the first time of the sudden and phenomenal expansion of the company. Where there had been at the beginning of 1872 twenty-six refining firms in Cleveland, there were but six left. In three months before and during the oil war the Standard had absorbed twenty plants. It was generally charged by the Cleveland refiners that Mr. Rockefeller had used the South Improvement scheme to persuade or compel his rivals to sell to him. "Why," cried the oil men, "the Standard Oil Company has done already in Cleveland what the South Improvement Company set out to do for the whole country, and it has done it by the same means."

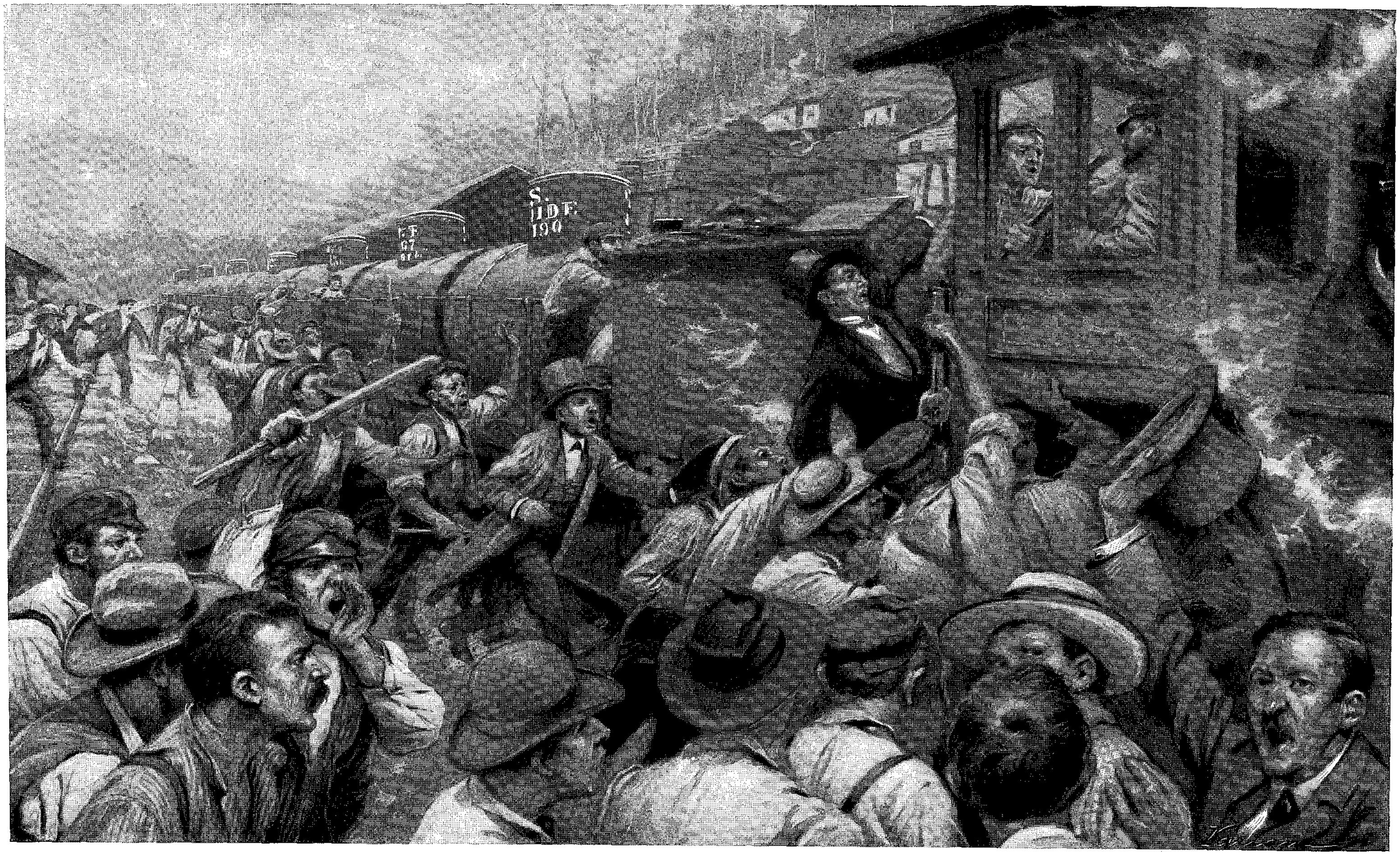
HENRY H. ROGERS IN 1872

Now president of the National Transit Company and a director of the Standard Oil Company. The opposition to the South Improvement Company among the New York refiners was led by Mr. Rogers.

By the time the blockade was raised, another unhappy conviction was fixed on the Oil Regions—the Standard Oil Company meant to carry out the plans of the exploded South Improvement Company. The promoters of the scheme were partly responsible for the report. Under the smart of their defeat they talked rather more freely than their policy of silence justified, and their remarks were quoted widely. Mr. Rockefeller was reported in the "Derrick" to have said to a prominent oil man of Oil City that the South Improvement Company could work under the charter of the Standard Oil Company, and to have predicted that in less than two months the gentleman would be glad to join him. The newspapers made much of the following similar story reported by a New York correspondent:

> A prominent Cleveland member of what was the South Improvement Company had said within two days: The business *now* will be done by the Standard Oil Company. We have a rate of freight by water from Cleveland to New York at 70 cents. No man in the trade shall make a dollar this year. We purpose so manipulating the market as to run the price of crude on the Creek as low as two and a half. We mean to show the world that the South Improvement Company was organized for business and means business in spite of opposition. The same thing has been said in substance by the leading Philadelphia member.

"The trade here regards the Standard Oil Company as simply taking the place of the South Improvement Company and as being ready at any moment to make the same attempt to control the trade as its progenitors did," said the New York Bulletin about the middle of April. And the Cleveland Herald discussed the situation under the heading, "South Improvement Company *alias* Standard Oil Company." The effect of these reports in the Oil Regions was most disas-



AN OIL RIOT

On April 9, 1872, it was learned that a train of tank cars on the siding at Rynd Farm, Oil Creek, was loading with oil for the Standard Oil Company of Cleveland. An excited crowd gathered, and prevented the train pulling out. The tanks and lines were guarded for some time.

trous. Their open war became a kind of guerrilla opposition. Those who sold oil to the Standard were ostracized, and its president was openly scorned.

Mr. Rockefeller Begins All Over Again

If Mr. Rockefeller had been an ordinary man the outburst of popular contempt and suspicion which suddenly poured on his head would have thwarted and crushed him. But he was no ordinary man. He had the powerful imagination to see what might be done with the oil business if it could be centered in his hands—the intelligence to analyze the problem into its elements and to find the key to control. He had the essential element to all great achievement, a steadfastness to a purpose once conceived which nothing can crush. The Oil Regions might rage, call him a conspirator and those who sold him oil traitors; the railroads might withdraw their contracts and the legislature annul his charter; undisturbed and unresting he kept at his great purpose. Even if his nature had not been such as to forbid him to abandon an enterprise in which he saw promise of vast profits, even if he had not had a mind which, stopped by a wall, burrows under or creeps around, he would nevertheless have been forced to desperate efforts to save his business. He had increased his refining capacity in Cleveland to 10,000 barrels on the strength of the South Improvement Company contracts. These contracts were annulled, and in their place was one signed by officials of all the oil-shipping roads refusing rebates to everybody. His geographical position was such that it cost him under these new contracts 50 cents more to get oil from the wells to New York than it did his rivals on the Creek. What could he do?

Mr. Rockefeller Gets a Rebate

He got a rebate. In spite of the binding nature of the contracts signed in New York on March 25th by representatives of all the railroads, before the middle of April the Standard Oil Company was shipping oil eastward from Cleveland for $1.25—this by the sworn testimony of Mr. H. M. Flagler before a commission of the Ohio State Legislature, in March, 1879. How much less a rate than $1.25 Mr. Rockefeller had before the end of April the writer does not know. Of course the rate was secret, and he probably understood now, as he had not two months before, how essential it was that he keep it secret. His task was more difficult now, for he had an enemy active, clamorous, contemptuous, whose suspicions had reached that acute point where they could believe nothing but evil of him—the producers and independents of the Oil Regions. It was utterly impossible that he should ever silence this enemy, for their points of view were diametrically opposed.

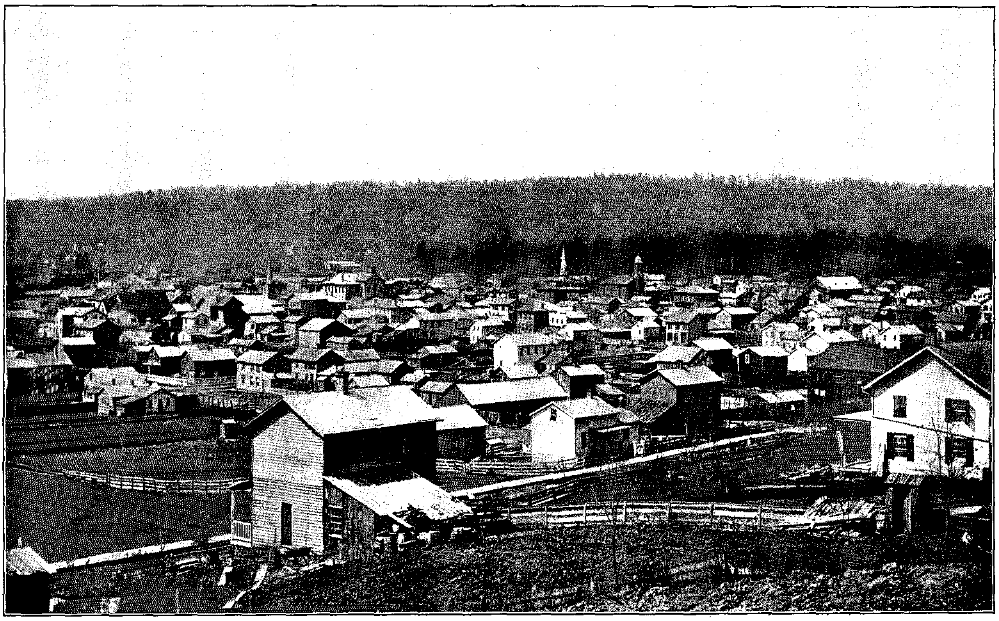
They believed in independent effort—every man for himself and fair play for all. They wanted competition, loved open fight. They considered that all business should be done openly—that the railways were bound as public carriers to give equal rates—that any combination which favored one firm or one locality at the expense of another was unjust and illegal.

Mr. Rockefeller's Opinions and Character

Mr. Rockefeller's point of view was different. He believed that the "good of all" was in a combination which would control the business as the South Improvement Company proposed to control it. Such a combination would end at once all the abuses the business suffered. As rebates and special rates were essential to this control, he favored them. Of course Mr. Rockefeller knew that the railroad was a public carrier, and that its charter forbade discrimination. But he knew that the railroads did not pretend to obey the laws governing them, that they regularly granted special rates and rebates to those who had large amounts of freight. That is, you could bargain with the railroads as you could with a man carrying on a strictly private business depending in no way on a public franchise. Moreover, Mr. Rockefeller knew that if he did not get rebates somebody else would; that they were for the wariest, the shrewdest, the most persistent. If somebody was to get rebates, why not he? This point of view was no uncommon one. Many men held it and felt a sort of scorn, as practical men always do for theorists, when it was contended that the shipper was as wrong in taking rates as the railroads in granting them.

Thus, on one hand there was an exaggerated sense of personal independence, on the other a firm belief in combination; on one hand a determination to root out the vicious system of rebates practised by the railway on the other a determination to keep it alive and profit by it. Those theories which the body of oil men held as vital and fundamental Mr. Rockefeller and his associates either did not comprehend or were deaf to. This lack of comprehension by many men of what seems to other men to be the most obvious principles of justice is not rare. Many men who are widely known as good, share it. Mr. Rockefeller was "good." There was no more faithful Baptist in Cleveland than he. Every enterprise of that church he had supported liberally from his youth. He gave to its poor. He visited its sick. He wept with its suffering. Moreover, he gave unostentatiously to many outside charities of whose worthiness he was satisfied. He was simple and frugal in his habits. He never went to the theater, never drank wine. He was a devoted husband, and he gave much time to the training of his children, seeking to develop in them his own habits of economy and of charity. Yet he was willing to strain every nerve to obtain for himself special and illegal privileges from the railroads which were bound to ruin every man in the oil business not sharing them with him. Religious emotion and sentiments of charity, propriety and self-denial seem to have taken the place in him of notions of justice and regard for the rights of others.

Unhampered, then, by any ethical consideration, undismayed by the clamor of the Oil Regions, believing firmly as ever that relief for the disorders in the oil business lay in combining and controlling the entire refining interest, this man of vast patience and foresight took up his work. The day after the newspapers of the Oil Regions printed the report of the Congressional Committee on Commerce denouncing the South Improvement Company as "one of the most gigantic and dangerous conspiracies ever attempted," and declaring that if it had not been checked in time it "would have resulted in the absorption and arbitrary control of trade in all the great interests of the country," *Mr. Rockefeller and several other members of the South Improvement Company appeared in the Oil Regions. They had come, they explained, to present a new plan of coöperation, and to show the oil men that it was to their interest to go into it. Whether they would be able to obtain by persuasion what they had failed to obtain by assault was now an interesting uncertainty.



TITUSVILLE IN 1864

At the time of the discovery of oil in 1859 Titusville was a thrifty country settlement of perhaps 300 inhabitants. It depended chiefly on lumbering for its life. When news of the Drake well reached the outside world, Titusville became the headquarters for an extraordinary inrush of people from all parts of the United States. The rapid growth forced on the town was much more solid than in the case of most towns of the Oil Region. By 1864, as the above picture shows, Titusville was a very good specimen of an American town developed under normal circumstances.

(*To be continued*)

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* The report of the Committee of Congress which investigated the South Improvement Company was not made until May 7, over a month after the organization was destroyed by the canceling of the contracts with the railroads.

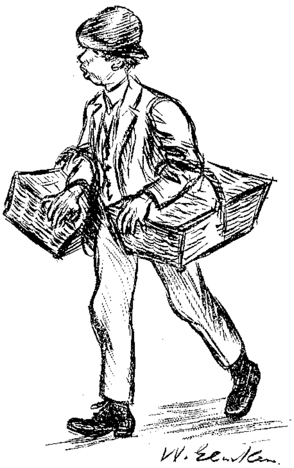
I STAND BETWEEN LADY MACBETH AND MATRIMONY

BY CLARA MORRIS

Author of "Life on the Stage"

Illustrated by W. Glackens

THERE is no habit more tenacious than the habit of work. Once acquire it, and you are helpless. You may never "loaf and invite your soul," you cannot lounge about with your hands in your lap, doing nothing at all the fair long day. In reality to the victim of the working habit there are no long days, they are all short days. Like many another I realized my danger when too late. When I came to New York and the continued run of a play left to me some hours of the day without work, I immediately went forth and hunted work to fill them up with. It was thus I came to make the acquaintance of that Monsieur Fasquelle of France, who had so much anxiety as to the whereabouts of his brother-in-law's hat and the butcher's candlestick. An excellent grammarian, Monsieur Fasquelle, but a bit eccentric as a conversationalist, it always seems to me. I saw my danger then, but the habit was already too strong, and alas! it is not broken yet. Therefore it is not surprising that when I began to star, finding considerable time in which I used to study plays unoccupied, I turned my attention to the subject of matrimony. And let me say here that the actress, even the sentimental one, generally arranges her marriage with brevity, celerity, and despatch. She cannot for her life bring herself to look upon her wedding as a matter of world-moving importance, as does the girl in private life, who, judging by her own excitement, pride, display, and momentary supremacy, decides that her marriage is nothing short of a social cataclysm.



"Costumes carried to and from the theater in champagne baskets, by the basket-boy"

Late in the '60s actors still had their costumes carried to and from the theater in champagne baskets, by the "basket-boy," and the very first and most important duty of the actor or actress, after rehearsal, was to get the basket ready and place it outside the door—then, only, one might feel free.

Well, Cupid had been taking a little flyer behind the scenes, and a young comedian had been stricken with love for a bit of a girl who danced between the first play and the farce. One day he saw the old leader of the orchestra tap her cheek with his bow, and the awful familiarity was too much to be endured—silently. He walked home with her, and, in the boarding-house hall, he spoke. A minister's name was mentioned—a number—a street—something about a license. Nothing seemed very clear, except his love and his desire to get married at once—at once!

"Oh, Lizzie, will you marry me? Dear little Lizzie! will you?" he implored.

And Lizzie, who was about the height of a nine years' old child, but was full sixteen, very pink and very pleased, looked coyly up, then modestly down, and answered: "I'm awfully glad you love me, Ted, but—but, really you know you'll have to wait a little!"

Down went Ted's face: "Wait?" he cried, in a tragic voice. "Wait? Good kingdom! Why? What for? How long?"

And Lizzie, with wide, reproachful blue eyes, said: "Why, Ted, you know well enough you'll have to wait till I get my basket ready."

And when he heard the thump of that article at his sweetheart's door, he issued forth from his room, tied the strings of her bonnet under her chin, and they sallied forth and were married. And it is gratifying to know that that knot was not only simply and swiftly tied, but securely too, for though they endured many hardships, faced many troubles, lost two wee lambs from the little flock sent to them, while the blackest kind of a small goat was spared for them to struggle with, yet the sorrow and shame of divorce came never near them—never! and love lasted while life lasted!

Another actress-bride, here in New York City, being unable to leave town, though the heat was appalling, was married in the parlor in "a going-away gown of pale gray," the paper said; and the reverend gentleman who had officiated having departed, straightway the bridal pair also went away, upon their wedding journey. Away upstairs, up a ladder, through a scuttle, out upon the roof, where, in a hammock swung between the chimneys, the bride ensconced herself and was sweetly served with ice-cream and angel cake, by a very handsome, kneeling groom, who, finding the gravel hard and sharp, folded the napkin into a pad and placed it beneath his bruised knee. And when the cream and angel cake were gone, their honeymoon rose and found them there with inwreathing arms and waving palm-leaf fans, still at their banquet, but now supping of the nectar of confessed love, each listening to the other's tale of how and when and where the first spark of love flew into an innocent and unsuspecting heart. Nor was the element of danger quite absent from this wedding journey, for the bride was a large woman—though a darkly handsome one; large was she and heavy, and the scuttle was small and the ladder almost straight and weak to shakiness. There was an earnest discussion along towards dawn, as to which one should first descend. Finally the bride declared for the groom's advance. "You see, should I stick fast, dear, you might half starve up here before our condition was discovered, but if you go first and I in following, stick fast, you are ready to give the alarm and call upon the fire department for assistance—for scuttles, I think, are in the line of fire work?"

So she came last, and though most of the rungs of the ladder came down with her, she was safely back from her wedding journey.

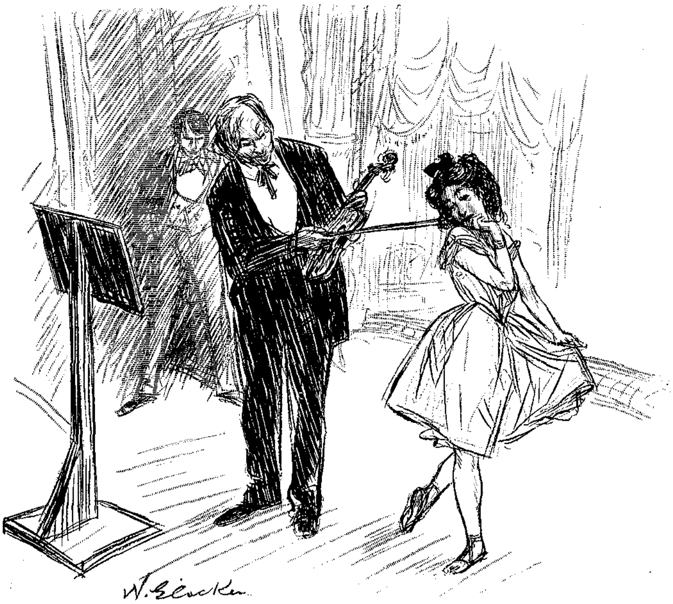
Three weeks afterward, at a birthday dinner on Staten Island, I sat opposite this bride. Our hostess had been speaking of favorite places on the Hudson, and suddenly she asked of my vis-à-vis: "Your honeymoon was on the Hudson—how sensible! and did you go up or down?"

Pushing a tiny bone from the fish on her plate, she answered calmly: "I went up." Then as all the blood in my body seemed to be pumping up into my face, she gave me a reproachful look, and asked: "Don't *you* admire the country about Newburgh?" And that woman prided herself upon her truthfulness!

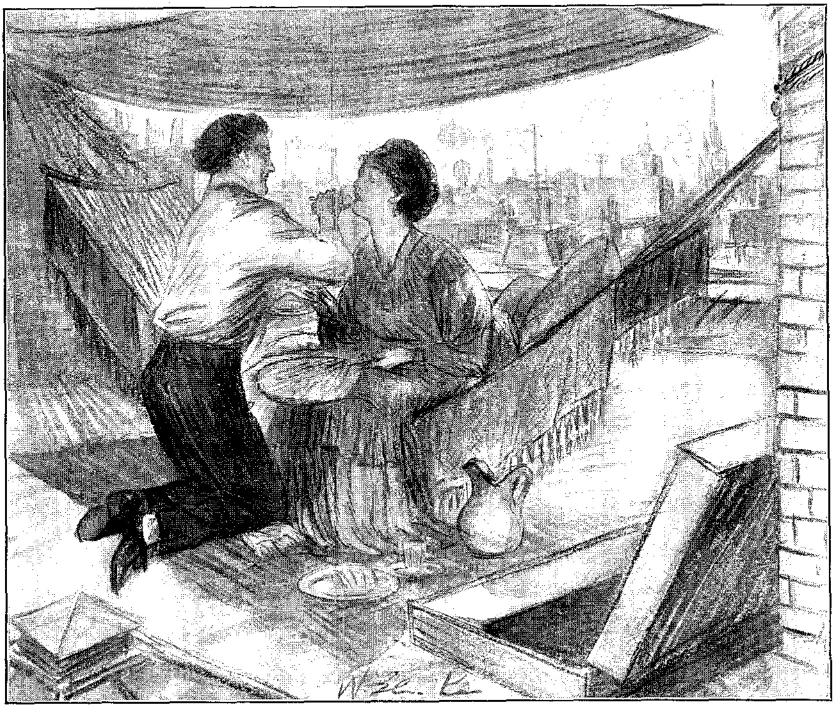
In contrast to these two rather exceptionally abrupt ceremonies, I recall the fact that at the first wedding I had the pleasure of attending in New York, the young girl-bride had so worn out her strength in preparations, in shopping, in fitting, in receiving and acknowledging, in planning and arranging and rehearsing, that grave doubts were expressed by the family physician of her ability to pass through the church ceremony and the home reception without collapsing utterly: and the bridesmaids found themselves "shouldered about" (as they declared), by doctor and nurse, and when the maid of honor came to entreat for the frantic groom, one word with the bride—one single word, just through the merest crack of the door—that tormented young person burst forth with a "NO!" and a passionate declaration that she "wished she had never seen him, and if he sent her another message she would never look at him again as long as she lived!" There were nerves for you, and oh, the pity of it! I saw a small bottle of chloral slipped into the traveling bag of that bride.

Yes, the girl in private life and the actress hold widely differing views of weddings—weddings, mind you, not marriage. An actress loves as warmly, promises as truly, hopes as fairly as does the outsider, who makes the ancient vow that is yet ever new—to love, to honor, to obey! Only the girl in private life often finds in her wedding her sole opportun-

"Saw the old leader of the orchestra tap her cheek with his bow"



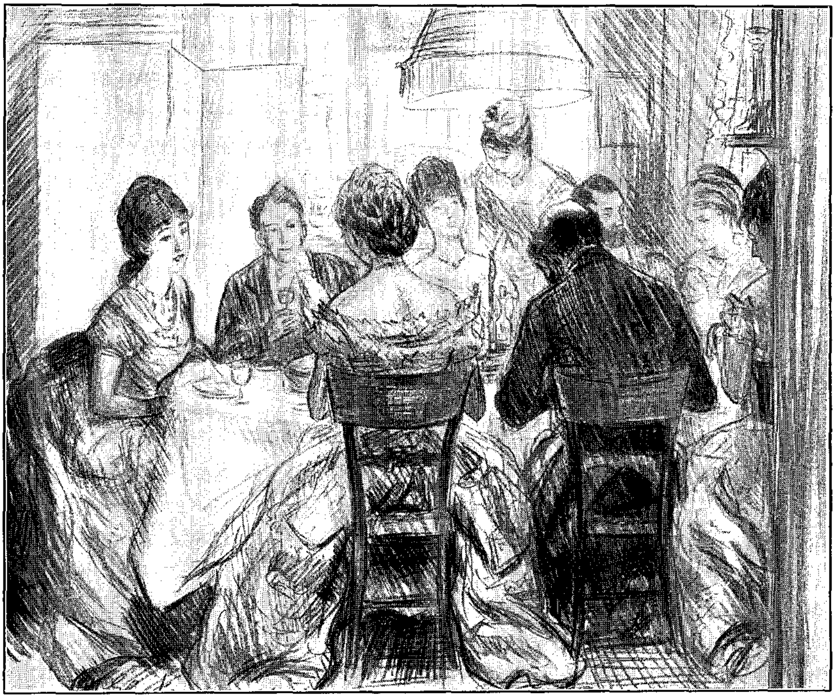
ity for personal display. It is her day of power and authority—when she plays the leading part, when she is the head and front, the beginning and the ending; when, as a slangy little woman remarked to me a week or two ago, "She is the bride, and the bride is the whole show!" Hence her joy in the great spectacular wedding. But the actress is on exhibition every day of her life—she is a mimic bride over and over again, and to a sensitive woman there is almost an immodesty in a public wedding for an actress.



"Out upon the roof, where, in a hammock swung between the chimneys, the bride ensconced herself and was sweetly served with ice-cream and angel cake"

All of which, when the time came, I elaborately, carefully, and I hope lucidly, explained to the family of my adoption. The wonder to me is that I ever married at all. In the first place, my love affairs ran a course so far from smoothness, so tangled and so rough, that a map of them would resemble the work of gullies a heavy rain storm cuts in garden paths and driveways. Then, again, I had a bad start in my matrimonial proposals. Those cats not only spoiled the first one, but seemed to some extent to hoodoo the others. You are sceptical, perhaps, because I, who am not beautiful, speak of loves and proposals? But you should not be, for the woman who is plain and knows it, often sees in her plainness a challenge from *fate*, and if she amiably and gaily takes it up, is apt to win, well, lovers among other things. Many women are in love with love long before the special lover arrives upon the scene, and while there is flirtation that is silly and flirtation that is cruel, there is, too, that flirtation which means *attention* without *intention* that is quite a charming pastime, and one that is popular alike with homely or handsome women. Only the beauty often says to herself, after a new conquest: "It's this lovely mask he cares for. If my hair became thin, if my skin became sallow, my eyes dull—would he care for me then? could *I* hold him?" While the woman whose mirror shows her, perhaps, only clear eyes and general wholesomeness, knows that keenest triumph, "It's *I* whom he cares for—*I*, my very self, for here is no rare beauty of feature or coloring to attract his eye!"

Well, beautiful women—who are the flowers of the human race—can afford to suffer a mild twinge or two; they have only to look into the nearest pair of eyes to find comforting admiration and be happy again. But oh, what a tragedy is the fading of a great beauty! A splendid creature once lost her nearest and dearest, and she brought herself to say: "The Lord gave, the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord!" But when her beauty began to fade with startling rapidity, she stood before her glass, in the presence of a friend, and forcing a smile, she said: "Oh, well! the Lord gave and the Lord taketh away, blessed—oh, I can't!" she shrieked. "I can't bless His name! Why, oh, why give me beauty, only to rob me of it? It's cruel, cruel!" Any one who saw that agony of loss express itself in uncontrollable cries and writhings must have felt that sometimes one pays a penalty for being unusually beautiful—but I do truly believe that no woman would be deterred, even by such a sight, from wishing to be fair to see.



"*She answered calmly, 'I went up*'"

Did you ever open your mother's Bible without finding a pressed rose, or a pansy, or a violet, there? To you it looks yellow and dry as dust and meaningless—but she knows what you do not, and it is rich with the color and sweetness her memory endows it with. Just so a woman has closed between the long-past years the love affairs of her girlhood—mere names, dull and meaningless they may seem to you, but her memory gives to them eye-sparkle, smile-flash, the swift word, the knightly act, and no matter what change time and the world may have wrought upon these men, in the heart of the woman whom they once loved, they remain ever young, ever admirable.

For my part, when I sort out my own little bunch of beaux, I feel a sort of maternal tenderness for them, and my tormenting spine almost straightens itself with pride as I recall the fact that every man jack of them made his name stand for something worth while and wrote it high enough to be clearly read by his fellow citizens, before retiring from the great struggle we call life.

The demands of my profession received my first consideration: therefore in the character of sweetheart I was pretty severely criticised now and then; while as a friend I was declared a creature of superlative perfection. One resentful male creature remarked, as he grabbed his hat: "Love? Love's nothing but a miserable little side issue in your life! And yet some donkey has written that 'Love is only an incident in a man's life, and is the whole world to a woman'—much he knew about it!"

John Cockerill, after kicking the hassock down stairs, declared that "if all girls were as prudent and cautious as I was, every cottage in the city would be for rent, and a wedding would become a nine days' wonder"; while a soldier solemnly vowed that every single time he tried to deploy his tender sentiments, his admiration, and his love before me, I left the reviewing stand to see if a wig was properly dressed for the night or pulled a "part" over to me to make quite sure of my lines in some infernal stage love scene. But out of the detritus of crumbling loves, what splendid friendships came—frank and true and lasting to the grave!

It is curious, too, the way in which my small love affairs are all tangled up with certain plays. My taking of a husband is so tied up with the production of Macbeth, that I simply cannot think of my wedding without hearing a swirl of the "Around—around—around—around! About—about—about—about!" music of the witches' cave scene:

> "Double, double, toil and trouble,
> Fire burn; and, cauldron bubble."

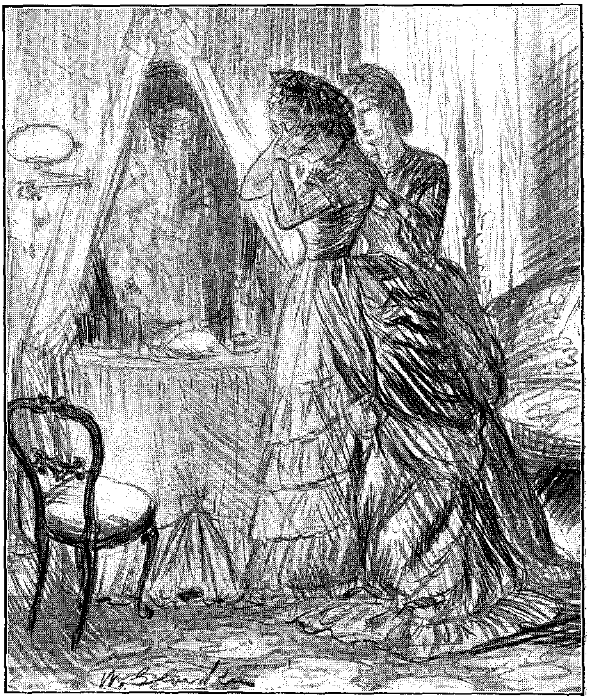
Dear me! dear me! how those two memories do braid themselves together! First of all it was the man I was engaged to marry—John A. Cockerill—who gave Mr. F. C. Harriott his letter of introduction to me. Then, to our mutual joy and happiness, John and I wisely snapped our bonds and became our peacable law-abiding selves again; and, that becoming known to Mr. Harriott, he concluded that he would now enter the lists—which was right enough, only his courtship would have been much simplified if Lady Macbeth had not come upon the scene at almost the same time—for, *place aux dames*, the lady was the first consideration. What a state of mind I was in, to be sure! I could not accept the traditional, martially stalking drum-major of a woman, who spoke in sepulchral tones and splashed about in blood as though she were quite used to it; who spoke of dashing out the brains of her suckling, with a fiendish satisfaction in her own nerve that made her final remorseful breaking-down of brain and heart a contradiction—almost an impossibility.

Discussion of the famous character grew warm—reached the papers, and even the public in the persons of "Constant Reader," "Old Play-goer," and "Veritas," wrestled with the great question anent the femininity or the masculinity of Lady Macbeth. Occasionally, my view of her character met with approval, but oftener I got a rap over the knuckles by being sharply reminded that my age and inexperience only fitted me to follow—not to lead; that Mrs. Siddons, Miss Cushman, Madame Janauschek had clung to a traditional Lady Macbeth—and that was the only one the public knew or wanted. I meekly reminded Veritas that Mrs. Sarah Siddons, late in life, had herself declared for a distinctly feminine Lady Macbeth, fully confessing the error of her own characterization, but adding that she had not had the courage to alter the presentation the public knew so well.

An actress in the West, who was not overburdened with reverence, once remarked in my hearing, that "Lady Macbeth was a fraud—that if the part were given out without a name, any decently fair actress would accept it without a second thought, but tack on the name 'Lady Macbeth,' and the best pair of knees in the profession would begin to tremble—besides which, the part was greater to write about than it was to act!"—in her opinion.

There was truth in the first part of that assertion. There is a sort of traditional terror that wraps Lady Macbeth as with a robe. You find all the greatness of the mighty Pritchard, Siddons, Cushman, and the rest, looming up between you and the part you are studying. They and their "business," their reading of certain lines—Siddons's "We *fail!*" Cushman's "Give *me* the daggers!" go whirling through your brain. You feel smaller and smaller, and, worst of all, these great traditions are frightening you away from Shakespeare's Lady Macbeth. You forget you have the same material to build with that they had—Shakespeare's own words; that you have the right to construe those words according to the best effort of your God-given intelligence—and very often custom is too strong

"'I can't bless His name! Why, oh, why give me beauty, only to rob me of it? It's cruel, cruel!'"



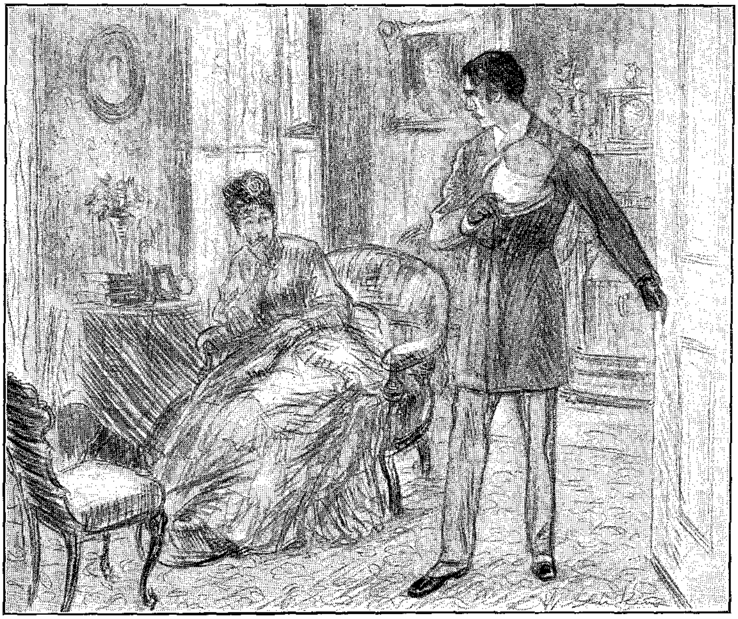
and one more Lady Macbeth is monumental, declamatory, gory-minded, and domineering.

Yet Macbeth loved the fair-faced hypocrite and petted her with endearing terms. She was his "Chuck!" his "dearest Chuck!" his "dear love!" Even to his king, he openly shows his love for her, when he asks the royal permission, to *himself* act as harbinger :

> "And make joyful the hearing of my wife,
> With your approach."

He makes no pretense of hastening ahead to prepare for the king's reception and bestowal—not he; only "to make joyful the hearing of his wife." Very well, then, granted he loved and cosseted her and was a fine soldier, big and bluff and physically brave—and "in joining contrasts lieth love's delight,"—then his contrast would be the slender, slight, possibly small woman, fair, soft, tender in seeming, this "dearest Chuck!" whose soft body housed a soul of fire, whose brain seethed with plans to gratify her devouring ambition. Nor was this pet and darling of the rough soldier's love supported in her dread deeds by her own mere normal strength. Crafty and subtle as she was, clever as her reading of Macbeth's character proves her to have been, she only becomes terrible as a fate through her absolute reliance upon this supernatural power of the witches. There is something appalling in her ready faith and eager summoning of the "spirits of evil" to her aid, and right in that invocation I find my proof that Lady Macbeth was naturally womanly, pitiful—capable of repentance for wrong done, and had sufficient belief in God to at least fear Him. For in that moment of exaltation, when the promise of the crown was tightening every thrilling nerve to a mad determination, her first demand of the "murdering ministers" is that they shall "unsex her," that they shall fill her from the crown to the toe top-full of "direst cruelty." Further, she wants the access and passage to *remorse* stopped up. Fearing the softening influence of her little child, she prays the evil spirits to "take her milk for gall" and apparently already convinced that *she* may have to do the awful deed, herself, she prays for "thick night, that her keen knife see not the wound it makes; nor Heaven peep through the blanket of the dark, to cry, hold! hold!"

She is graceful, suave, and gracious to the king. She flatters and cajoles Macbeth, and when her boldness startles him and he would gain time and "speak further," with assurance that is almost patronage she bids him: "Only look up clear—and leave all the rest to her!"



“ ‘ *Love? Love’s nothing but a miserable little side issue in your life* ”

You see already she is relying utterly upon the supernatural power of the witches, and it is her faith in them that sustains her through the awful ordeals that follow. And when at last it is borne in upon her that they have played her husband false—that all stained with crime they two are left to face an outraged God—how quickly the delicate woman becomes a physical wreck.

Masculine? Never! Could a masculine woman show such tender pity and patience as Lady Macbeth shows for Macbeth in the banquet scene? Oh, the weariness, yet the wifely, almost maternal, gentleness of that line to the broken man:

> "You lack the season of all natures, sleep."

So I was busy defending my idea of the feminine Lady Macbeth, in trying to arrange some business for my exit after the banquet scene; for alas! I had become a star and had no one to "direct" me now. Instead, in an agony of embarrassment and shyness I had to direct everything myself. How I blessed my old days of service in the ballet, just then, for I was so familiar with the time-honored music of Locke, with every bit of business for the apparitions, soldiers, supers, *et al.*, that not even the oldest witch chasséing about the caldron could find a chance to sneer at my ignorance, modern as I was. It was only business for my own part that gave me pause.

Then one day that fine old actress, Mrs. Farren, who was an honor to her profession all her long life, and who had been Lady Macbeth before I was I at all, said to me very kindly, as she pressed my aching head between her cool hands:

"Don't, my dear! Give it up!"

"Don't what, Mrs. Farren?" I asked, leaning my head against her breast for a few restful moments. "Give up what?"

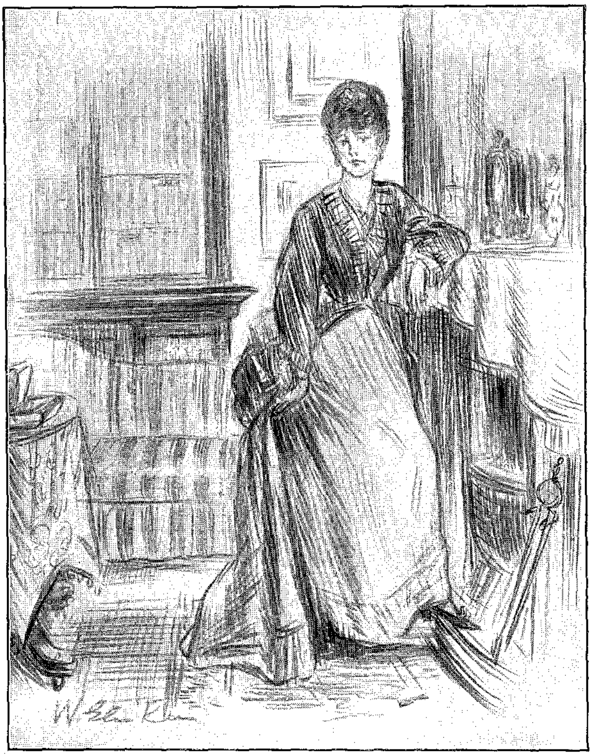
"Your foolish idea of a coaxing, crafty, womanly Lady Macbeth. Forgive my plain speaking, my child, but you work so hard and I fear you are pouring your strength upon the dry earth. I hate to see such waste. My dear, I starred for years as Lady Macbeth, and the louder, more violent, more declamatory I was, the better the people liked me. They expect to see Macbeth bullied into action, to speak frankly."

"But," I asked, "what makes her break down, if she is such a sergeant of a woman? The public must think that——"

"Ah, my dear," interrupted Mrs. Farren, "that's where you blunder. The public does not think—that's one of your new notions. Now, my child, you are sensitive, so why not save yourself unkind criticism? Cut your cloth by the good old-fashioned pattern—you know it well. Oh, that's your cue—run along."

Imagine my heaviness of heart after that, for I knew the dear woman spoke with the kindest intention, and I was deeply touched; for at that time she was almost a stranger to me.

And if you can believe it, that being also a Friday, Mr. Harriott concluded that that afternoon was a fit and proper occasion for a proposal, and being a man of considerable decision of character, he proposed. And lo! we both made the discovery that in the breast of this meek and humble Clara there dwelt a certain pride, stiff-necked and exacting—for you see I was an actress, otherwise a nobody, and this gentleman who addressed me was an outsider and a member of an old and well-known family. And I said: "When your people are acquainted with your intentions and—"; and of course he interrupted with the time-honored remark about marrying him, not etc. But I, having been made quite savage by the Macbeth rehearsal, was determined to marry the whole family or not at all. No! not even would I try on a ring, let alone wear one—until the Harriotts on the one side, and the Havemeyers on the other, knew and approved of the proposed marriage!



"*I was determined to marry the whole family or not at all*"

And he went forth to seek his family, while I sought bay-rum, a handkerchief, and the play-book of Macbeth. And the proposal of marriage hung in the air like Mahomet's coffin—but what could you expect of a proposal made on Friday?

ACROSS THE STATE

BY GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

Author of "The Taskmasters"

Illustrated by Anna M. Betts

RUNNING your eye across the map of the State you see two slowly converging lines of railroad writhing out between the hills to the sea-coast. Three other lines come down from north to south by the river valleys and the jagged shore. Along these, huddled in the corners of the hills and the sea-line, lie the cities and the larger towns. A great majority of mankind, swarming in these little spots, or scuttling to and fro along the valleys on those slender lines, fondly dream they are acquainted with the land in which they live. But beyond and around all this rises the wide, bare face of the country, which they will never know—the great patches of second-growth woods, the mountain pastures sown thick with stones, the barren acres of the hillside farmer—a desolate land, latticed with gray New England roads, dotted with commonplace or neglected houses, and pitted with the staring cellars of the abandoned homes of disheartened and defeated men.

Out here in this semi-obscurity, where the regulating forces of society grow tardy and weak, strange and dangerous beings move to and fro, avoiding the apprehension of the law. Occasionally we hear of them—of some shrewd and desperate city fugitives brought to bay in a corner of the woods, or some brutal farmhouse murderer still lurking uncaptured among the hills. Often they pass through the country and out beyond, where they are never seen again.

In the extreme southwestern corner of the State the railroads do not come; the vacant spaces grow between the country roads, and the cities dwindle down to half-deserted cross-roads hamlets. Here the surface of the map is covered up with the tortuous wrinkles of the hills. It is a beautiful but useless place. As far as you can see, low, unformed lumps of mountains lie jumbled aimlessly together between the ragged sky lines, or little silent cups of valleys stare up between them at their solitary patch of sky. It seems a sort of waste yard of creation, flung full of the remnants of the making of the earth.

* * *

A cool night in late September was beginning to set in along a road at the eastern edge of these hills. The shrill whistle of a small boy, a lonely and penetrating sound, went out across the great, dim, uncertain upland plain about him, which the blue twilight had already enshrouded. To the west, above the blue-black mountains, broken masses of slate-colored clouds loomed in huge relief against the whitish light of a nearly faded sunset. The thin whistle seemed the sole indication of life in all this vast and vacant place; only, some distance up the road appeared indistinctly the black outlines of a seemingly unoccupied farmhouse.

The boy was advancing up the road, carrying a half-filled pail of milk. He was a child of perhaps ten years, exceedingly frail and thin, with a drawn, waxen face, and sick, colorless lips and ears. On his head he wore a thick plush cap, and coarse, heavy shoes upon his feet. A faded coat, too long in the arms, drooped from his shoulders, and long, loose overalls of gray jeans broke and wrinkled about his slender ankles.

Suddenly the whistle stopped; the boy had seen an apparition. The figure of a man rose silently from behind a stone wall and waved to him to stop. The child stood transfixed; his face blanched with terror as the figure clambered over the wall and shambled down into the road.

The stranger was of middle height, loosely knit and thin, with a cunning, brutal face. He had a bullet-shaped head, with fine, soft, reddish-brown hair; a round, stubbly beard shot with gray; and small beady eyes set close together. He was clothed in an old, black, grotesquely-fitting cutaway coat, with coarse trousers tucked into his boot-tops. A worn visored cloth cap was on his head. In his right hand he carried an old muzzle-loading shotgun.

"Hullo," said the apparition hoarsely.

"Hello," piped the frightened child.

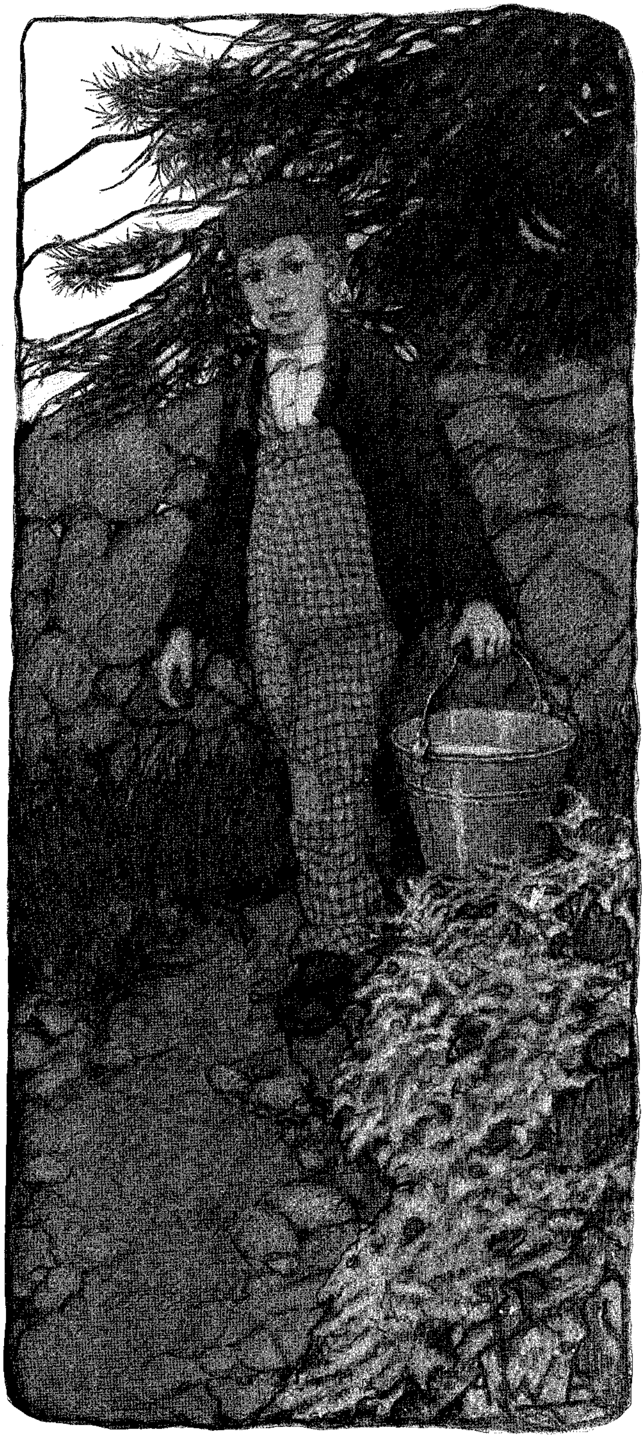
"What you got there?"

"Milk."

"Set it down."

The boy did as he was told, and the man, stepping forward, snatched the pail from the ground and put it quickly to his lips. He drank eagerly, like a desperately thirsty beast, with unpleasant noises in his throat and mouth.

Then he set down the pail, panting; the boy had started to run away.



"*The boy was advancing up the road, carrying a half-filled pail of milk*"

The man called to him, pointing with his gun, "Come back here."

The boy obeyed, whimpering. "You ain't got no right to take my milk," he said.

"Come here," repeated the man.

"Dewey'll kill me when I go back without it," complained the boy.

"Shut up," said the man, striking him with the barrel of his gun. The boy shrank silently, like one used to blows.

"Now you set there," said the stranger, pointing to the bank with his gun, "and you stay there till I tell you to get up."

He resumed his drinking, the boy staring fearfully at him from the bank. Finally, appearing to be satisfied, he turned his attention to the child.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I'm the State boy up to Henry Dewey's."

"What's your name?"

"Sam."

"Been sick?" said the stranger, taking hold of his pipestem arm.

"Oh, I dunno," said the boy wearily; "I feel kinder mean. Dewey he ain't treated me very good."

The man grunted unsympathetically. "Had your supper?" he asked.

"No."

"Well, drink this," he said, indicating the milk that was left.

"No, I don't want to; Dewey'll just kill me when I get back," the boy repeated.

"You drink it," commanded the man.

The boy, taking up the clumsy pail, sipped lightly at the milk over its edge, then started to set it down.

"Drink some more," said the man; "you'll need it."

The boy this time took a long and hearty draught. "Now, can I go?" he ventured when he had finished.

The man not answering at once, he took up the pail and shuffled a few steps forward to try him.

"No, you don't," called the

other. "Come back here; you're goin' with me."

"What for?"

"Never mind what for. Throw that pail over the wall. Now, come along."

He started out toward the east.

"Now, don't you try any funny business," he instructed him. "If you do, you'll wish you hadn't."

The two went along together, the boy shrinking to the farthest possible side of the road from his companion, his poor little intellect stricken with wonder and fear.

They had advanced but a short distance when the man suddenly stopped. The sound of a wagon and the disjointed monotones of men's voices floated up the still road. The man silently pointed the boy to the stone wall, and both disappeared behind it.

"If you move, I'll kill you," whispered the man in the child's ear.

The wagon came on, rattling and grating on the stony road, and the gruff voices of its occupants grew louder.

"I tell you we're goin' to get him," said one. "He's in there somewheres."

"What makes you think so?"

"Think so? I know so. Didn't Hen Loomis's wife see him here only Tuesday afternoon, and get scart most to death by him? And didn't Ben Niles's boys find where he'd been havin' a fire over in Bemis's swamp? Oh, he's there fast enough."

"Well, if he is, you can have my chance at him. I ain't anxious to get too clus to that gun of his'n."

"That $500's worth tryin' for, anyhow," said the other voice, growing more faint. "Besides, there'll—be—enough—there—to-morrer—to——"

The words were no longer distinguishable. The dark head of the man reared itself cautiously from behind the wall and listened till they were out of sight. Then he got up quickly, pulled the boy over the wall with him, and started along the road again.

"What's that goin' to happen to-morrer?" he asked.

"It's the hunt."

"What hunt?"

"For Bostwick, the murderer; the feller that killed a man over in Dumbleton. That is," stammered the boy, looking furtively at the man, "folks say he killed him. And, anyway, they're goin' to hunt the swamps to-morrer for him. And there's $500 reward for catching him," said the boy, with his voice full of wonder at the magnificence of the sum.

"Where're they goin' to hunt?" asked the man.

"Right through here anywheres," announced the child, "and over west of here. They've been huntin' him right along through from Windham County. They come near catchin' him over there. They had bloodhounds to track him with."

"They got them bloodhounds here?" flashed the man.

"I dunno," said the boy; "they was tryin' to get 'em."

The man had unconsciously quickened his step; the boy followed with difficulty, occasionally breaking into a run. In his childish mind he was trying to frame a question properly.

"I thought—I thought first you was him—Bostwick, I mean," he quavered. "Wasn't that funny?"

He did not get the answer he was looking for.

"You did, huh?" growled the man.

"Yes, sir," said the boy faintly.

A long and futile silence ensued; the conversation had stopped. The boy still shrank to the other border of the road as he pattered along after his companion. The man pushed along with long, ungainly strides, his knees springing under him at every step. The boy followed as best he could.

"Have I got to go with you all night?" he ventured at length.

An affirmative grunt came from across the road.

"What makes you want to take me with you?" he asked after a pause.

"I ain't goin' to have you go back home—not to-night. Besides, I need you."

"Why? What good could I do?" argued the boy.

Silence.

"Won't you tell me, please."

"You shut your yap," said the man, ending the discussion.

For long hours the two silent figures went eastward along the road, through the still stretches where it tunnels through the motionless woods; down into the cold white reek of the marshes—small, ghostly amphitheaters where the frogs chanted their grotesque choruses; past the lonely, lifeless, black-windowed farmhouses; up across the bare, stony hills, with their bleak, dark edges outlined against the dim, starry sky.

They had gone along without a word for ten dark miles. Suddenly, when they were coming through a little patch of thin woods, a spot of white darted out from one side and went bobbing across the road. The man stopped, threw up his gun, and fired. The spot stopped, and a convulsive scratching began in the weeds at the roadside. The man stepped toward it and came back again, carrying a cotton-tail rabbit with a broken back. He mercilessly beat out its remaining life by rapping its head against a boulder.

"You saw how I got that feller?" he asked, peering into the boy's face.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you take warnin' by that. Don't you never let me catch you tryin' to run away, that's all. Understan'?"

"Yes, sir," repeated the boy feebly.

"Oh, I don't miss nothin'; not very often," boasted the man.

As the night wore on, the boy, poorly nourished for such exertion, and craving his natural sleep, began to stumble and drop behind from fatigue. At last he fell flat. His companion, after urging him by threats and oaths, finally came across and dragged him on, pulling at his lifeless arm.

"I can't, I can't," complained the tired boy. Nevertheless they went a mile or two farther before they stopped; they had traveled in all some twenty miles. The man, seeing the dawn coming on, selected a close, low thicket of young pines a little back from the road, and crawled in, pushing the boy before him. The child lapsed into a black, unconscious sleep where he fell, and the man soon followed his example, with his gun beside him.

When the boy awoke again, the man had him by the arm, whispering to him to be silent. There were voices outside the pine thicket. Two ungainly country youths, with shotguns in their hands, clumped down the pasture, followed by a little black mongrel dog.

"Wonder if they got Bostwick over to Jackson's Corners to-day?" said one.

"I dunno."

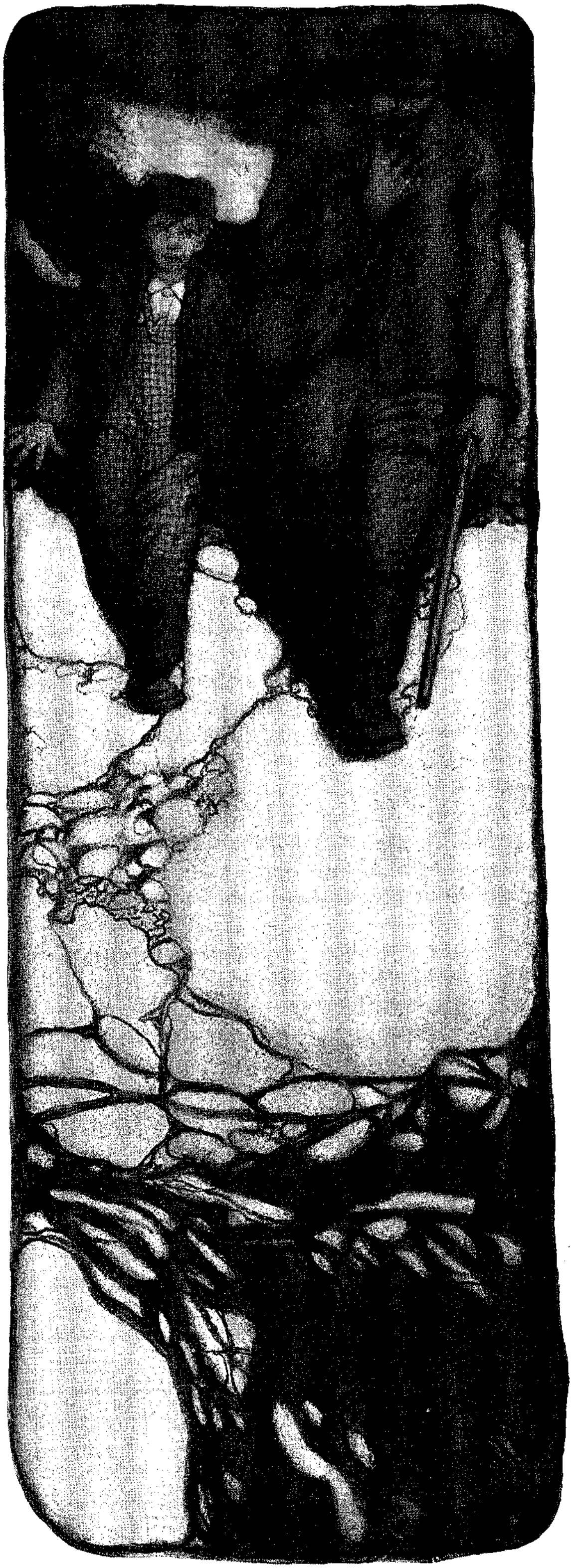
"The feller that gets that $500'll be a lucky one, won't he?"

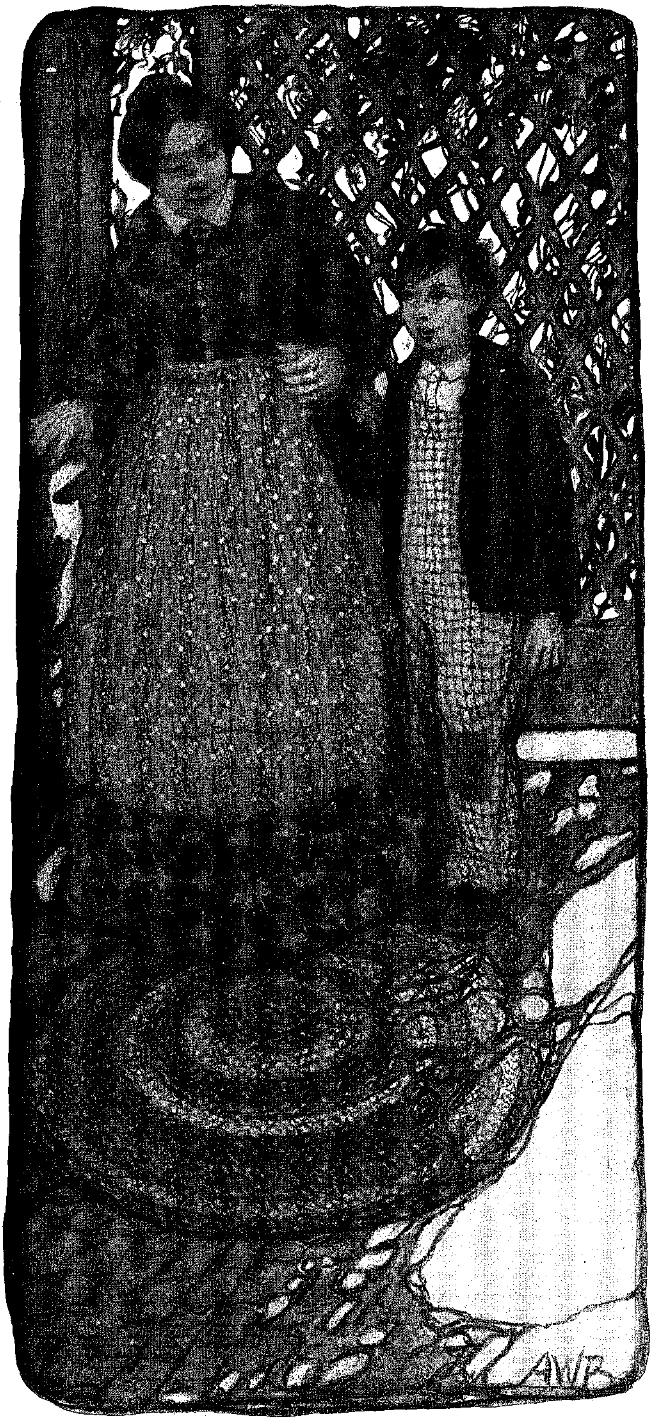
"Yep."

"Wisht we could see him once, by Jiminy, so we could have a shy at it."

"How'd you like to have him sittin' right over there where that rock is?" said the young fellow, stopping and taking a long and deliberate aim at his imaginary captive. "They ain't no such luck for us."

"The two silent figures went eastward along the road"





"The small boy, dazed by his sudden good fortune, followed her silently"

"Come on," said the other.

All at once the small dog, snuffing at the pine thicket, set up a currish clamor. He had smelled the two persons inside.

"What's that dog got in there?" asked the loitering one.

The barking continued. The man lay on his belly in the thicket, glowering at the two figures.

"I'm a-goin' back and see what it is," said the inquisitive one.

Underneath the noise of the dog's barking came two ugly snaps, and the hammers of the man's old muzzle-loader lay back viciously.

"Oh, come along," called the companion impatiently. "We're late, anyhow. If you wait to see everything that fool dog barks at, we'll never get there."

The other reluctantly obeyed, and the two youths, by repeated calls and stampings, dragged the unwilling small dog from his discovery.

As the man watched the trio disappear, he gave a little sigh of relief.

"I'd a-hated to done it," he said softly to himself. He uncocked his gun and laid it down. The boy only stared. He was sick and white and speechless.

Before the boy had waked, the man had dressed the rabbit. He now cooked it over a crude brush fire, and then began devouring it from his hands, giving the boy his small share.

"To-morrer," he said, "you get your share of the grub, or you go without."

The silence of the night before continued between the two. The child finally endeavored to break it.

"I—I'm glad they didn't catch us, ain't you?" he ventured.

The man gave an affirmative grunt.

"So'm I."

Silence fell again between them; the crude little boyish attempt at friendliness had failed.

The boy, having permanently subsided into silence, stared furtively at the figure beside him. He sat propped up against a little tree, his eyes half closed, waiting for the dark. Across his knees lay his weapon—the old, grim, muzzle-loading shotgun, which never left his hands. The boy's eyes were fixed mostly on this—on the worn and shining buttplate, the scarred and dingy black walnut stock, the dents on the long brown barrels worn bright at their ends. He was thinking, sick at heart, of what it had already done, and what it threatened him. His whole childish soul cowered before it, beyond any possibility of revolt.

"Come along," said the man, poking him with the weapon. It was dark enough at last. "We'll git out of *this* country," he continued, with an oath.

The boy rose and followed him, flinching with the exquisite pain of the first use of his tired and blistered feet.

The weather had softened; it looked like an approaching rain. The sunset had been pale and watery, and now the stars shone through a soft blur of gray, and the air of the night seemed thick with moist darkness. They soon came to a new country, less broken and precipitous; they were leaving the hills behind them. Toward midnight they reached the great river which divides the State.

Turning from the highway, they crossed it on the high, gaunt, skeleton framework of a railroad bridge. Behind them, set over the hills they had left, a great, soft, mysterious planet painted its dim yellow trail in the dark, still waters of the stream. The weary boy, glancing over his shoulder, saw it with a feeling of awe and loneliness.

Just as the two dusky figures had achieved the eastern bank, the express came roaring and whistling down from the north like some unearthly animal shrieking at its sudden discovery of the river. The two fugitives stood by, outside the yellow blur from the windows and waited till its whirling and dizzy clatter had ceased; then stared helplessly at the red-eyed lanterns glowering in its dusty wake. It was their first unexpected encounter with the great forces of civilization.

Nothing more unusual chanced that night. The two returned to the highway, and shortly after the man deftly and silently stole two chickens from a farmyard, while the boy stood watching in the road. They slept again in a little thicket, eating one chicken before they went to rest, and saving the other for the coming day.

That next afternoon it appeared what part the boy must take. He was to act as a scout and forager—to get all sorts of information, occasionally to buy bread—in short, to stand between the man and the rest of the world. If asked about his companion, he must explain that he was his father. Thus the very presence of the boy served the man as a guard against suspicion.

"But you want to remember I got my eye on you all the time. And you don't want to talk too much," the man cautioned him.

Night fell early, and they pushed on. A thin rain had begun, and the sky was overcast with solid blue-black clouds. All at once, when it was quite dark, they came out on the brow of a little hill. Beneath them, across a little murky plain, the clear white electric lights of a distant city shone, scattered on the darkness—black velvet and diamonds—against the dim horizon line.

The man pointed toward them and outlined his orders. They were to go nearer them together, and then the boy was to go on alone and buy a bottle of cheap gin.

"If you stay too long," said the man, dismissing him, "I'll come and git you; and if I do, I'll be sorry for you, that's all."

The boy did not doubt for an instant the man's ability to carry out his threat; the whole heaven and earth were filled for him with the terror of the power of this silent man with the gun. He trudged into the city alone; by a display of infinite juvenile tact and mendacity got a stranger to buy the liquor for him, and returned in fear and haste to the meeting place. The man, sitting by the roadside, immediately took a great draught of the crude and fiery liquor.

It rained miserably as they went along, but the man paid no attention. Exhilarated by the liquor, for the time being he had changed his whole manner. From his customary morose taciturnity he became gradually boisterous. He pushed the weak boy back and forth across the road; he slapped him heavily on the back, and tripped him up with the barrel of his gun; he sent out uncouth and foolish cries, and maliciously menaced the terrified child with his weapon. Then he broke into a series of yells, and at last discharged his shotgun into the air. Fortunately for him, there was no one to take the trouble to see what drunken man this was who was disturbing the sleep of the countryside.

Finally, when his exhilaration was somewhat spent, he became foolishly confidential.

"What made you guess I was Bostwick, that time?" he demanded of the boy, with a cunning leer.

"I dunno," stammered the boy.

"You dunno, don't you? Well, I'm goin' to tell you somethin'. I *am* Shem Bostwick. I'm the feller they're lookin' for. I'm just that same boy. Now you know it, don't yer? But don' you tell anybody, will yer?

"By God!" he continued, straightening himself up, "lizzen to me' askin' him not to tell anybody. If he did tell, Id jus' blow him to chunks.

"Look a' that," he continued, fondling his old shotgun, "ain' she a dandy? Bes' frien' I've got. I've had that ol' girl twenty years, an' they ain' no better shooter in this State. Oh, she fools 'em all. I can git a white rabbit with her every time at twenty rod.

"And that ain' all I can git with her neither," he said leering; "you know that, young feller, jus' well's I do. Don't you, huh? They ain' nothin' like her round these parts, and don' you forgit it. I bet Lem Bradford thought so when I let him have it. I didn' have to let him have it but once, neither; once was enough.

"Wha's all this hollerin' about my killin' Lem Bradford, huh?" began the murderer again, like a man arguing a grievance. "What're they chasin' me round so for? The critter brought it on himself, didn't he? Sposin' I did lick my wife once or twice, the contrary devil—she was *my* woman, wa'n't she, and not his'n? It don' make no difference if she *was* his sister. I told him what he'd get if he kep' on his interferin', and he got it. And that's all there is to it. If you had a wife, and anybody come interferin' between you and her, you'd done the same, wouldn't yer? *Wouldn't* yer, *huh?*"

"Oh, yes, sir," said the boy feebly.

The two tramped through the night, the murderer continuing his maudlin tirade to the child, and occasionally stopping to take another drink. Toward morning they turned from the road and rested in an old barn in the woods—a tottering, wood-colored ruin in a small clearing in the woods, filled with the coarse hay from the little damp woodland meadow.

When the boy awoke again the man was outside the barn, seated with his back against the wall, staring at a soiled copy of a sensational newspaper. Sprawling across the front page, set in the midst of the type, was a coarse black cut of the uncouth, gorilla-like figure of a man, carrying a gun in one great hand. Across the top, in staring letters was printed, "Shem Bostwick." As the boy came out of the barn, the murderer was muttering through the letters of his own name.

"D' you hear them fellers outside here this mornin'?" he called.

"No, sir."

"Well there was some—three of 'em out here huntin'—and when they went away they left this paper.

"Here," he demanded, "how does that go? You read that there."

"I'd rather not," objected the boy, looking at it; "I'm 'fraid you won't like it."

"You go ahead and read it."

The boy began to read in halting, childish fashion, while the man listened in grim silence.

"'Shem Bost-wick, mon-ster and mur-der-er, defies ci-vi-li-za-tion with his gun. A stor-y of mur-der foul and vain pursuit. Can this be a hu-man be-ing?' That's what it says in big letters; now it says like this:

"'Dumbleton, September 25.—A hor-ri-ble and re-vol-ting mon-ster, a hu-man beast arm-ed with a shot-gun, is roam-ing about the swamps around this quiet ham-let, hold-ing ci-vi-li-za-tion at bay with his wea-pon. In vain packs of savage blood-hounds and de-ter-min-ed bands of stur-dy far-mers scour the coun-try-side for him day by day. These things have no ter-ror for him. A dweller of the for-ests from boy-hood, he laughs at all at-tempts at capture. The old-est in-hab-i-tants shake their heads and say he will never be tak-en alive. If he is, it will mean still more tra-ge-dies.

"'On Sep-tem-ber thir-teen, a blood-y and event-ful day in this lit-tle com-mu-nity, Shem Bostwick shot and killed Lem Bradford in his own doorway. It was mur-der most foul. Brad-ford was a peace-a-ble and law-a-bid-ing cit-i-zen. Bostwick, as all a-gree, is a brute of the low-est type—cow-ard-ly, in-tem-per-ate, quar-rel-some—an in-hu-man hus-band and fath-er, fear-ed and de-spised by all ——'"

"Here," said the man at last, "does it say all that?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, pointing, "right there."

The man muttered over it with his lips.

"Damn yuh," he said, "if I thought you was makin' that up I'd kill yer."

"That's just what it says," protested the boy. "Right there, see?"

"Yes, I guess it does," said the man, who could only decipher it in a crude way.

He crumpled up the paper viciously and threw it down. "I'd like to see the feller that wrote that, once," he said.

"Well, they ain't got me yit," he continued, after a pause.

The man was silent and ugly after his night of drinking. He said nothing more till they were on their way again.

"I talked pretty free last night, didn't I?" he broke out, at length.

"Yes, sir; that is quite a lot—you did."

"What'd I tell yer?"

"Oh, about yourself and Lem Bradford and everything like that."

The murderer stopped the boy in the middle of the road, seizing his arm fiercely, and drawing him in front of him.

“If you ever said a word to anybody about what I told you, you know what I’d do to you? I’d blow you to pieces. Understan’?”

“Yes, sir,” said the boy. “I won’t never, never tell one word—not to anybody.”

“You remember now, you’re the only one who knows about me. If anybody finds out who I am, I’ll know who told ’em, and the first thing I do, I git you.”

“Don’t,” said the boy, flinching. “You’re hurtin’ my arm.”

“You understan’?” said the other, shaking him.

“[illegible] yes, sir; yes, sir; yes, sir; I do. Oh, please let go.”

The man loosed him, and they walked on together, the boy nursing his arm and revolving his fears silently in his mind. He was too terrified even to cry.

They had come now to a section where there were more towns and cities to be avoided, and a more frequent sprinkling of farmhouses. They kept well to the south of the railroad, along the higher and more barren land, two black figures on the ridges, outlined against the night sky—hunted creatures looking down on civilization from afar. Occasionally they heard the faint shrieks of the locomotives across the hills, occasionally they saw the blur of a city’s light on the black horizon line. All this time they were drawing away from danger. Their journeys grew shorter every night; at last they began to travel days.

But as the physical strain decreased, the terror of the silent child reached its crisis. His fears now took a very concrete form. He had been of great assistance to the man; now more and more he was ceasing to be a help and becoming a positive danger. How would the man dispose of him? Ever since that night of drunken confession, a spirit of insane suspicion had grown upon the murderer. He struck the boy and watched him and threatened him.

“What’s to hinder me just knockin’ you in the head some night, and buryin’ you, huh?” he asked, one day. “Nobody’d be no wiser, would they?”

This grim threat, taken with a child’s seriousness, gathered strength in the boy’s mind, till it excluded all other thinking. By day he looked furtively into the man’s face, striving to see what was going on in that dull mind; by night he woke with a start and a gasp, dreaming of it.

They came at last to the low country, which betokened the neighborhood of the sea—a light, rather barren land, with patches of scrubby trees, and broken here and there with little rounded hills. The more the man considered himself safe, the more his natural brutal daring returned to him. He was really in greater danger than ever. Filled with his distrust of the boy, he no longer stayed out of sight while the child was making his calls at the houses along the way. Instead, he loitered near, in the road, a strange and suspicious figure, listening to overhear the conversation. Once or twice he had broken in and ordered him away, to the mild wonder of the women at the door.

In the midst of one quiet, idle country afternoon they came to a broad, white farmhouse set a little back from the road. The boy was sent up to it. In the wide kitchen a large, motherly woman, past middle age, with a kind, strong face, and grayish hair drawn back from her ample forehead, sat rocking back and forth in a little rocking-chair, resting from her work. A tall, raw-boned girl was busy about the room. The older woman was touched by the forlorn appearance of the child, and began to ply him with questions. The boy returned his usual story. The woman pressed him further; she was too shrewd for the child, and soon had him confused.

“You’re a-lyin’ to me, boy,” she said, taking him by the shoulders. “Now you tell me, who are you, truly?”

At this moment the man, frightened and exasperated by the delay, and finding his calls of no avail, appeared in the doorway. The girl gave a little exclamation of fear when she saw him.

“What’re tryin’ to do with that boy, huh?” he said to the elderly woman.

“I’m tryin’ to find out who he is,” she answered, her broad, firm mouth tightening.

“Well, he’s my boy, so you let him be.”

“I don’t know as I’m called on to let him be. I don’t believe he’s your boy, in the first place.”

The man strode across the room and gripped the boy by the wrist. “You come on out of here,” he said, jerking him away. “And you,” he said to the woman, “take your hands off’n him and keep ’em off.”

She started toward him, and he threatened her with his gun. The undaunted woman, astonished by his effrontery, but not in the least terrified, began a search for some domestic weapon. “I’ll teach you to come threatenin’ people in their own houses,” she cried, seizing a broom. “Here, you get out of this. Oh, I ain’t afraid of your gun!”

“You ain’t, huh?” said the man, cocking it.

He retreated with the boy, covering her with the weapon. The woman stood her ground, but she did not dare to advance. As the pair went around the corner of the house and started down the road, she collapsed into her chair.

"Well, my goodness gracious, if I don't believe he'd a really shot me," she called breathlessly to the motionless girl, fanning herself with her apron. In a moment more she was upon her feet again.

"Well, here, Martha," she said, "this won't do. You stay here while I go out and call the men. What's the use of havin' a deputy sheriff for your husband, if he can't protect your own home?"

She hurried out behind the house, and blew a long blast on the conch shell for the men in the fields. The fugitive in the road heard the sound and took warning. True to his instincts he left the highway and headed for the nearest woods.

"What'd you tell her, huh?" he asked, seizing the boy's arm again.

"Oh, don't, please don't," said the boy. "I didn't tell her nothin'."

"I got a good mind to kill yer," said the man.

"Oh, honest, I didn't tell her. I done everything I could; I lied every way I could think of."

Even from where they had gone, they could see the men gathering. A boy started off on a bicycle to a neighbor's. The women stood watching them, while the men rushed into the house.

These women, it seemed, had even a suspicion of who he was.

"I tell you what he looked like to me, ma'am," said the hired girl, "he looked just like that picture of a murderer they had in last Sunday's paper from out in Windham County."

"I believe you, he does. But what's he doin' with a boy? Look at him now kickin' that child," she continued. "I wisht I had him where I could lay my hands on him."

"Where've they gone to, mother?" said the head of the house, rushing out again, with his heavy shotgun in his hand.

"Down to the swamp; they've just this minute gone into the woods right there by the big hemlock tree."

The two fugitives had come into the duck-hunting country, where every farmhouse had its shotgun, and many of them two—great serious ten-bores most of them, for use on the coast. It was a bad section to arouse. The party from the house was ready to start immediately. The excited boy on the bicycle had done his work thoroughly, and figures of farmers were already seen hurrying down the road, with guns in their hands, and some of them with their dogs. All converged rapidly toward the big hemlock at the edge of the woods.

"You want to watch out for him," said the deputy sheriff; "he's a desperate man, and he's got a gun, and there's no knowin' what he'd do with it. He can't go very far now before he gets into the swamp."

Suddenly there was the report of a gun. The dogs had found the man, and he had shot the foremost of them, a great ugly mongrel mastiff.

The other animals retreated, yelping, and the party of men moved down the outside of the woods to where the shot came from. The murderer appeared dimly among the trees, reloading his weapon, the great, bloody dog thrashing about half dead a little way before him. He was not far from the edge of the woods; just behind him was a branch of the swamp.

The owner of the dog was frantic with rage. "You wait," he cried, with an oath, edging in toward the man. "Two can play at that game."

"You want to be careful, now, Jim," said another.

"Oh, I guess a ten-bore'll carry farther'n that old twelve of his."

"Yes, by God!" said another excited man, "and a rifle'll carry farther'n a ten."

"That's all right," said the deputy, "but what about that boy? You ain't thinkin' of him. Just look what he's doin' with him."

The man was now preparing to make a last use of the boy. He had deliberately placed him before him as a protection.

"No, sir," said the deputy, "don't you shoot and hit that boy. You fellers are in too much of a hurry. I'm goin' in and tell him to give himself up."

He advanced a few steps into the woods.

"You might as well put down that gun and give yourself up," he called. "You can't get away now, anyhow."

In reply the man leveled his gun at him. "You get out o' here," he said.

The deputy sheriff looked at him without flinching, wondering whether he were called upon to advance.

"I wouldn't do it, Mr. Crane," cautioned two or three voices; "you can't tell what he might do. Besides, we'll get him somehow."

The deputy finally took their advice.

It seemed for a long time that they had been too hopeful. For nearly two hours he stood there at bay. The struggles of the dying dog ceased; the sun sank down toward the horizon, and its level shafts flushed pink the dark interior of the woods; the cool sense of evening began to settle in upon the lowlands. Still the hunted man stood there, grim, speechless, desperate, peering out between the trees. Before him sat the huddled figure of the boy; behind him the practically impassable branch of the swamp. The semicircle of men stood irresolutely at the edge of the woods.

At last there was a little shout of recognition from the younger fellows in the gathering. "Here's Birnie White."

The town dare-devil, a young, athletic fellow, with a handsome, rather dissipated face, had arrived. He felt at once that something was expected of him, and listened in silence to the features of the situation. At last calling aside his boon companion, he talked earnestly to him, then started off alone around the edge of the woods.

"If he thinks he can keep me out o' there, he's damned mistaken," he said.

"You stay where you are," he called to some of the crowd, who had started after him.

"What's he up to now?" asked some one.

"You wait," said his friend.

The figure skirted around and disappeared into the woods beyond the little branch of the swamp. They could hear him crashing through the underbrush.

All at once he stopped, and his hoarse voice echoed harshly through the woods. He was taunting and reviling Bostwick, calling across to the group of men a continual stream of insults.

"I got him headed off this way," he yelled. "He's a healthy murderer, he is. You couldn't make him fight with a club. Oh, I've got him. I see where that five hundred dollar reward comes to me. Get ap out o' there, you sneakin' devil, you. You won't, hey? Well, I'll just come in and get you then. Oh, you're a nice thing, you are; you're easy. Say, he could 'a' come right out o' here, if he'd only had the sense to. Now we've got him corralled."

His continual jibes made the murderer nervous and angry. He became suspicious of being trapped from the rear. Soon he got up, stepped down to the edge of the swamp, and began peering through the bushes which concealed his tormentor. The yells of the latter continued, and Bostwick, growing more and more angry, devoted still more of his attention to getting him.

"Come on now, Whiskers," taunted the dare-devil, "come on out and see a feller. There'd be just two of us—you and me. Come on out and take a whirl with me. You don't dare to, that's what's the matter with you.

"Oh, I see you prowlin' round, you pup, you. You stick your ugly mug out o' there again, and I'll let you have it."

The fugitive's whole hatred and attention became focussed at the point where the yells came from. Suddenly there came a cry from behind him.

"We've got the boy. We've got the boy!"

The confederate, watching his chance, had sneaked up and seized the child at an opportune moment, and hurried him away. From outside the woods came a joyful clamor of men and dogs.

There were now left just these two men, with guns in their hands, stalking each other on either side of the thicket of the swamp. They were nearly matched in woodcraft; the murderer began to understand this. Besides, being surrounded now on both sides, it was necessary for him to do something at once.

"*Now* where are you, Willie?" taunted his persecutor across the swamp.

The desperate man came plunging through the bushes in the direction of the voice, exactly as the other intended that he should. As he emerged a little from the thickest of it, he saw the form of his enemy disappearing at the other side of a little opening in the center of the swamp. He took a snap shot at him. He was too late; he missed him.

Excited cries came from the crowd outside the woods.

"Hi, yi, yi, yi!" yelled the dare-devil; "missed me, missed me."

With a yell of beastly anger the murderer pushed out to follow him, the ground of the swamp growing more and more uncertain under his feet. At last, lunging forward at a little clump of grass, he missed his calculations and splashed down on all fours into the soft treachery of the deepest part of the marsh. His terrible gun, falling with him, was choked solid with mud—become in an instant a ridiculous and bedraggled thing.

The dare-devil, watching for some such downfall, reappeared immediately at the edge of the opening, and covered him with his gun.

"I've got him," he yelled joyously; "I've got him."

The eager crowd came rushing through the woods. The man, wallowing to his feet, stood sullenly waiting where he was, like a dangerous animal in a trap, sinking all the time farther and farther into the soft ground.

A part of the crowd occupied themselves dragging him to firm land and securing him. Another group gathered about the boy, questioning him.

The motherly woman and the girl, drawn by curiosity to the edge of the woods, had charge of him.

"Who is he?" demanded some one abruptly, concerning the captured man.

The boy did not answer.

"You'd better tell me," said the man roughly, "if you know what's good for you."

The motherly woman turned on him energetically.

"You leave that boy alone," she said; "I'll take care of him.

"Won't you tell me, boy, who the man is?" she asked persuasively.

"I'd rather not."

"Tell me one thing. Is he Bostwick, the murderer?"

The boy hung his head.

"Is he? Tell me, that's a good boy. There won't anybody hurt you now."

The boy at last gave a deep affirmative nod, without speaking.

The crowd about them broke into a shout. "It's him; it's him. It's Bostwick," they called.

The boy's terror returned. "I hadn't ought to told you," he cried. "He'll kill me, he will. He'll just kill me."

"There, there," said the motherly woman, kneeling and putting her arms around him. "He can't hurt you now. They've arrested him."

The boy hid his face in her shoulder.

"Poor little feller," she said; "just feel o' them arms and that body. There just ain't nothin' to him."

"I guess he's glad to get away from that man," ventured the girl.

"I guess you are, too, ain't you?" said the motherly woman, holding him away from her.

"Oh, I dunno," said the boy, shuffling with his feet. "He scared me, that's all. He didn't treat me much worse'n Dewey did. It don't make much difference to me, anyhow. I'm nothin' but a State boy. They'll just send me back to Dewey, that's all."

"They won't, not if I can help it," said the motherly woman determinedly. "And they can't neither—not when he treated you like that.

"I've half a mind to keep you myself," she said.

A flush of pleasure showed under the boy's pale skin.

"I wisht you could," he stammered.

"I can and I will," said the woman, touched by his pathetic eagerness. "We've been wantin' a boy round the house some time.

"Come on now," she said, taking him by the hand, "we'll go and see if we can't get you something to eat and something fit to wear."

The small boy, dazed by his sudden good fortune, followed her silently up across the field, and both disappeared into the doorway of the kitchen. He was set down by the woman at the table while she was getting some food. As he sat there, staring about the strange room, he heard the loud talk of the men hitching up at the barn to drive Bostwick away to jail. He began to tremble again at the sound. The motherly woman, seeing this, came across the room and put a kind hand on his shoulder.

The new-found sympathy, the release from terror and bondage, the unexpected sense of hope for the future swept all at once over the mind of the child and overpowered him. He threw his face down on his hands and began sobbing with hysterical happiness against the edge of the old kitchen table.

OPTIMISM

BY H. W. BYNNER

THERE'S not a man of all that preach despair
Who, under his stolidity, would dare
A moment go without the inner trust
That something Blessed shall be found somewhere.

HEAVEN

BY JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM

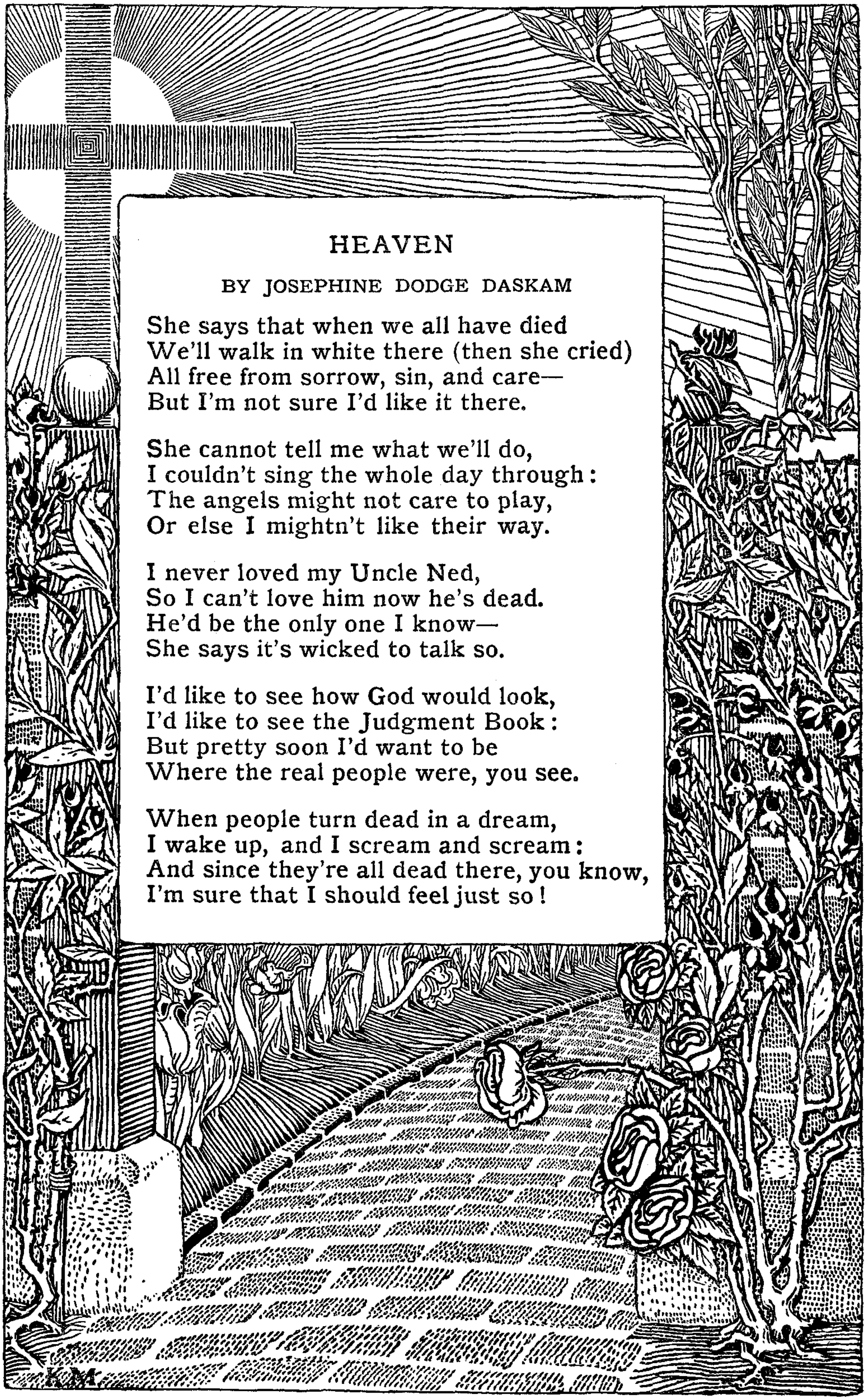
She says that when we all have died
We'll walk in white there (then she cried)
All free from sorrow, sin, and care—
But I'm not sure I'd like it there.

She cannot tell me what we'll do,
I couldn't sing the whole day through:
The angels might not care to play,
Or else I mightn't like their way.

I never loved my Uncle Ned,
So I can't love him now he's dead.
He'd be the only one I know—
She says it's wicked to talk so.

I'd like to see how God would look,
I'd like to see the Judgment Book:
But pretty soon I'd want to be
Where the real people were, you see.

When people turn dead in a dream,
I wake up, and I scream and scream:
And since they're all dead there, you know,
I'm sure that I should feel just so!



Drawing by Karl Moseley

THE FLYING DEATH

A Story in Three Writings and a Telegram

BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

PART I.—THE TRACKS IN THE SAND

DOCUMENT No. 1. *A Letter of Explanation from Harris Haynes, Reporter for "The New Era," off on Vacation, to his Managing Editor*

MONTAUK POINT, L. I.,
Sept. 20, 1902.

MR. JOHN CLARE,
Managing Editor, The New Era,
New York City.

My Dear Mr. Clare: Here is a case for your personal consideration. You will see presently why I have not put it on the wire. If it resolves itself into anything sufficiently reasonable to print, there will be time for that later; at present it is—or, at least, it would appear on paper—a bit of pure insanity. Lest you should think it that, and myself the victim, I have two witnesses of character and reputation who will corroborate every fact in the case, and who go farther with the incredible inferences than I can bring myself to do. They are Professor Willis Ravenden, expert in entomology and an enthusiast in every other branch of science, and Stanford Colton, son of old Colton of the Button Trust, and himself a medical student close upon his diploma. Colton, like myself, is recuperating. Professor Ravenden is studying the metamorphosis of a small, sky-blue butterfly species of bug with a disjointed name which inhabits these parts but is rapidly leaving in consequence of his activity and ardor in the hunt.

We three constitute the total late-season patronage of Third House, and probably five per cent. of the population of this forty square miles of grassland, the remainder being the men of the Life Saving Service, the farmer families of First, Second, and Third Houses, and a little settlement of fishermen on the Sound side. There's splendid isolation for you, within a hundred miles of New York. A good thing, too, if the case works out into something big, for there is little danger of its reaching any of the other newspaper offices.

This afternoon—yesterday, to be accurate, as it is now past midnight—we three went out for a tramp. On our return we ran into a fine, driving rain that blotted out the landscape. It's no trick at all to get lost in this country, where the hillocks were all hatched out of the same egg, and the scrub-oak patches out of the same acorn. For an hour or so we circled around. Then we caught the booming of the surf plainly, and came presently to the crest of the sand-cliff, eighty feet above the beach. As the mist blew away, we saw, a few yards out from the cliff's foot, and a short distance to the east, the body of a man lying on the hard sand.

There was something in the huddled posture that struck the eye with a shock as of violence. With every reason for assuming, at first sight, the body to have been washed up, I somehow knew that the man had not met death by the waves. Where we stood the cliff fell too precipitously to admit of descent; but opposite the body it was lower, and here a ravine cut sharply through a dip between the hills at right angles to the beach. We half fell, half slipped down the abrupt declivity, made our way to the gully's opening, which was almost blocked by a great boulder, and came upon a soft and pebbly beach only a few feet wide, beyond which the hard, clean level of sand stretched to the receding waves. As we reached the open a man appeared around a point to the northward, saw the body, and broke into a run. Colton had started toward the body, but I called him back. I didn't want the sand marked up just then. Keeping close to the cliff's edge, we went forward to meet the man. As soon as he could make himself heard above the surf he hailed us.

"How long has that been there?"

"I've just found it," said Colton as we turned out toward the sea. "It must have been washed up at high tide."

"I'm the patrol from the Bow Hill Station," said the man briefly.

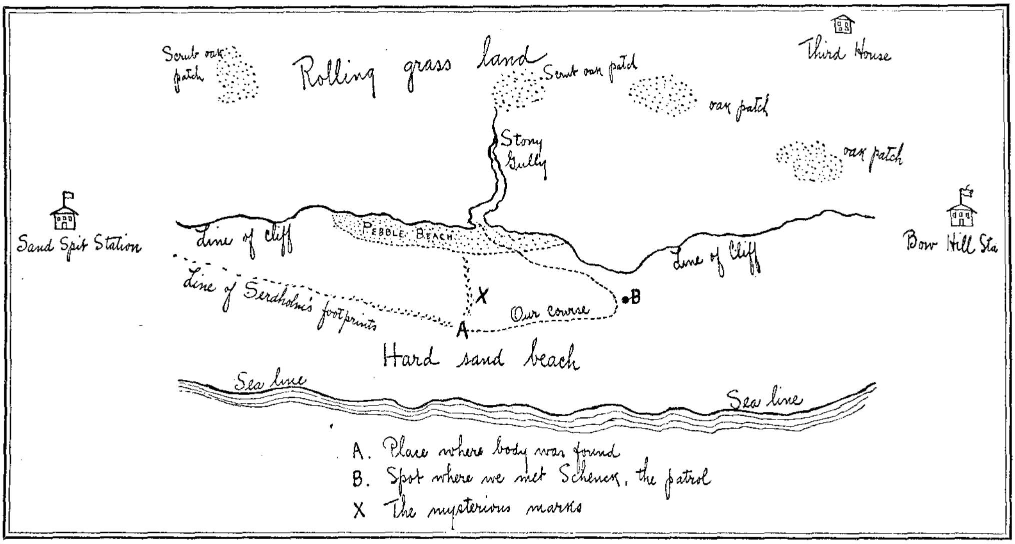
"We are guests at Third House," said I. "We'll go through with this together."

"Come along, then," said he.

We were now on a line with the body, which lay with the head toward the waves. The patrol suddenly checked and exclaimed, "It's Paul Serdholm." Then he rushed forward with a great cry, "He's been murdered!"

"Oh, surely not murdered," expostulated the Professor nervously. "He's been drowned, and——"

"Drowned!" cried the patrol in a heat of contempt. "And how about that gash in the back of his neck? He's the guard from Sand Spit, two miles below. Three hours ago I saw him on the cliff yonder. Since then he's come and gone betwixt here and his station. And—" he gulped suddenly and turned upon us so sharply that the Professor jumped—"what's he met with?"


Scrub oak patch
Rolling grass land
Scrub oak patch
oak patch
Third House
Stony Gully
oak patch
Sand Spit Station
Line of cliff
Pebble Beach
Line of Cliff
Bow Hill Sta
Line of Serdholm's footprints
X
Our course
B
A
Hard sand beach
Sea line
Sea line
A. Place where body was found
B. Spot where we met Schenck, the patrol
X The mysterious marks

MAP SENT TO MR. CLARE BY HAYNES

"The wound might have been made by the surf dashing him on a sharp rock," I suggested.

"No, sir," said the patrol with emphasis. "The tide ain't this high in a month. It's murder, that's what it is—bloody murder," and he bent over the dead man, with twitching shoulders.

"He's right," said Colton, who had been hastily examining the corpse. "This is no drowning case. The man was stabbed, and died instantly. Was he a friend of yours?" he asked of the patrol.

"No; nor of nobody's, was Paul Serdholm," replied the man. "No later than last week we quarreled." He paused, looking blankly at us.

"How long would you say he had been dead?" I asked Colton.

"A very few minutes."

"Then get to the top of the cliff and scatter," I said. "The murderer must have escaped that way. From the hilltop you can see the whole country. Keep off that sand, can't you? Make a detour to the gully."

"And what will you do?" inquired Colton, looking at me curiously.

"Stay here and study this out," I replied in a low tone. "You and the Professor meet me at Sand Spit in half an hour. Patrolman, if you don't see anything, come back here in fifteen minutes." He hesitated. "I've had ten years' experience in murder cases," I added. "If you will do as you're told for the next few minutes, we should clear this thing up."

No sooner had they disappeared on the high ground than I set myself to the solution of the problem. If you will look at the rough map inclosed, you will see how simple it should have been. Inland from the body stretched the hard beach. Not one of us had stepped between the body and the soft sand into which the cliff sloped. In this mass of rubble, footprints would be indeterminable. Anywhere else they should stand out like the stamp on a coin.

As we approached I had noticed that there were no prints to the north. On the side of the sea there was nothing except numerous faint bird tracks, extending almost to the water. Taking off my shoes, I followed the spoor of the dead man. It stood out, plain as a poster, to the westward. For a hundred yards I followed it. There was no parallel track. To make certain that his slayer had not crept upon him from that direction, I examined the prints for the marks of superimposed steps. None was there. Three sides, then, were eliminated. My first hasty glance at the sand between the body and the hills had shown me nothing. Here, however, must be the evidence. Striking off from the dead man's line, I walked out upon the hard surface.

The sand was deeply indented beyond the body, where the three men had hurried across to the cliff. But no other footmark broke its evenness. Not until I was almost on a line between the body and the mouth of the gully did I find a clue. Clearly imprinted on the clean level was the outline of a huge claw. There were the five talons and the nub of the foot. A little forward and to one side was a similar mark, except that it was slanted differently. Step by step, with starting eyes and shuddering mind, I followed the trail. Then I became aware of a second, confusing the first, the track of the same creature. At first the second track was distinct, then it merged with the first, only to diverge again. The talons were turned in the direction opposite to the first spoor. From the body to the soft sand stretched the unbroken lines. Nowhere else within a radius of many yards was there any other indication. The sand lay blank as a white sheet of paper; as blank as my mind, which struggled with one stupefying thought—that between the body of the dead life-saver and the refuge of the cliff no creature had passed except one that stalked on monstrous clawed feet. You will appreciate now, Mr. Clare, that this wasn't just the thing to inflict upon a matter-of-fact telegraph editor, without preparing his mind.

My first thought was to preserve the evidence for a more careful examination. I hastily collected some flat rocks and had covered those tracks nearest the soft sand when I heard a hail. For the present I didn't want the others to know what I had found. I wanted to think it out, undisturbed by conflicting theories. So I hastily returned, and was putting on my shoes when the Bow Hill patrolman—his name was Schenck—came out of the gully.

"See anything?" I called.

"Nothing to the northward. Have you found anything?"

"Nothing definite," I replied. "Don't cross the sand there. Keep along down. We'll go to the Sand Spit Station and report this."

But the man was staring out beyond my little column of rock shelters.

"What's that thing?" he said, pointing to the nearest unsheltered print. "My God! It looks like a bird track. And it leads straight to the body," he cried, in a voice that jangled on my nerves. But when he began to look fearfully overhead, into the gathering darkness, drawing in his shoulders like one shrinking from a blow, that was too much. I jumped to my feet, grabbed him by the arm, and started him along.

"Don't be a fool," I said. "Keep this to yourself. I won't have a lot of idiots prowling around those tracks. Understand? You're to report this murder, and say nothing about what you don't know. Later we'll take it up again."

The man seemed stunned. He walked along quietly, close to me, and it was no comfort to feel him, now and again, shaken by a violent shudder. We had nearly reached the station when Professor Ravenden and Colton came down to the beach in front of us. Colton had nothing to tell. The professor reported having started up a fine specimen of his sky-blue prey, and regretted deeply the lack of his net. If anything but a butterfly had bumped into him I don't believe he would have noticed it.

Before we reached the station, I cleared another point to my satisfaction.

"The man wasn't stabbed. He was shot," I said.

"I'll stake my life that's no bullet wound," cried Colton quickly. "I've seen plenty of shooting cases. The bullet never was cast that made such a gap in a man's head as that. It was a sharp instrument, with power behind it."

"To Mr. Colton's opinion I must add my own, for what it is worth," said Professor Ravenden.

"Can you qualify as an expert?" I demanded with the rudeness of rasped nerves, and in some surprise at the tone of certainty in the old boy's voice.

"When in search of a sub-species of the Papilionidæ in the Orinoco region," said he mildly, "my party was attacked by the Indians that infest the river. After we had beaten them off, it fell to my lot to attend the wounded. I thus had opportunity to observe the wounds made by their slender spears. The incision under consideration bears a rather striking resemblance to the spear gashes which I then saw. I may add that I brought away my specimens of Papilionidæ intact, although we lost most of our provisions."

"No man has been near enough the spot where Serdholm was struck down to stab him," I said. "Our footprints are plain; so are his. There are no others. The man was shot by some one lying in the gully or on the cliff."

"I'll bet you five hundred to five dollars that the autopsy doesn't result in the finding of a bullet," cried Colton.

I accepted, and it was agreed that he should stay and report from the autopsy. At the station I talked with various of the men, and, assuming for the time that the case presented no unusual features of murder, tried to get at some helpful clue. Motive was my first aim. Results were scant. It is true that there was a general dislike of Serdholm, who was a moody and somewhat mysterious character, having come from nobody knew whence. On the other hand, no one had anything serious against him. The four clues that I struck, such as they were, I can tabulate briefly.

(I.) A week ago Serdholm returned from Amagansett with a bruised face. He had been in a street fight with a local loafer who had attacked him when drunk. Report brought back by one of the farmers that the life-saver beat the other fellow soundly, who went away threatening vengeance. Found out by 'phone that the loafer was in Amagansett as late as five o'clock this afternoon.

(II.) Two months ago Serdholm accused a local fisherman of stealing some tobacco. Nothing further since heard of the matter.

(III.) Three weeks ago stranded juggler and mountebank found his way here, and asked aid of Serdholm; claimed to be his cousin. Serdholm turned him down. Man returned next day. Played some tricks and collected a little money from the men. Serdholm, angry at the jeers of the men about his relative, threw a heavy stick at him, knocking him down and out. As soon as he was able to walk, juggler went away crying. Not since seen.

(IV.) This is the most direct clue for motive and opportunity. Coast-guard Schenck (the man who met us at the scene of the murder) quarreled with the dead man over the daughter of a farmer, who prefers Schenck. They fought, but were separated. Schenck blacked Serdholm's eye. Serdholm threatened to get square. Schenck cannot prove absolute *alibi*. His bearing and behavior, however, are those of an innocent man. Moreover, the knife he carried was too small to have made the wound that killed Serdholm. And how could Schenck—or any other man—have stabbed the victim and left no track on the sand? That is the blank wall against which I come at every turn of conjecture.

Professor Ravenden, Schenck, and I started back, we two to Third House, Schenck to his station. Colton remained to wait for the coroner, who had sent word that he would be over as soon as a horse could bring him. As we were parting Schenck said:

"Gentlemen, I'm afraid there's likely to be trouble for me over this."

"It's quite possible," I said, "that they may arrest you."

"God knows I never thought of killing Serdholm or any other man. But I had a grudge against him, and I wasn't far away when he was killed. The only evidence to clear me is those queer tracks."

"I shall follow those until they lead me somewhere," said I, "and I do not myself believe, Schenck, that you had any part in the thing."

"Thank you," said the guard. "Good-night."

Professor Ravenden turned to me as we entered the house.

"Pardon a natural curiosity. Did I understand that there were prints on the sand which might be potentially indicative?"

"Professor Ravenden," said I, "there is an inexplicable feature to this case. If you'll come up to my room, I should very much like to draw on your fund of natural history."

When we were comfortably settled I began.

"Do you know this neck of land well?"

"In the study of a curious and interesting variant of the Lycæna pseudargiolus, I have covered most of it, from here to the Hither Wood."

"Have you ever heard of an ostrich farm about here?"

"No, sir. Such an enterprise would be practicable only in the warm months."

"Would it be possible for a wandering ostrich or other huge bird, escaped from some zoo, to have made its home here?"

"Scientifically quite possible. May I inquire the purpose of this? Can it be that the tracks referred to by the patrol were the cloven hoof-prints of——"

"Cloven hoofs!" I cried in sharp disappointment. "Is there no member of the ostrich family that has claws?"

"None now extant. In the processes of evolution the claws of the ostrich, like its wings, have gradually——"

"Is there any huge-clawed bird large enough and powerful enough to kill a man with a blow of its beak?"

"No, sir," said the Professor. "I know of no bird which would venture to attack man except the ostrich, emu, or cassowary, and the fighting weapon of this family is the hoof, not the beak. But you will again pardon me if I ask——"

"Professor, the only thing that approached Serdholm within striking distance walked on a foot armed with five great claws." I rapidly sketched on a sheet of paper a rough, but careful, drawing. "And there's its sign manual," I added, pushing it toward him.

Imagination could hardly picture a more precise, unemotional, and conventionally scientific man than Professor Ravenden. Yet, at sight of the paper, his eyes sparkled, he half-started from his chair, a flush rose in his cheeks, he looked briskly and keenly from the sketch to me, and spoke in a voice that rang with a deep under-thrill of excitement.

"Are you sure, Mr. Haynes—are you quite sure that this is substantially correct?"

"Minor details may be inexact. In all essentials, that will correspond to the marks made by something that walked from the mouth of the gully to the spot where we found the body, and back again."

Before I had fairly finished the Professor was out of the room. He returned almost immediately with a flat slab of considerable weight. This he laid on the table, and taking my drawing, sedulously compared it with an impression, deep-sunken into the slab. For me a single glance was enough. That impression, stamped as it was on my brain, I would have identified as far as the eye could see it.

"That's it," I cried, with the eagerness of triumphant discovery. "The bird from whose foot that cast was made is the thing that killed Serdholm.

"Mr. Haynes," said the entomologist dryly, "this is not a cast."

"Not a cast?" I said in bewilderment. "What is it, then?"

"It is a rock of the Cretaceous period."

"A rock?" I repeated dully. "Of what period?"

"The Cretaceous. The creature whose footprint you see there trod that rock when it was soft ooze. That may have been one hundred million years ago It was at least ten million."

I looked again at the rock, and unnecessary emotions stirred among the roots of my hair.

"Where did you find it?" I asked.

"It formed a part of Mr. Stratton's stone fence. Probably he picked it up in his pasture yonder. The maker of the mark inhabited the island where we now are—this land was then distinct from Long Island—in the incalculably ancient ages."

"What did this bird thing call itself?" I demanded. A sense of the ghastly ridiculousness of the thing was jostling in the core of my brain, a strong shudder of mental nausea born of the void into which I was gazing.

"It was not a bird. It was a reptile. Science knows it as the Pteranodon."

"Could it kill a man with its beak?"

"The first man came millions of years later—or so science thinks," said the Professor. "However, primeval man, unarmed, would have fallen an easy prey to so formidable a brute as this. The Pteranodon was a creature of prey," he continued, with an attempt at pedantry which was obviously a ruse to conquer his own excitement. "From what we can reconstruct, a reptile stands forth spreading more than twenty feet of bat-like wings, and bearing a four-foot beak as terrible as a bayonet. This monster was the undisputed lord of the air; as dreadful as his cousins of the earth, the Dinosaurs, whose very name carries the significance of terror."

"And you mean to tell me that this billion-years-dead flying sword-fish has flitted out of the darkness of eternity to kill a miserable coast-guard within a hundred miles of New York, in the year 1902?" I cried. He had told me nothing of the sort. I didn't want to be told anything of the sort. I wanted reassuring. But I was long past weighing words.

"I have not said so," replied the entomologist quickly. "But if your diagram is correct, Mr. Haynes—if it is reasonably accurate—I can tell you that no living bird ever made the prints which it produces, that science knows no five-toed bird and no bird, whatsoever, of sufficiently formidable beak to kill a man. Furthermore, that the one creature known to science which could make that print, and could slay man or a creature far more powerful than man, is the tiger of the air, the Pteranodon. Probably, however, your natural excitement, due to the distressing circumstances, has led you into error, and your diagram is inaccurate."

"Will you come and see?" I demanded.

"Willingly. I shall have to ask your help, however, with the rock. We would best sup first, I think."

It was a hasty supper. We got a light, for it was now very dark, and, taking turns with the lantern and the Cretaceous slab (which hadn't lost any weight with age, by the way), we went direct to the shore and turned westward. Presently a light appeared around the face of the cliff, and Colton hailed us. He was on his way back to Third House, but of course joined us in our excursion.

I hastily explained to him the matter of the footprints, the diagram, and the fossil marks.

"Professor Ravenden would have us believe that Serdholm was killed by a beaked ghoul that lived ten or a hundred or a thousand million years ago," I said recklessly. "A few years one way or the other doesn't make any odds."

"I'll tell you one thing," said Colton gravely. "He wasn't killed by a bullet. It was a stab wound. A broad-bladed knife or something of that sort, but driven with terrific power. The autopsy settled that. You lose your bet, Haynes. Why," he cried suddenly, "if you come to that, it wasn't unlike what a heavy, sharp beak would make. But—but—this Pteranodon—is that it?—Oh, the devil! I thought all those pterano-things were dead and buried before Adam's great-grandfather was a protoplasm."

"Science has assumed that they were extinct," said the Professor. "But a scientific assumption is a mere makeshift, useful only until it is overthrown by new facts. We have prehistoric survivals—the gar of our rivers is unchanged from his ancestors of fifteen million years ago. The creature of the water has endured; why not the creature of the air?"

"Oh, come off," said Colton seriously. "Where could it live and not have been discovered?"

"Perhaps at the north or south pole," said the Professor. "Perhaps in the depths of unexplored islands. Or possibly inside the globe. Geographers are accustomed to say loosely that the earth is an open book. Setting aside the exceptions which I have noted, there still remains the interior, as unknown and mysterious as the planets. In its possible vast caverns there may well be reproduced the conditions in which the Pteranodon and its terrific contemporaries found their suitable environment on the earth's surface, ages ago."

"Then how would it get out?"

"The violent volcanic disturbances of this summer might have opened an exit."

"Oh, that's too much!" I protested. "I was at Martinique myself, and if you expect me to believe that anything came out of that welter of flame and boiling rocks alive——"

"You misinterpret me again," said the Professor blandly. "What I intended to convey is that these eruptions are indicative of great seismic changes, in the course of which vast openings may well have occurred in far parts of the earth. However, I am merely defending the Pteranodon's survival as an interesting possibility. My own belief is that your diagram, Mr. Haynes, is faulty."

"Hold the light here, then," I said, laying down the slab, for we were now at the spot. "I will convince you as to that."

While the Professor held the light I uncovered one of the tracks. A quick exclamation escaped him. He fell on his knees beside the print, and as he compared the to-day's mark on the sand with the rock print of millions of years ago, his breath came hard. I would not care to say that I breathed as regularly as usual. When he lifted his head, his face was twitching nervously.

"I have to ask your pardon, Mr. Haynes," he said. "Your drawing was faithful."

"But what in Heaven's name does it mean?" cried Colton.

"It means that we are on the verge of the most important discovery of modern times," said the Professor. "Savants have hitherto scouted the suggestions to be deduced from the persistent legend of the roc, and from certain almost universal North American Indian lore, notwithstanding that the theory of some monstrous winged creature widely different from any recognized existing forms is supported by more convincing proofs. In the north of England, in 1844, reputable witnesses found the tracks, after a night's fall of snow, of a creature with a pendent tail, which made flights over houses and other obstructions, leaving a trail much like this before us. There are other corroborative instances of a similar nature. In view of the present evidence, I would say that this was unquestionably a Pteranodon, or a descendant little altered and a gigantic specimen, for these tracks are distinctly larger than the fossil marks. Gentlemen, I congratulate you both on your part in so epoch-making a discovery."

"Do you expect a sane man to believe this thing?" I demanded.

"That's what I feel," said Colton. "But, on your own showing of the evidence, what else is there to believe?"

"But, see here," I expostulated, all the time feeling as if I were arguing in and against a dream. "If this is a flying creature, how explain the footprints leading up to Serdholm's body, as well as away from it?"

"Owing to its structure," said the Professor, "the Pteranodon could not rapidly rise from the ground in flight. It either sought an acclivity from which to launch itself, or ran swiftly along the ground, gathering impetus for a leap into the air with outspread wings. Similarly, in alighting it probably ran along on its hind feet before dropping to its small fore feet. Now, suppose the Pteranodon to be on the cliff's edge, about to start upon its evening flight. Below it appears a man. Its ferocious nature is aroused. Down it swoops, skims swiftly with pattering feet toward him, impales him on its dreadful beak, then returns to climb the cliff and again launch itself for flight.''

All this time I had been holding one of the smaller rocks in my hand. Now I flung it toward the gully and turned away, saying vehemently:

''If the shore was covered with footprints I wouldn't believe it. It's too——''

I never finished that sentence. From out of the darkness there came a hoarse cry. Heavy wings beat the air with swift strokes. In that instant panic seized me. I ran for the shelter of the cliff, and after me came Colton. Only the Professor stood his ground, but it was with a tremulous voice that he called to us:

''That was a common marsh or short-eared owl that arose; the Asio accipitrinus is not rare hereabouts. There is nothing further to do to-night, and I believe that we are in some peril remaining here, as the Pteranodon appears to be nocturnal.''

We returned to him ashamed. But all the way home, despite my better sense, I walked under an obsession of terror hovering in the blackness above.

So here is the case as clearly as I can put it. I shall have time to work it out unhampered, as the remoteness of the place is a safeguard so far as news is concerned, and only we three know of the Pteranodon prints.

It is now 4 A.M., and I will send this over by the early wagon, which takes stuff to market. Then I'll get a couple of hours' sleep and go back to the place before anyone else overruns it with tracks. It has come on to rain, and the trail will be wiped out, I fear, except the spots still protected by my rock shelters. Professor Ravenden is going to write a monograph on the survival of the Pteranodon. So there is one basis for a newspaper story. If he can afford to identify himself with that theory, surely we can.

It seems like a nightmare—formless, meaningless. What you will think of it I can only conjecture. But you must not think that I have lost my senses. I am sane enough; so is Colton; so, to all appearances, is Professor Ravenden. The facts are exactly as I have written them down. I have left no clue untouched thus far. I will stake my life on the absence of footprints. And it all comes down to this, Mr. Clare: Pteranodon or no Pteranodon, as sure as my name is Haynes, the thing that killed Paul Serdholm never walked on human feet.

Very sincerely yours,
HARRIS D. HAYNES.

P.S.—I shall send for a gun to-morrow, and if there's any queer thing flying I'll try to get a shot at it.

DOCUMENT No. 2. *A telegram*

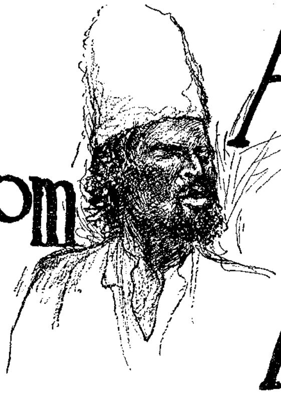
MONTAUK POINT, N. Y.,
8 A.M., Sept. 21, 1902.

JOHN CLARE, Managing Editor,
New Era Office, N. Y.

Haynes mysteriously killed on beach this morning. Stab wound through heart. Send instructions.

WILLIS RAVENDEN,
STANFORD COLTON.

(*To be concluded in February*)



A Pilgrim from Abyssinia

by Stephen Bonsal

with illustrations by
Corwin K. Linson

TOGETHER with many other pilgrims of divers nationalities, I had been lodging for over a week in the Greek Hospice, a battlemented, jail-like structure that stands frowning by the side of the Holy Sepulcher. It was impossible quite to escape the bellicose atmosphere of the place. The hatred of the Moslem waxed strong within me, and I began also to understand why the Christian sectaries who throng the holy places, on high days and holy days, in fact whenever the occasion presents, fall upon each other with bludgeons whose weight and exquisite balance I was daily called upon to examine by the expectant belligerents. With nerves on edge and my judgment out of all perspective, living in cloisters which had been converted into arsenals, and in refectories and chapels which were loopholed for rifles, saturated with the ecclesiastical conditions that prevail in the Holy City to-day, I found it hard to believe that here, however many centuries ago, it could have been said of the Christians, "See how they love one another!" With due regard to truth, this judgment cannot be given to-day, and the pilgrim who is unable to rise superior to the temporal conditions in which he must live will find a sojourn in the holy places which are now unhallowed, and his daily walks amid the desecrated sanctuaries, anything but elevating to his mind or strengthening to the fiber of his faith.

There was with me in the hospice a pilgrim from Natal with whom I had been thrown by the accident of travel. He was prosperous and well-to-do, and did not care who knew it. As long as his Kaffir stocks stood firm he was evidently inclined to think that the world in which we are living was the best of all possible worlds. Ultra-conservative, he was the frank opponent of all changes in the social order and against all innovations or even improvements, except such as in the matter of mining machinery might increase the profits of the Rand. Soon, however, even his equanimity vanished, and within him, too, began to work the leaven, I wish I could say of righteousness, but I must compromise with the leaven of righteous indignation, and even that expression causes me some qualms of conscience. What we had to contend with most was the situation of the Greek Hospice. Had it been possible, I think we would have changed our lodgings, and gone to live with the Latins, the Armenians, or even the Copts; but before this thought took practical shape we were convinced that in throwing our fortunes in with the Greeks, though but for a day, we were eternally damned, as far as the Latins, the Armenians, and the Copts were concerned. Our hospice, or rather that of the Greeks, is practically an annex of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, and there, upon either side of us, stood a mosque. That to the right, and the more objectionable of the twain, is known in Turkish as the mosque of Al Hanky, or the hanged man, from the tradition (doubtless based on fact—it sounds like the man) that here, when he took the city, Saladin hanged the Greek Patriarch of the day. Upon the minaret of this mosque, at certain invariable hours, which, however, we always found unseasonable, there would appear a wild-eyed fanatic, climbing the winding way, springing from step to step with the agility of a tiger, and then a moment later his challenge to Christendom, his praise of the Lord Mahomet, would ring out over the holy places and even down into the dark crypt where the Son of Man was laid, there where the pilgrims from many lands were gathered together to pray, to weep, or to rejoice. Sometimes the pilgrims chose not to hear, the hour of the Gentiles not having come, but not seldom as I watched I caught the gleam of an upturned eye, which told me that the war-cry which rang in their ears found an echo in some hearts, and would be remembered.

"What a disgraceful thing it is for the Christian powers to permit it!" exclaimed the pilgrim from Natal angrily one morning, as we met by the cistern in the monastic courtyard, where, by special favor of Brother Stephanos—Adelphos Mou—we were allowed to perform our daily ablutions; though, as it was evidently regarded as a schismatic, if not quite an infidel practice, the example was not followed by our Greek brethren. Here, in the chill of the morning, while engaged in the brotherly service of throwing buckets of water over each other, the cry of the ardent muezzin filled the air and reverberated through the cloisters with the praise of Allah and of Mahomet, his only Prophet.

"I can't stand this much longer," continued the Natal pilgrim. "What a shameful situation it is! What a pity you haven't a man in the western world like our Cecil Rhodes! He wouldn't stand it a minute, I can assure you. What a grave so-called Christian statesmen have dug for Christianity! You know I can't trust myself in the streets any more. What with the Turkish soldiers smoking cigarettes in the Holy Sepulcher, and making game of the Russian women, as they kiss the stone flagging of the way from Olivet to Calvary, I don't know what is going to happen, and——"

However, I persuaded my pilgrim brother to go out with me as usual after breakfast, which he consented to do, having hit upon a plan which he thought would obviate all danger of an untoward incident.

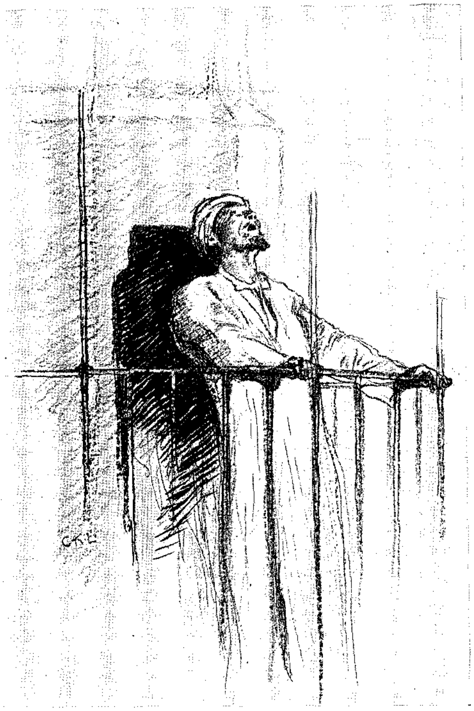
"I shall keep my fists rammed home in my pockets," he said contentedly, "and never take them out until I have counted twen—no, ten."

So, somewhat relieved in mind, we started upon our daily promenade, and Brother Stephanos, our host and brother from the Ionian Islands, accompanied us, discoursing as we went in odd ends and tags of European and Asiatic languages.

The streets leading to the Sanctuary were thronged that morning with many strange figures. In the place of the travel-worn, meek-eyed Christians, we saw on every side the fierce faces of the raw Turkish recruits, who, as Brother Stephanos informed us, had been called to the city to be drilled and armed, preparatory to starting for the Hauran, where, it had been ordered from Constantinople, the homes of the Christian tribesmen were to be destroyed, and their fields laid waste. The eyes of the recruits burned with a vindictive fire as they passed us in the great courtyard in front of the Palace of David. Across the shaky drawbridge, half clad and shivering in the cold, we saw them drilling in the very courtyard where, perhaps, the immortal psalms first were sung; and in the house of the King of Kings we could hear them take the oath of allegiance to Abdul Hamid, which means, whether avowedly or not, the destruction of the seed of Jesse.

The sight had not pleased the pilgrim from Natal. Though his stout fists were still rammed home in his bulging pockets, it was evident that he kept them there with considerable effort, and I breathed more freely as, walking down the Street of David, we approached the monastery. We were within fifty feet of our goal when we came suddenly face to face with five or six of the new recruits climbing the steep narrow way to Mount Moriah, and driving before them a little caravan of mules and donkeys heavily laden with the yet warm and bleeding skins of goats and sheep. I led the way, and had safely passed through the narrow lane that was left open to us, when, hearing the sound of a scuffle, I looked hastily round, to find that not only were the fists of my pilgrim brother not in his pockets, but that one had landed on the ear of the muleteer nearest to hand, while with the other he was lunging at his ribs. As I looked, another muleteer caught the pilgrim from Natal in his vice-like grip, and in a moment, struggling and writhing for the upper hand, they were rolling over the sharp, uneven stones, first one and then the other in the saddle. Brother Stephanos, in the meantime, had been leisurely tucking up his sacerdotal gown, and now extending before him his pastoral staff, its resounding whacks began to echo through the tunnel-like street.

No one in particular attacked me, and I stood for a moment undecided what to do. I was aware of the great danger of these personal encounters near the powder mine of the holy places—one great European war has already grown out of them—and it seemed to be clearly my duty to do all in my power to keep this duel between champions from broadening into religious strife, with unnumbered and unborn millions to be involved on both



"*His challenge to Christendom . . would ring out*"

sides. "But if it has to result in a general religious war," I muttered, "what a rare opportunity presents itself to me of becoming the historian of this epoch-making event!" So I drew out of the engagement, as far as the lay of the land would allow, determined to chronicle dispassionately, even though contemporaneously, the events as they transpired. But suddenly this dream was shattered. I felt a sinewy hand about my throat, and then all was confusion. When my ideas grew clearer, one man was holding me by my feet, while two others were trying to dash out my brains upon the jagged stones of the way. The cry that I uttered, the anxious, sweeping look I gave around me, disclosed no hope of succor. Brother Stephanos, with his back to the wall, was keeping three new assailants at bay, and that was all that could be expected even from a man of his thews and sinews. The pilgrim from Natal was beaten, and beaten badly, but he did not know it. As fast and as often as he was thrown to the ground, he would stolidly rise up again, and demand to continue the fight. Fortunately for us, in the general *mêlée* the mule packs of dripping skins had become shifted, and fallen to the ground, which made our falling somewhat softer, else had this pilgrimage not been written. There may have been religious rows about the Holy Sepulcher more terrible in mortality than this—indeed, if the pious chroniclers or Paynim historians are worthy of credence, there have been—but never, I think, was there a battle in which the combatants were so literally bathed in blood and gore, though, fortunately, neither the one nor the other was personal to us or to our opponents. The last thing I saw clearly of the swimming scene was Brother Stephanos delivering a famous quarter-staff blow (worthy of the best traditions of Friar Tuck), which sent one of his antagonists reeling. A good stroke, but not enough to turn the tide of battle that was flowing so strongly against us. Then a stout cry fell upon my ear, some one dropped me and some one picked me up, and I came to, tenderly held in the arms of a great black man, all robed in white, with a pyramid of wool upon his head which suggested the bearskin covering of an English grenadier. Almost in the same instant he laid me gently down and was gone like a tornado. Taking Brother Stephanos's assailants in the rear, he soon put them to flight. Another big black man was pounding the life out of the muleteer who had proved too much for the pilgrim from Natal. The mule men and the other recruits who had rushed to their aid were discouraged at the apparition of these black champions. They were looking about them, evidently in search of an avenue of flight, when suddenly I heard the cocking click of the old-fashioned rifle, and saw that above and below us the street was cordoned with Turkish *zaptiehs*, who had come to the scene of the struggle.

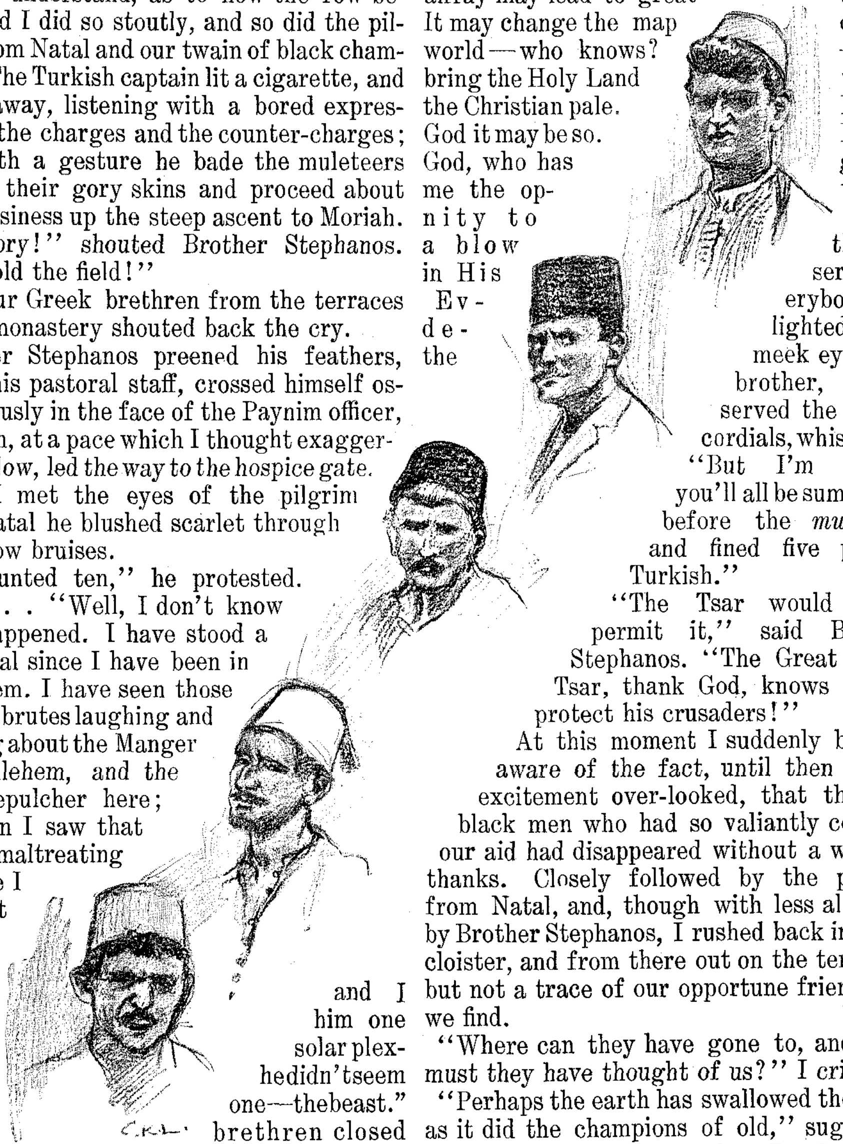
A short parley now ensued between Brother Stephanos and the officer of the guard. It had been, as the reader knows, my intention to

write a strictly impartial account of this religious row from the standpoint of a disinterested spectator; but as this purpose had been defeated by overpowering force, there seemed to be no ethical reason why I should not back up Brother Stephanos's statement, which I did not understand, as to how the row began, and I did so stoutly, and so did the pilgrim from Natal and our twain of black champions. The Turkish captain lit a cigarette, and puffed away, listening with a bored expression to the charges and the counter-charges; then with a gesture he bade the muleteers load up their gory skins and proceed about their business up the steep ascent to Moriah.

"Victory!" shouted Brother Stephanos. "We hold the field!"

And our Greek brethren from the terraces of the monastery shouted back the cry.

Brother Stephanos preened his feathers, kissed his pastoral staff, crossed himself ostentatiously in the face of the Paynim officer, and then, at a pace which I thought exaggeratedly slow, led the way to the hospice gate. When I met the eyes of the pilgrim from Natal he blushed scarlet through his yellow bruises.



"I counted ten," he protested. Then . . . "Well, I don't know what happened. I have stood a good deal since I have been in Jerusalem. I have seen those Turkish brutes laughing and smoking about the Manger in Bethlehem, and the Holy Sepulcher here; but when I saw that brute maltreating his mule I couldn't stand it any longer, and I gave him one in the solar plexus, only he didn't seem to have one—the beast."

Our brethren closed the gate behind us, and when it was bolted and barred, and the Turkish *zaptiehs* had returned to their posts by the Holy Sepulcher, the Greeks again acclaimed us as victors. One enthusiast asked to arrange the latchet of Brother Stephanos's sandal; another kissed my bruises unctuously. Half way up the steps leading from the terrace to the refectory, Brother Stephanos turned and addressed us.

"It was an act of criminal aggression," he said. "Praise be to God, who gave us the strength to nip it in the bud. It was clearly an attempt to obstruct our way to the holy places, to abridge our rights, which are recognized by the Sultan and guaranteed by the thirteen signatory powers; and oh, my brethren, this affray may lead to great things! It may change the map of the world—who knows?—and bring the Holy Land within the Christian pale. Please God it may be so. Praise God, who has given me the opportunity to strike a blow this day in His service."

Everybody was delighted. Only the meek eyed lay-brother, as he served the yellow cordials, whispered, "But I'm afraid you'll all be summoned before the *mutesarib* and fined five pounds Turkish."

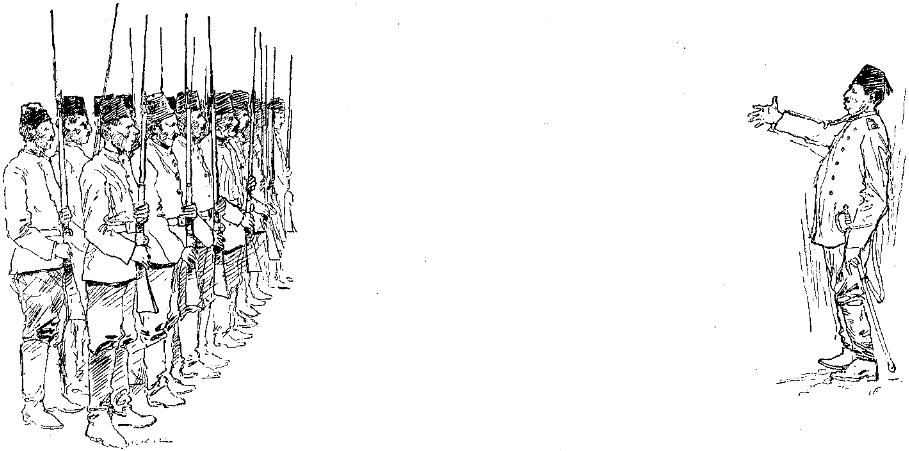
"The Tsar would never permit it," said Brother Stephanos. "The Great White Tsar, thank God, knows how to protect his crusaders!"

At this moment I suddenly became aware of the fact, until then in the excitement over-looked, that the two black men who had so valiantly come to our aid had disappeared without a word of thanks. Closely followed by the pilgrim from Natal, and, though with less alacrity, by Brother Stephanos, I rushed back into the cloister, and from there out on the terraces, but not a trace of our opportune friends did we find.

"Where can they have gone to, and what must they have thought of us?" I cried.

"Perhaps the earth has swallowed them up, as it did the champions of old," suggested the pilgrim from Natal, but Brother Stephanos only crossed himself. To him at least the suggestion was no joking matter. We opened the barricaded gates and peered cautiously out into the street. Still no signs of our rescuers. We were about to give it up when a street boy who had witnessed the encounter grasped the situation, and pointed to a place where the high street wall was low and shelving.

"Ah!" said Brother Stephanos, with a sigh



"We saw them drilling"

of relief. "They were Abyssinians, and have returned over the wall to their rest-house."

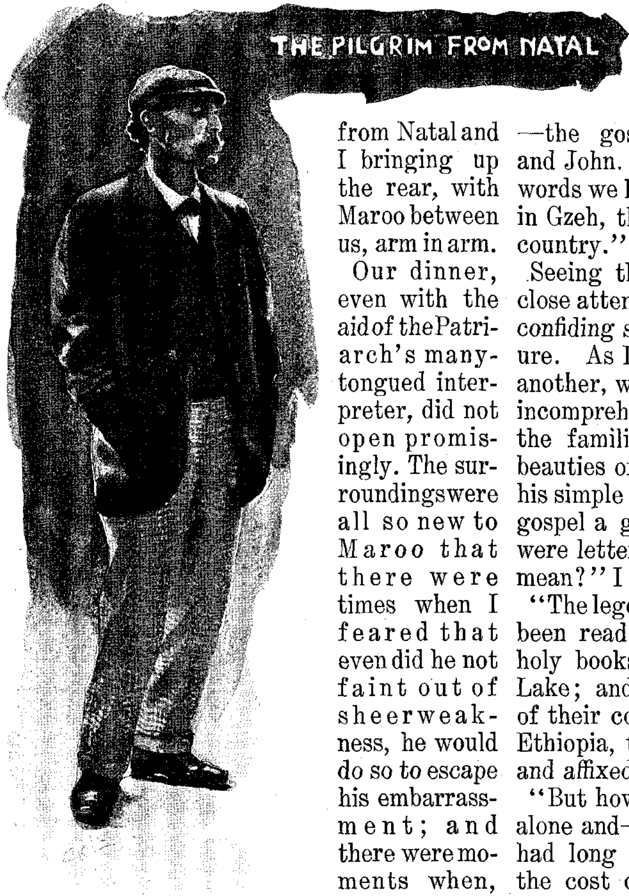
Our good Greek brother was somewhat annoyed when we insisted upon visiting them, and only consented to serve as our guide when we promised not to scale the wall, but to follow him through the circuitous but more comfortable way for a man of his weight. And at last our patience was rewarded. We found the mysterious champions in a dirty little courtyard in front of the Church of St. Helena. The yard was filled with tepee-shaped wigwams of thatch and mud, in which the pilgrims from Ethiopia reside during their visits to the Sanctuary. No one paying the slightest attention to us, we were rather at a loss what to do, when my especial champion rushed out of the nearest hut, only to stop when within hand-shaking distance, evidently overcome with embarrassment.

We were embarrassed too. The second champion appeared, and his expression was not at all amiable. I had an idea, which afterward proved well founded, that he had had a previous meeting with Brother Stephanos. Then suddenly, by a stroke of inspiration my rescuer saved the situation, and at the same time made clear the reason why he had espoused our cause. From under the great white robe which, with the exception of a loin cloth, was his only garment, he drew a parchment roll covered with goat skin, and pointing to the Holy Sepulcher as he did so, kissed it. I drew out of my pocket a Testament, which I was carrying, among other reasons, because it is the best guide to the Holy Land to-day, and the great black sprang forward and kissed that too. Then we had a religious reunion, over which, indeed, Christian concord reigned.

"Poor fellows!" said Brother Stephanos, somewhat mollified by the respectful behavior of the blacks, "they certainly mean well."

During the long conversation which ensued, lasting until each side was thoroughly satisfied it could not understand a word of the other's language, I had an opportunity to look our champions over. They were both very large men, and their appearance of great height was added to by the towering mass of wool they wore upon their heads. One was stout and portly, unctuous as to his skin, and evidently well nourished, but my rescuer seemed fairly famished. His skin hung loosely about his shrunken body, and there were great callous places on his legs, as upon a pack-horse. Now that the joyous excitement of the fight was over, he leaned wearily upon the bludgeon with which he had played so rapidly, and with apparently such tireless vigor, on the heads of the Turkish recruits. Seeing that conversation did not make much headway, the stouter and more comfortable looking of the blacks, a permanent resident, it appeared, attached to the Abyssinian Church of St. George, sat him down before us in the clear cold sunlight, and resumed his writing with a pointed stick upon a parchment scroll, copying from a great roll of manuscript that lay before him on a rock. In the meantime I took hold of Maroo, my rescuer, by the arm, and though Brother Stephanos raised his eyebrows at the idea, I announced my intention of taking the pilgrim from Abyssinia back to dinner with us.

"I shall go ahead and secure the services of the Greek Patriarch's interpreter," he assented resignedly, when he saw that I was not to be gainsaid, and with that our Greek brother waddled off before us, the pilgrim



from Natal and I bringing up the rear, with Maroo between us, arm in arm.

Our dinner, even with the aid of the Patriarch's many-tongued interpreter, did not open promisingly. The surroundings were all so new to Maroo that there were times when I feared that even did he not faint out of sheer weakness, he would do so to escape his embarrassment; and there were moments when, good and kind as he really was at heart, I could have gladly boxed Brother Stephanos's ears for the hauteur and the perhaps unconscious condescension with which he addressed the wild and somewhat uncouth sectary from the heart of Africa, who for the first time was breaking bread at his table. So the conversation languished, the interpreter had nothing to do but eat, and Maroo, our guest, looked chilled and miserable. Then, suddenly, the pilgrim from Natal put a question which I tried, but too late, to intercept.

"How in the world had Christianity ever penetrated to his home in dark Africa?" was the way he put it; but Maroo, far from being offended, answered quietly and simply, with the intonation of a man who is talking about an interesting event which happened last year:

"The news came to our country in a strange way. At the beginning of the fifth century a merchant vessel from Alexandria was wrecked upon our coast. Two men who sailed upon her and were saved from the waves by miraculous intervention were followers of Christ. They brought us the Word. The scales fell from our eyes, and we believed." Then again he brought out the skin-covered parchment, and unrolled the scroll. "They brought us these—the gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. In them we believe, and by these words we hope to be saved. They are written in Gzeh, the ancient church language of our country."

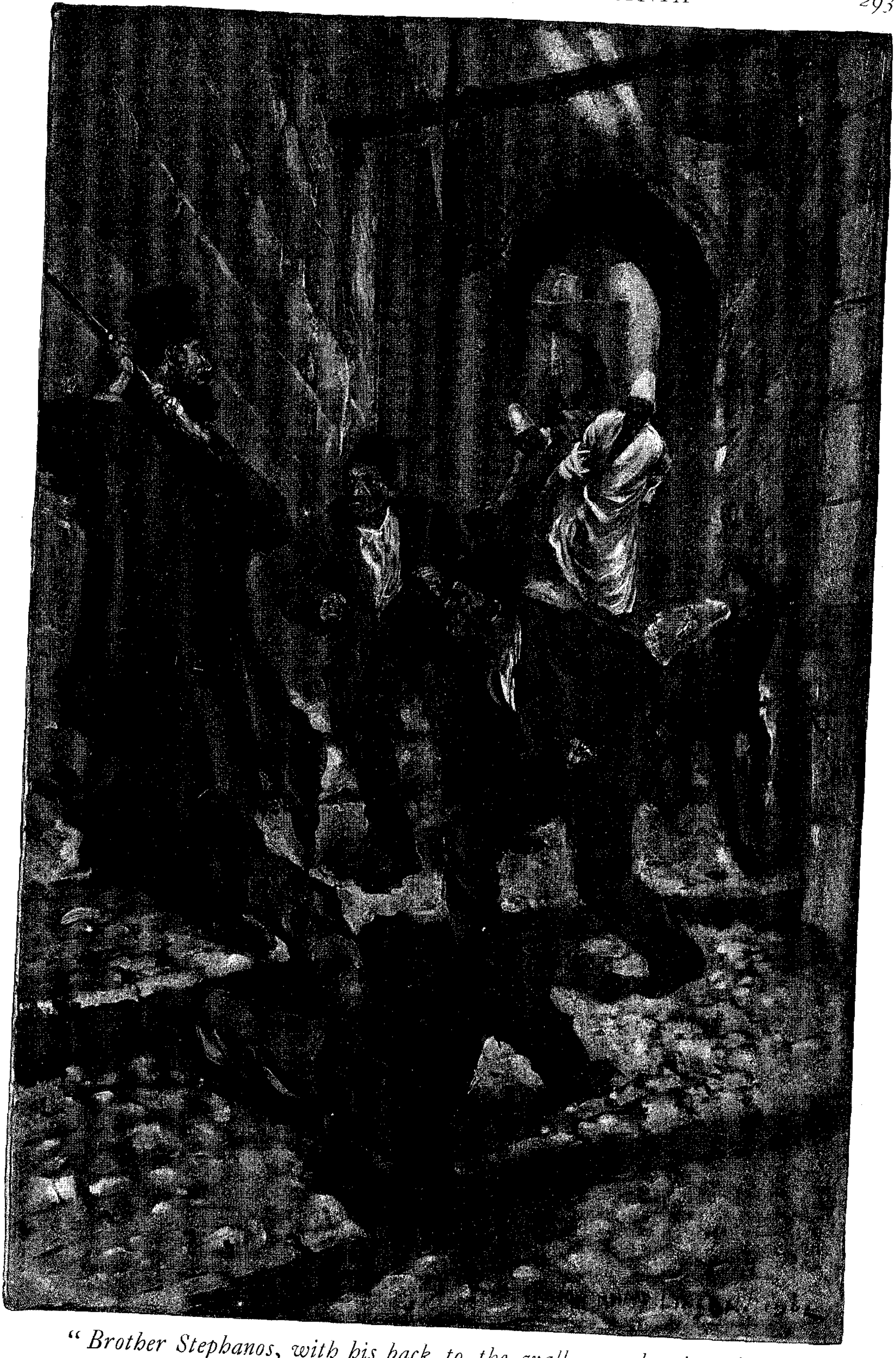
Seeing that I followed what he said with close attention, he reached over to me with a confiding smile the book which was his treasure. As I turned over the pages one after another, wondering at the strange, and to me incomprehensible characters through which the familiar truths and the transcendent beauties of the Gospel had been unfolded to his simple faith, I noticed at the end of each gospel a great golden seal, in which there were letters of blue. "And what does that mean?" I inquired.

"The legend says that these scriptures have been read and compared with the original holy books in the monastery by the Great Lake; and as a sign thereof and a covenant of their correctness, Narunah, the Light of Ethiopia, the queen-wife of our Ras, has set and affixed her seal."

"But how did you manage to come so far alone and—" The pilgrim from Natal, who had long and circumstantial stories about the cost of travel, was about to say "and without money," but checked himself.

For a moment a dreamy expression came over the Abyssinian's eyes—eyes which before had burned and shone like living coals, and in that moment, the historic and realistic moment so rarely bestowed, he seemed to live over again the days and the months of the journey which, in the light of our soft-cushioned pilgrimages, seemed almost miraculous. Then, in a few short, graphic sentences, he gave us glimpses of his odyssey.

"My queen Narunah, the Light of Ethiopia," he began, "gave me her blessing and her passport; but she said: 'Maroo, the kingdom of the faithful, the lands which acknowledged the lordship of Prester John, have vastly dwindled, and since his mighty day we have become weak, because of our sins, I fear me it must be said; so soon you will come to the stranger-people's country, and there, Maroo, may God help you, and Our Lady of the Road stay you by. To pass through the land of the idolaters you must show the wisdom of the serpent and the innocence of the little child; but I know that if it needs must be, Maroo, most faithful and diligent of the



"Brother Stephanos, with his back to the wall, was keeping three new assailants at bay"

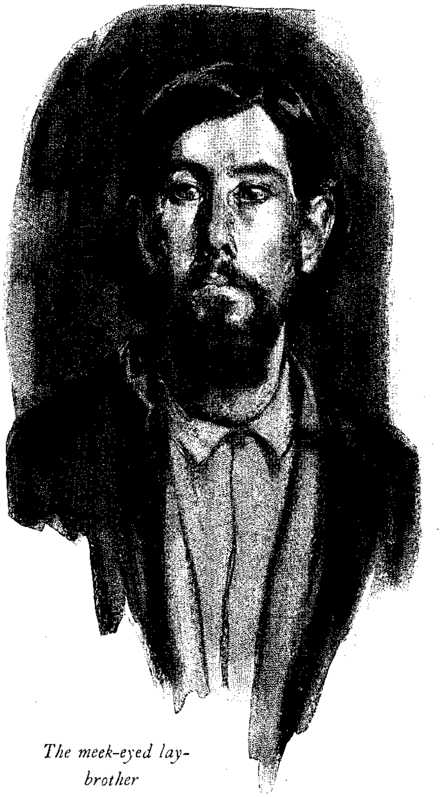
sons that have grown up in the sacred monastery, you will know how to die for the Holy Religion."

"'My Lady,' I answered, 'under His protection, with Mary's guiding star, and your passport, I have no fear to pass through the land of the idol worshipers. But what would you have me do in the City of the Sanctuary, should it please God to lead me there?'

"'Should you succeed, Maroo, faithful one—and the prayers of all who dwell in the light of the Holy Religion by the Sacred Lake will accompany you—it is my wish that after the days of quarantine which are prescribed for all pilgrims who have passed through the infidel lands have been complied with, you should pass a month of purification by the manger, and then yet another one by the tomb in which He was laid. And then, when you are, as I doubt not you will be, refreshed in body and strengthened in soul, you shall address yourself to the task which has long awaited performance, and for which I have selected you. You shall take with you the Holy Scriptures, as they have been preserved to us in the monastery by the Sacred Lake, preserved by the great goodness of God and the stanchness of the great Emperor's children, through wars, pestilence, and famine. With them you shall diligently search the most sacred and most authentic of the Scriptures in the Sanctuary, and mark if during all these years of separation one strange unlawful word has crept by some device of the Evil One into our sacred writings.'

"And gold she gave me at parting, but I would not have it. 'O Lady Queen, Light of Ethiopia!' I said, 'the idolaters may let me pass a beggar, but not if I carry with me the shining pieces clipped from the footstool of their god Baal. Let me go with a light wallet and a light heart, winged with the words of your blessing.'

"And so I started, and soon I came to the end of the land where the passport of our Queen ran, and that no hurt might come to it, or heathen disrespect, there on the borders of the land the infidels have stolen, I left it with a hermit who lived in a cave on the mountain side. He showed me his place of most secret hiding in a crevice of the rock, so that I might find it again should he be gone on my return; and he blessed my going, the path that opened before me, the feet that carried me, the heart that sustained me. 'My brother, perhaps I shall make a swifter journey than thou,' he said. 'Perhaps we shall meet on the steps of the Sanctuary.'


The meek-eyed lay-brother

"I followed the windings of the Blue Nile until I came out of the mountain country into the sand plains, where the river swells and flows with a mighty flood down through the black land into the red sea. Here the children of Allah, the false and forsworn men who have made of El Mahdi a prophet, ruled the land, with their green banners, and often I was sore afraid. It was in my heart to turn back. As far as the eye could reach the land was aflame with war. Brother was in arms against brother, and my way was strewn with the dead, which no man had thought to bury. I was beaten, and I sat in chains; but no man thought to take my life, there were so many greater and richer to slay. At last a Baggara Arab, a slave-trader who had journeyed far into Ethiopia and learned somewhat of our speech, befriended me. He saved me from the jailer, and under his protection I journeyed down the Nile toward Khartoum. There I think it was his purpose to sell me, but it was not to be. Before Omdurman we came upon the battle-field where the spear-bearers of the false prophet lay in their serried ranks as though smitten by the hand of God. My Baggara master fled, but I went on, for over the city shone the cross and the Christian banners; and the Carmelite nuns, who had been so long in bondage, when I knocked at their door gave me to eat, and out of their gentle pity at my sore plight comforted and consoled me."

Our frugal meal had seemed a feast to the pilgrim from Abyssinia, even though, as the pilgrim from Natal asserted, he only partook of the fumes. The coals burned bright in the great brass braziers, and filled the damp, stone-walled, uncarpeted refectory with a genial warmth. Brother Stephanos had finished his coffee and the third glass of his yellow cordial; one of his eyelids drooped, and it was time for the siesta. Suddenly Maroo rose from the table; his eyes had fallen with favor upon a narrow bench which stood by the wall. He walked softly over to it, and then quietly stretched out his great spare limbs, aching with fatigue and fever, upon it. Then he looked contentedly about him through his half-closed eyes. He was evidently enjoying the warmth and comfort of the place. At last he was at home, at ease. But suddenly a sharp look of suspicion shot across his features. His eyes rested upon each one of us in turn with a gaze of closest scrutiny. Then cautiously, with a smile that smacked of reassurance, he drew from out the capacious folds of his white garment the holy writings, and placed them under his head as a pillow, where no man might lay hands on them without awakening him. And soon he was asleep, with the stern lines of his features relaxed and a childlike smile playing like fleeting sunshine upon his lips.

Brother Stephanos ransacked the vestiary, and finally produced a travel-worn blanket, in which he wrapped the thinly clad form of the sleeper. The pilgrim from Natal looked at the goatskin roll upon which our happy brother pillowed his dreams, and then he said with a curiously earnest ring to his voice that I had never heard before:

> "Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John
> Bless the bed that he lies on."

"Some of these Ethiopians," whispered Brother Stephanos, "show faith and aptitude for right principles. I do not despair but that some day they will be found worthy of admission into the true Church."

THE LORDS OF SONG

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

WHEN God had winged the choral spheres
To sweep through spacious night,
One laggard star that soaring swerved
He plucked from out the flight:

He brake its fire between His hands,
It fell in shredded flame;
On bridled winds across the void
The lords of singing came,

To rule the world by right of song,
To raze the towers of Death,
And hurl high-throned oblivion down
With storm of chanting breath!

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS

Personal Recollections and Appreciations

BY GEORGE W. SMALLEY

II

THERE are certain reputations in literature which take you by storm whether you will or not. They are not merely reputations, they are obsessions. Mr. Rudyard Kipling's is one of these. Like him or not, he is a force in modern English and American life, and he has to be reckoned with. We have forgiven him much, for there was much to forgive; but forgiveness implies forgetfulness, and the whole of that business belongs to the past. Widely known as is his personality, not all the best of him is known. He has written of late years so copiously, and has engaged himself in publishing controversies of such a kind that there are those who accuse him of taking a view of literature which seems mercenary. It is an unjust accusation. His are not among the books which sell by hundreds of thousands; at most the thousands are to be computed by scores. In literature, as in other walks of industry, a large income does not necessarily imply an accumulated fortune.

If I refer to such matters, it is as preface to an anecdote. We all know the "Recessional"—thus far the poetic climax of Mr. Kipling's career. The journal to which it was addressed for publication sent to its author, by way of acknowledgment, a check for a very large sum. Mr. Kipling returned the check. "I will not," he said, "take money for a poem on such a subject as that. It was written from other motives." He would not make a trade of patriotism, nor merchandise of the Queen's Jubilee.

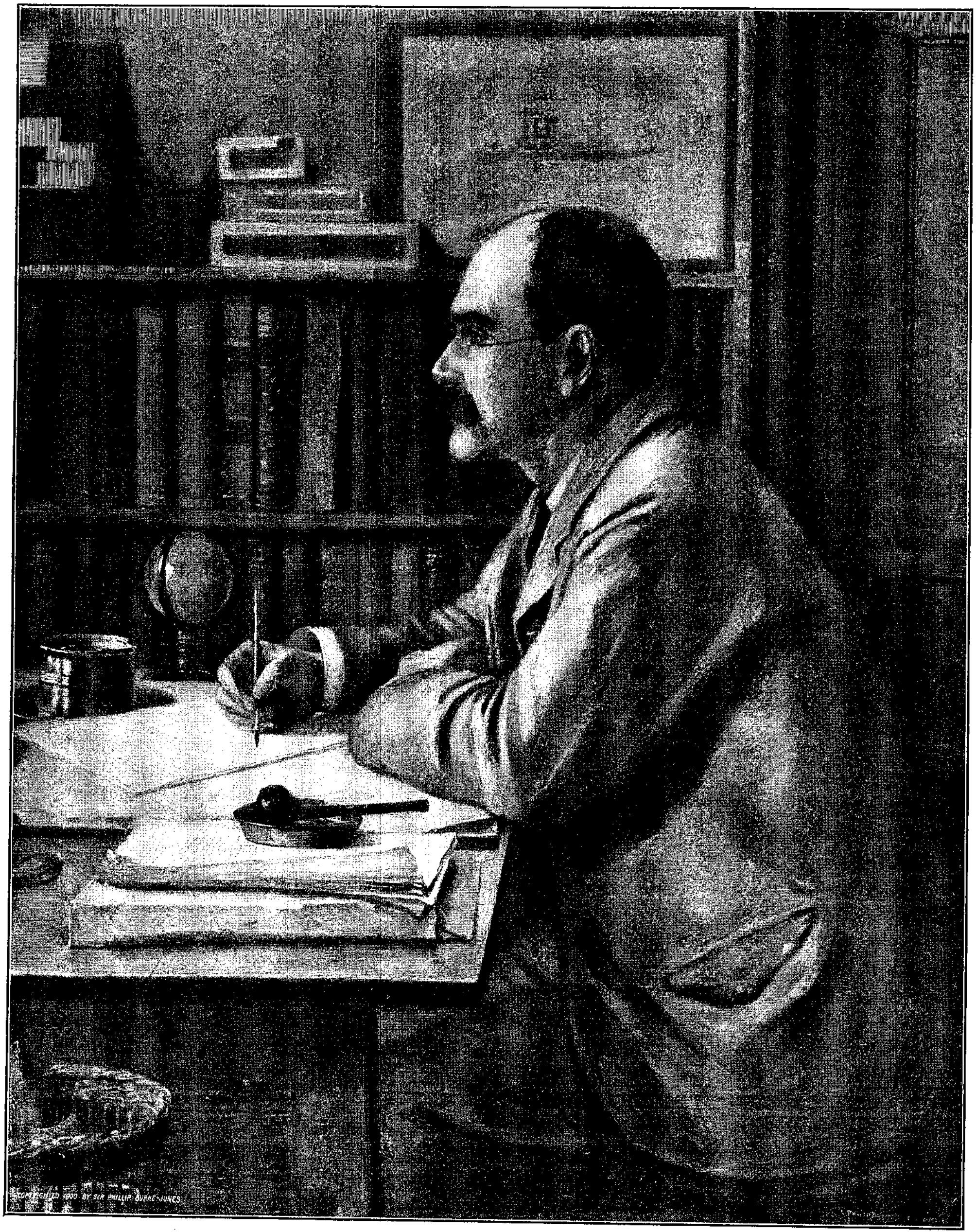
Beyond dispute he is the poet and herald of imperialism. England so regards him, and accepts him. He has, in the judgment of the English people, struck the true imperial note; not once, not twice, but again and again, and it echoes round the globe. Tennyson, with his "Form, riflemen, form," was thought to have inspired, or largely helped, that volunteer movement of which, in these last two years, the English have seen great results. But Mr. Kipling, they will tell you, has done a far greater service. At a critical, perhaps perilous, moment of its history, he has made those songs of the nation which, as we were long since told, are more than its laws. The Little Englanders sneer at him as the poet of the music hall. They might as well say Mozart was a composer for the hand organ. Genius cannot be vulgarized. And it is partly because Mr. Kipling is the lyrical voice of the strongest public impulse of his time that he stands in a relation to his own countrymen far closer than to us, or to any but his own people.

The protests against the latest blast on his trumpet, "The Islanders," are taken here at more than their true worth. Not only Little England, we are told, but other Englands, are against him. He has tried to force the hand of the Government about conscription. He has outraged the national feeling for sport by his "flanneled fools." He has insulted the men fighting in South Africa, and I know not what other nonsense, including an assertion that his best friends in the press have turned against him. No doubt he has been criticised and opposed. It is the way of Englishmen to speak out; and it is also the way of Englishmen to endure censure and unpalatable opinions, to say their say about them, and then go on as if nothing had happened. And, in fact, I believe Mr. Kipling's place in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen was never higher than it is to-day. He by his manly verse, and Mr. Chamberlain by his manly answer to the German chancellor, are the two voices of England on the two subjects which lie nearest to her people's thoughts and feelings.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is a difficult subject if only because she is a woman; and there are other reasons why I, at any rate, must write of her with reserve. Your public wants to know something about the woman as well as about the writer. Well, it may be possible to say so much as the public could find out for itself if it had the opportunity—if, for example, it lived in England, where Mrs. Ward is to be met by that important part of the public which is known as society. She has been, of course, an object of curiosity; and still is. People wanted to meet the author of "Robert Elsmere," and they now want to meet the author of "Eleanor."

Her social horizon has broadened a good

deal since those earlier Elsmere days. The migration from Russell Square to Grosvenor Place indicates well enough this expansion of the social limit of view. Russell Square is in Bloomsbury; Grosvenor Place is in Belgravia. To leave the one and come to the other is a translation from the past to the present; from the region which once was fashionable to the region which is fashionable now. The house in Grosvenor Place looks on the gardens of Buckingham Palace itself. Nor is that the only house. There is another in the country—in that central district of Buckinghamshire of which the Rothschild family have annexed so large a part for themselves. They have no less than five important places, all within a drive of each other: Tring, once a royal demesne, where Elizabeth has slept and Nell Gwyn—"pretty, witty Nell"—lived by grace and gift of her royal lover, now rebuilt into a splendid mansion crowded with treasures of art, belongs to Lord Rothschild;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From the painting by Sir Philip Burne-Jones

RUDYARD KIPLING

Copyright by Sir Philip Burne-Jones, 1900

Mentmore, the creation of Baron Meyer de Rothschild, came to Lord Rosebery by his marriage with Baron Meyer's daughter, and is his to-day; Ascott, a glorified cottage, is Mrs. Leopold Rothschild's; Halton, a glorified villa, enshrines the unique collection of French pictures of the eighteenth century which Mr. Alfred Rothschild formed; and enshrines much else. Finally, there is Waddesdon, the French château which the late Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild set on a hill, surrounded with an improvised park into which he transplanted full-grown trees, amid lovely grounds, and converted inside into a museum; all of which, together with her own Eythrop, a toy house of singular beauty, is now the possession of Miss Alice Rothschild, the two estates together spreading over some 18,000 acres of the best land in England.

These are the surroundings amid which Mrs. Humphry Ward has her country home. In one of the Rothschild houses she is often to be met; in three of them she has been a guest; from one of them she drew in part the interior amid which passes some part of the action of "David Grieve"; Ashridge, Lord Brownlow's place, supplying another part. She makes a discreet use of her knowledge, both of persons and places, observing the rule that you may not put into your novel a portrait of any single character whom you have met socially, but may compose a figure in fiction out of two or more real individuals. That is what Mrs. Ward has done in her latest novel, "Eleanor."

I suppose we must accept "Eleanor" as meaning that no new manner in fiction is now to be expected from her, for this latest experiment has the excellencies and the defects of those which preceded it. A laborious study of certain phases of life in Italy and of Italian character; a landscape constructed in mosaic; a scene in St. Peter's, done as by a journalist of the highest order, but still a journalist; types of character, both English and American, of which the details are strictly correct and from which the vital spark is absent; a supreme, unremitting, indefatigable effort of conscience in place of the spontaneity which the reader craves; stores of accumulated knowledge, with much of which you would joyfully dispense in exchange for one touch of the nature which makes the whole world kin; an art never quite concealing itself; an art from which the sense of effort is never absent; an art which seems ascetic in its struggle toward the ideal it never quite reaches—such is the final word for the present of Mrs. Ward's literary craftsmanship. I should go too far if I allowed myself to draw a comparison between Mrs. Ward the writer and Mrs. Ward herself. I will leave that for the reader, only warning him that it is the writer, and not the woman, of whom I myself am writing.

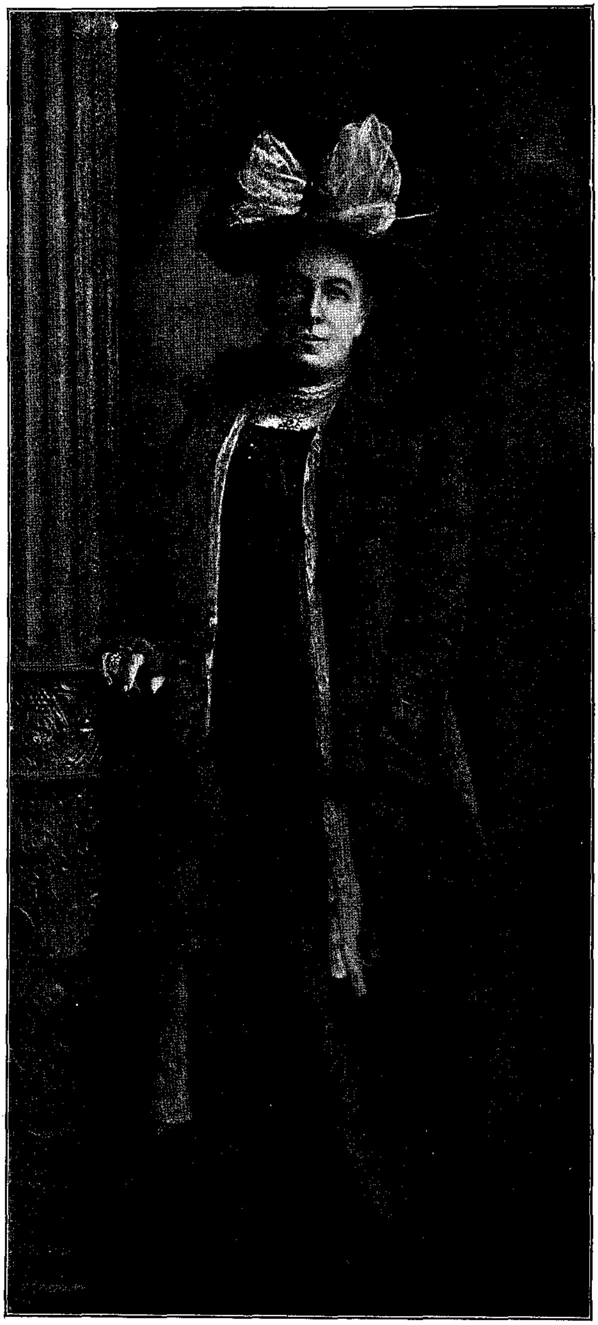
"A typical Englishman" Mr. Anthony Trollope might be called. But there is no typical Englishman except on the stage, and then he is a caricature. There is not one type, there are many; and Trollope was a very good example of one of the best types. He had the bluffness which is supposed to be characteristic of the race; the hearty manner, the love of outdoor life; the loyalty and the red face which belong to the country squire. This man of letters seemed to have spent all his life in the country, growing turnips and preserving game. He had, in fact, spent part of it; but that part was in the hunting field, where he rode hard and straight, though never a very good horseman. He hunted three days a week during the season, going down by train from London and returning the same night. His books are full of his experiences in following the hounds, and there are no better hunting pictures. Whyte Melville's are not better, though Whyte Melville was a better man in the pigskin.

But the Trollope whom American readers may be supposed to care for was not the Nimrod, not the post-office inspector, but he who lived in Montague Square and wrote the Barchester novels. At one time, and during many years, I saw much of him. We lived in the same quarter of London. One morning, before I knew much about his habits, I went in to see him toward noon. He was at breakfast (a mid-day French breakfast), and asked me to join him. I said I had breakfasted much earlier. "What," he broke out; "do you mean to say you are not man enough to eat two breakfasts?" His rule was to begin work at eight o'clock each morning, except Sundays and days when he hunted, and to work until eleven o'clock. Each morning, between these hours, he wrote eight hundred words; no more and no less. He wrote almost a lady's hand—fine, rapid, firm, not always easy to read.

I have known four men who could compose in this way, as it were, to order, and who scoffed at the theory of waiting for inspiration. The four were Trollope, Sir Richard Burton, Browning, and the American novelist Mr. Marion Crawford. Each was master of himself at all moments, and could do his best at one time as well as another. Dickens was, perhaps, a fifth; he sat regularly at his desk from nine in the morning till one. If he found he could go on with the current novel, well and good; if not, he wrote letters or read, but for these four hours there he sat. They were all men of unusual physique, all used to the taking of much exercise, all with sound minds and sound bodies. Trollope used to write in his library, which filled a kind of extension to the Montague Square house, halfway from the first to the second floor. It was more a workshop than a library, yet held a good many books, in open cases, which Trollope, with his niece's help, used to dust religiously twice a year. London, with its fogs and soot-laden air, is not a place where valuable books can be exposed with impunity. He knew London inch by inch, and the counties in which the scenes of so many of his novels are laid, and for all social and personal traits had a microscopic eye. It is this power and habit of accurate observation which will immortalize his best novels—the Barchester series. They were for a time, after his death, little read; now they are read again with ever fresh pleasure.

As I have mentioned Burton, I will tell you an anecdote of that extraordinary man. One night, at a house in London, going upstairs at a very late party, I saw Burton sitting on the landing steps at the angle, with a book in his hand and a small writing-pad on his knees. It was a smoking party, very crowded, rather noisy (for London)—men were passing and repassing, and it was one o'clock in the morning. But there sat Burton, absorbed in his work, evidently all unconscious of what was going on about him, his pencil traveling fast over the paper. Presently I said, "How are you, Burton?" He answered, "How are you?" without looking up, and the pencil went steadily on. "You've chosen a nice, quiet place to work," I said. "One place is as good as another," he growled out. "It makes no difference to you?" "None." "May I see your book?" He handed up the little volume, in its dark, queer cover, much the worse for wear—a volume of Camoens in the Portuguese, which he was translating into English—Portuguese being one of the twenty-seven languages which he knew and spoke. "Well," I said, "I suppose you want to be let alone; but are you never tired?" He replied, "I never knew what it was to be tired." There is a ray of light on Burton's career, with its enormous amount of accomplished work.

I would set over against Trollope, with his robust English nature and look, Du Maurier, who had neither; who was, in fact, one of

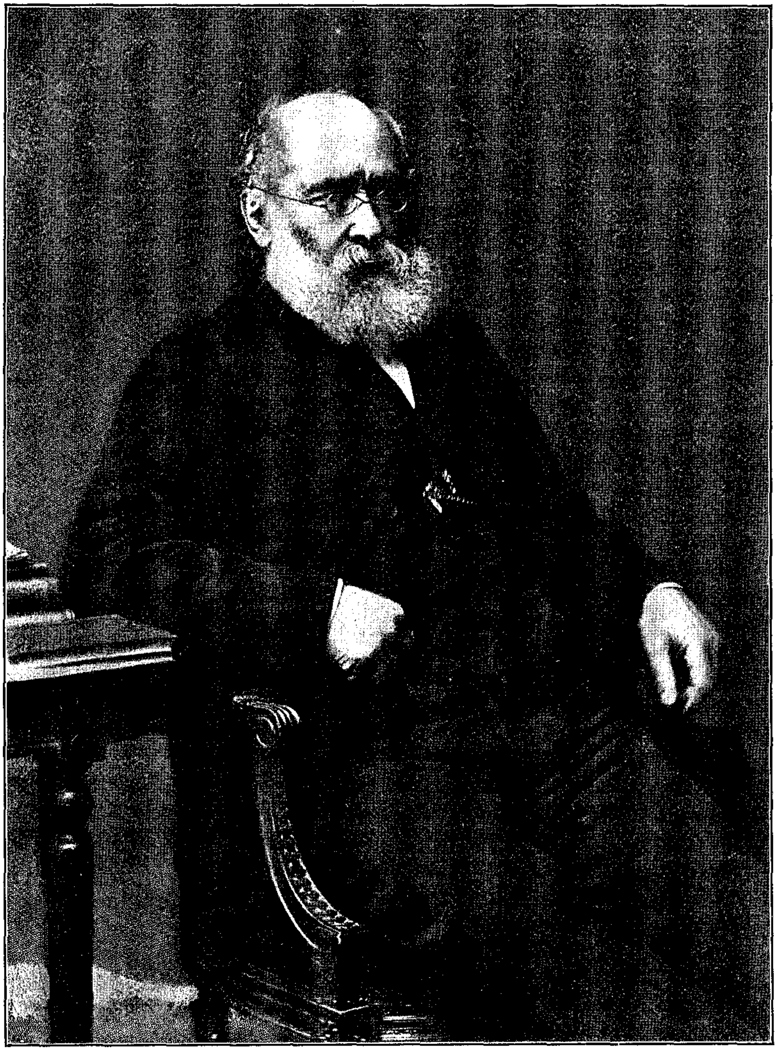


From a photograph by H. Walter Barnett

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

the least English of Englishmen, perhaps because he was half a Frenchman. The gallantry of his nature was also half French, just as his unflinching, steadfast courage was altogether English. During a great part of his life this artist, whose livelihood depended on his eyesight, was tormented by his eyes. He lost the sight of one; the other was preserved with difficulty and with impaired vision. The yet untold story of his going to Sir William Bowman, then the first oculist in England, is pathetic. Bowman had to assure him that the one eye was gone irrevocably, and that the other was in constant danger. "Can nothing be done?" asked Du Maurier. Bowman told him he might try an operation, but it was a desperate chance; not once in a hundred times had it succeeded. "Try it," answered Du Maurier; "one chance in a hundred is something." A day was appointed. When he entered, Bowman again advised him against the operation. It would be very painful; recovery would be slow; he must spend days in a darkened room, and all probably for nothing. Du Maurier's only answer was to ask him to go on at once. "Then," he said, "to my horror, Bowman went to his bookcase, took down a volume, and began to read. I thought he was not quite sure what he had to do or how to do it, and that he was reading up the case. For the first time my heart sank." But Bowman presently put away his volume, took up his instruments, and performed his operation with his usual sureness and delicacy of hand. It wholly failed, as he had predicted. The eyes were no better.

So imperfect was the vision during all the later years of Du Maurier's life that he used to draw twenty or fifty times the scale of the block from which the drawing was finally printed for "Punch." His studio in the little house at Hampstead was a curiosity, with its great areas of blackboard and other material, half the space of one side filled with them. He was beset, moreover, by the fear that his invention would fail him. He was always saying, "Give me an idea; give me a subject. I can think of nothing." He kept what he quaintly called a joke-pot, into which he cast the letters which came to him by post, often from unknown persons, with suggestions for cartoons. But he never lost his fac-



From a copyright photograph by Elliott & Fry

ANTHONY TROLLOPE

ulty of seeing what was about him. You could trace his comings and goings by the subjects he treated in "Punch"—London, the French coast, Whitby, and many other places.

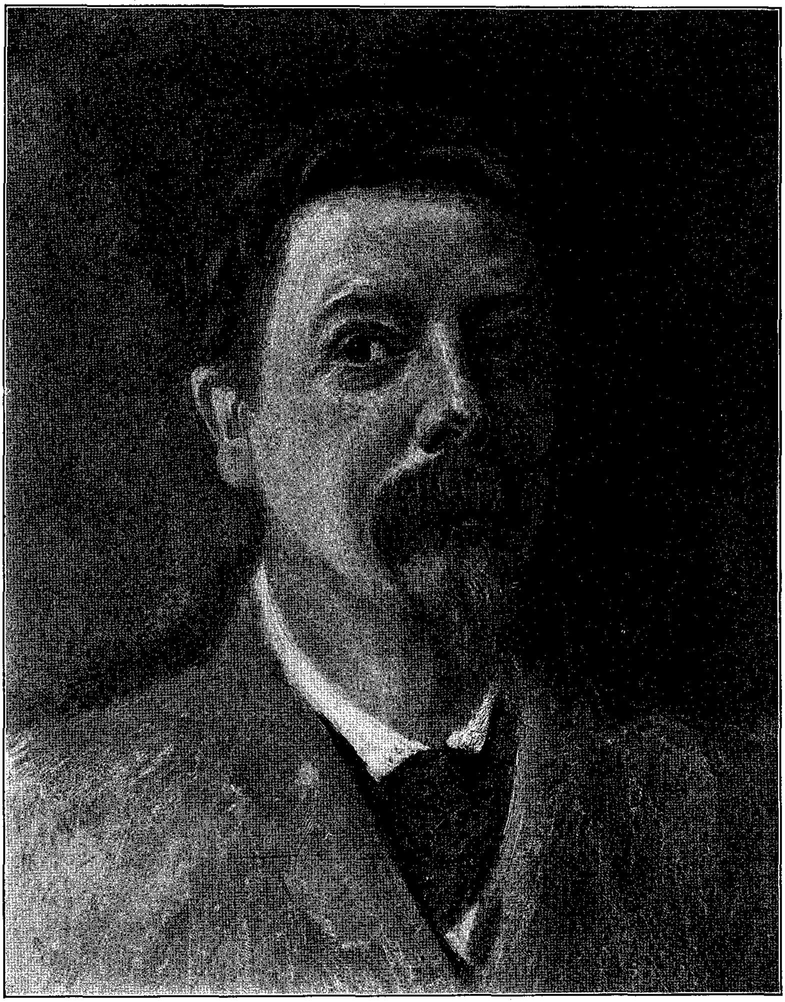
He went to Whitby for many summers. It is, perhaps, or was, the most picturesque town in England, with its red-roofed houses climbing the steep banks of the ravine through which the Esk pours into the North German Ocean, and crowning the cliffs on either hand. No one who has known them can ever forget the ruined abbey, the rugged, beautiful coast line, the far-stretching moors inland, the woods, the unique charm of Robin Hood's Bay, the river on which we boated, the tea gardens at Cockmill where we held high festival with tea and buns, the dam over which we ruthlessly dragged the harbor boats for the sake of the lovely reach of river above it, the piers, the granite gateway through which we rowed or sailed out to the North Sea, the breakers through which we had sometimes to find our way back again, the Scar, that awful expanse of rock in the pathway of the shipping which came down from the north and sometimes skirted past its iron edge, and sometimes did not.

The beauty and the terror alike left their mark on Du Maurier's susceptible soul. Alike they reappeared in his sketches; and the homely life of the fishing port appeared in every form. It fascinated him, as it fascinated Lowell, who spent nine successive summers there. The two were great friends. Lowell thought Du Maurier one of the best talkers he had ever met. He had the Gallic nimbleness of mind, the wit, the sharpness of touch, the sense of contrast and symmetry, all which are French qualities. Anecdote in abundance, also, and a quickness in repartee which was like the glance of an arrow.

Mr. Henry James was another of the Whitby group. There and elsewhere grew up a friendship between him and Du Maurier which was destined to have a beneficent influence on the fortunes of the artist. It was Mr. Henry James whose encouragement made Du Maurier a novelist, and it was the writing of novels which, near the end of a career that had never meant to him more than a comfortable income, brought him affluence, or what seemed to him such. He had thought out the story of "Peter Ibbetson," and as he and Mr. James rambled one afternoon over Hampstead Heath and through the pleasant lanes of Highgate, he sketched the scenario. When Mr. James told him that he had found the material for a good story, Du Maurier said, "Take it and write the story." "No," answered the novelist, "use it yourself; there's no reason why you shouldn't write a novel, and you couldn't have a better *donnée* to begin with." After some urging, Du Maurier began to think he might try, having, after all, at all times and in all matters, a just confidence in his own powers. So he wrote "Peter Ibbetson," and then "Trilby," and then "The Martian," and the riches which flowed in upon him brightened the end of his life. He was, perhaps, almost equally pleased with the new fame which came to him in such full measure, and with the thought that he had done successfully what so few men had ever achieved—turned his hand to a new art late in life, and made for himself a new place in a new world.

Yet I imagine he has a surer immortality in the pages of "Punch" than in those which he composed for himself with the more unfamiliar instrument of the pen. His art and his gift for delineating phases of social life, for putting his finger on what was novel or on what was common but became new by his handling of it, were his alone. If he had no very wide range, he had no equal, and almost no rival, in his own field. He felt himself an artist to the tips of his fingers. He found the type of a beautiful English girl in his own daughter; it is her likeness you see year after year, and admire for her classic yet modern beauty, and that lithe straightness of figure and carriage which are characteristic of the best and best-bred English girls. He added an inch or so to her height; otherwise the portrait is accurate, and it was one of the things in which Du Maurier took the greatest delight. Never was there a family in which family ties were closer, nor ever an artist to whom domestic life was more precious.

Of Mr. Hardy I shall have but a word to say. I have no real acquaintance with him. I have met him from time to time in a London house where, sooner or later, all men of distinction are to be met, and the last time was many years ago. I remember him as rather under medium height, with a bald head, and eyes in which the habit of observation and habit of reflection were alike visible. He seemed to see everything, and to make remarks on it at the same time. His manner was one of tranquillity; as if an inward content left him indifferent to what went on without, except in so far as it supplied him with the material needful for his books and for his other intellectual occupations, since no man who writes books like Mr. Hardy's can make his books the only object of his thoughts. It is life, not the book, which comes first. He



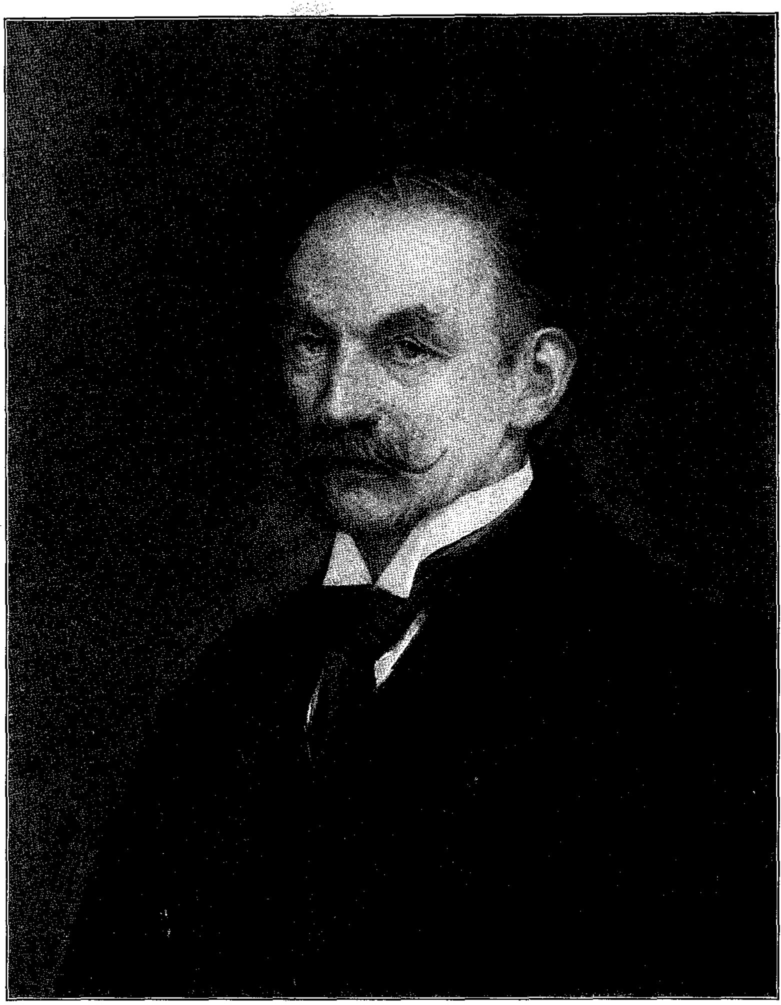
From an unfinished painting by himself

GEORGE DU MAURIER

talked softly, not, I thought, very freely, but seemed to keep his freest communings for himself.

His fifty years, now increased to past sixty, had left their mark; the buoyancy of that mid-youth which had produced "Far From the Madding Crowd" was there no longer. Equally far off was the over-maturity of mind to which we owe "Jude the Obscure," though that came only four or five years after his real masterpiece, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," on which he was then brooding. For society, in the conventional sense, he cared, perhaps, little; he preferred Dorsetshire, with its lanes and far-spreading landscape, and loved, I fancy, his own meditations best of all, and best of all when they were in the open air. One can imagine a pair of country lungs doing their work with difficulty in the thick air of the metropolis of the world. Underneath his gentle ways there was energy enough, and the depth of the waters that run still. Not knowing that he was a writer of renown, you might pass him by with a casual look and a sentence of civility. Know him as Mr. Thomas Hardy, and you sought for the secret of his fame. If you did not find it completely, it was always open to you to seek it in his books, and find it there completely, or incompletely, as it might happen.

Not to many men has it been given to acquire a celebrity both for humor and for ill-humor; but it has fallen to Mr. W. S. Gilbert to achieve that distinction. The humor, however, is imperishable, and the slight defects of temper which have impaired his popularity will be forgotten when his better qualities are remembered. Nobody would care to dwell on them, nor even to mention them, if Mr. Gilbert himself had not blazoned them to the world; not once, only, nor twice, but again and again, all through his brilliant career and down to the present day. The law courts are almost as familiar to him as the stage, and in each arena he has a fame peculiar to himself. He has quarreled with many friends, sometimes with a mere acquaintance, on slight occasions and on matters of real moment. That he has always been in the right and the others almost always in the wrong I do not doubt. His misfortune is that the occasions in which he has come forward to prove himself in the right have been so numerous, and that sometimes a jury, whether of twelve men or of a wider public, proved so difficult to convince.



From the painting by Winifred Hope Thomas

THOMAS HARDY

But let us pass from this. Mr. Gilbert's ill-humor was, perhaps, after all only the reverse of the medal which glitters on its right side with the true and right humor for which the world owes him much, and may well forget the other. If his long partnership with Sullivan and D'Oyly Carte ended in a smash, it was not till they and the rest of the world had found a permanent profit in it. The three were born to be mated. D'Oyly Carte had great qualities as a stage manager, and unfailing courage in the conduct of a theater. Sir Arthur Sullivan had a genius in music capable of other things than the "Pinafore" or "The Mikado"; but since comic scores paid best, he devoted to them the greater part of his abilities and time. He became, in a way that Mr. Gilbert never did, a figure in the social world, with a royalty or two as a kind of permanent ornament in the foreground of his bachelor parties. Mr. Gilbert built himself a beautiful house in the somewhat remote quarter of South Kensington, to which people journeyed a little reluctantly; while to Sullivan's apartment, easy of access in Westminster, the people he wanted thronged without persuasion.

You had but to look at the two men as they came before the curtain on a first night, after one of these successes which often were genuine, but always skilfully engineered. Sullivan came gracefully, all smiles, with a certain affable decorum and easy bearing which made his short, stout figure look less short and less stout than it really was. Mr. Gilbert had to be dragged on, and arrived in the presence of an applauding multitude with the air of a man who resents an indignity. If the applause had been all hisses he could not have received it more ungraciously. I am not sure that a British audience, itself often a little cross-grained, did not like Mr. Gilbert the better for his roughness of manner. He remained a public favorite, whatever he may have been in private.

And in private, when he chose, he could be, and was, delightful. His conversation was, to say the least, individual. He did not economize; he gave you freely of what he had, rightly certain that he had enough for the purpose of social intercourse, and enough left for the stage. His wit played freely, and if the flash of lightning were sometimes followed by a growl of thunder, that is, after all, but according to the law of nature. He could be acid, even acrid; yet even in his

W. S. GILBERT

bitter moods the bitterness was of an agreeable flavor. The dangerous moments were when he threw restraint to the winds, and, all in a moment, the dining-room or other social rendezvous became a kind of prize-ring in which there were blows to take if not blows to give. Sometimes there were both. There are painful stories of his extreme austerity in directing the rehearsal of an opera; of actresses in tears, and a whole company so harassed and beaten about as to become capable of nothing but mistakes. I prefer to believe these tales to be exaggerations. Mr. Gilbert was a martinet, and had a most clear conception of what he wanted, and a firm resolve that it should be done as he wanted it, and not otherwise. We need not go beyond that. The stage owes him much. There is in England, as in America, but a lax notion of those methods which a French *régisseur* employs inflexibly, and the French dramatic author more inflexibly still. Mr. Gilbert knew his rights and asserted them, and when rights are not freely acknowledged, and a spirit of something like mutiny prevails, there may be an excuse for harshness which in better-regulated theatrical communities would be uncalled-for, because the authority would be undisputed.

I will end with two writers who are not primarily men of letters, but journalists; and first, Mr. Labouchere, a name often heard in America, often supposed to belong to a public man of real eminence and of real influence in public affairs. If it were ever so, which I doubt, it is so no longer. Mr. Labouchere is an extinct force; if his weekly paper is still read, it is for its society gossip and miscellaneous matter, not for its politics.

He is an effective journalist, but in almost all points the opposite to a literary man. He is without learning or any tinge of scholarship. His views of life have never been speculative (except upon the Stock Exchange), but always strictly practical. He is ready with his pen and with his speech, whether in public or private, and this glibness, combined with a cynical audacity, a pretty wit, and an unusual gift of hitting the mark, gave him the ear of the House, which he amused. It was when he became serious, or tried to, and ceased to amuse, that he ceased to hold the attention he had once gained. His real kindliness of nature in private turned acid in public. He has a genius for political intrigue. He has courage, a power of seeing things as other men do not see them, a contempt for sentiment; no very evident deference to such things as principle in public affairs, nor a belief in it in others. His is the mistake so many otherwise clever men are guilty of—they do not believe that other men may have those qualities in which they are themselves deficient. This it is which vitiates those calculations which it is the business of both statesmen and politicians to make. Cynicism may be pushed to a point where it becomes not only immoral, but misleading. Intellectual gymnastics have been Mr. Labouchere's pastime since he was first heard of in public life. Politics are to him a game which he plays astutely, and, in a way, with success.

He comes as near as anybody to being the Figaro of English public life, but with animosities which the genial Barber of Seville would have known to be a mistake. He thinks Mr. Gladstone, if he had not been hindered, would have offered him a place in his last Cabinet. It is certain that Mr. Gladstone never meant to do that. He wanted no Cabinet jester. And yet there is a Mr. Labouchere so kind of heart, so generous, so honestly devoted to causes he deems good, so true a friend, so admirable in many other ways, that one can but wish he had devoted to the service of the State these better qualities and gifts, and so allowed one to praise his public career with unreserve, and with the same sympathy which he attracts from many friends and gives to many good objects.

What one may praise is his power of putting things—his lucid directness of style, his gift for interesting his reader in a subject the reader cares nothing about. That is his real claim to a place among writers. With it goes, unhappily, a dangerous recklessness in the misstatement of what he wishes you to accept as facts. He does not inspire confidence. Perhaps he does not want to. He is clever, but not clever enough to conceal the bitterness of his animosity. His unremitting guerilla war on Mr. Chamberlain is an example. It does Mr. Chamberlain no harm. I should almost say it had done him a great and lasting service. Mr. Labouchere's humor is genuine enough, but is best seen in other ways—often American. He tells a story inimitably well. He tells one of a bet that he would give Whiteley, who owns a great department store in London, and calls himself "The Universal Provider," an order he could not fill. The order was for a second-hand coffin, and the coffin was duly delivered. "I asked Whiteley," said Labouchere gravely, "how he happened to have a second-hand coffin. 'Sir,' he answered, 'it was a misfit.'"

Among English journalists who are entitled to rank as men of letters, I select Mr. Archibald Forbes, not only for his real power as a writer, but because of one or two exploits which certainly were not altogether literary. Ulundi is one; perhaps the better known of the two. Lord Chelmsford's decisive victory over Cetewayo was won in the afternoon of the 4th of July, 1879. Forbes had been in the thick of the fighting, and it was surmised that he might make an effort to get away that night with the news. To Lord Chelmsford's anxious mind that meant certain death, and he issued orders that no one should leave the camp. If he had known Forbes better, he would have known that he was only adding another peril to the enterprise Forbes was determined to attempt. He now had a fair chance of being shot by a British sentry before taking his chance of being murdered by the beaten Zulus, who swarmed over the country which lay between him and the nearest telegraph office. But that did not stop him. He made his way past the picket line, and out into what was for the moment the darkest and most dangerous district of all Africa. By night, through hordes of savages, through a pathless waste, alone, Forbes rode on, rode hard till morning, then found somehow a fresh horse, and, before a second night set in, had completed his journey of 110 miles, reached his goal, and sent his battle telegram, a day or two days in advance of all rivals.

The other exploit connects itself with the Shipka Pass in the Russo-Turkish War of 1877. General Gourko had crossed the Balkans and entered Roumelia in July. The Turks drove him back in August, when he retreated to the Shipka passes, and there Radetzky came to his aid. Suleiman Pasha flung his whole army against them, and from the 20th to the 27th of August the attack continued. During all this week Europe was without news. The fate of the Russian army and of the whole war hung doubtful. Forbes was at Tirnova, some forty miles away. Tired of waiting for despatches that ought to have reached him and did not, he set out for the Shipka Pass, to see for himself what was going on. The Russian outposts told him that nobody had got through, or could get through, since the pass was completely enveloped by Suleiman's troops, and advised him to turn back. But that was not what Forbes had come for. He went on, slipped through the Turkish lines at night, and made his way to the Russian headquarters. He found Gourko hard pressed, but holding his own. He stayed on in the trenches till he had satisfied himself—and Forbes had a soldier's eye for a battle or a siege—that the strength of the Turkish attack had spent itself; then he set his face once more northward.

The rumor of his going had spread, and near Tirnova, where the Czar had his headquarters, Forbes was stopped and taken into the imperial presence. "They tell me," said the Czar, "that you have been to Shipka and bring news of Gourko." "Yes, your Majesty." "But I have sent within the last four days seven aides-de-camp, not one of whom has got through," and the Czar proceeded to put questions which showed him skeptical about this present performance. Forbes soon convinced him. He drew a plan of the pass, and of Gourko's defenses; described exactly the distribution of his forces, gave a minute account of the Turkish assaults and of the whole military situation as he had left it, with the assurance that, in his judgment, the pass could not be forced. The Czar detained him some hours under examination, thanked him, complimented him on his daring and skill, and let him go.

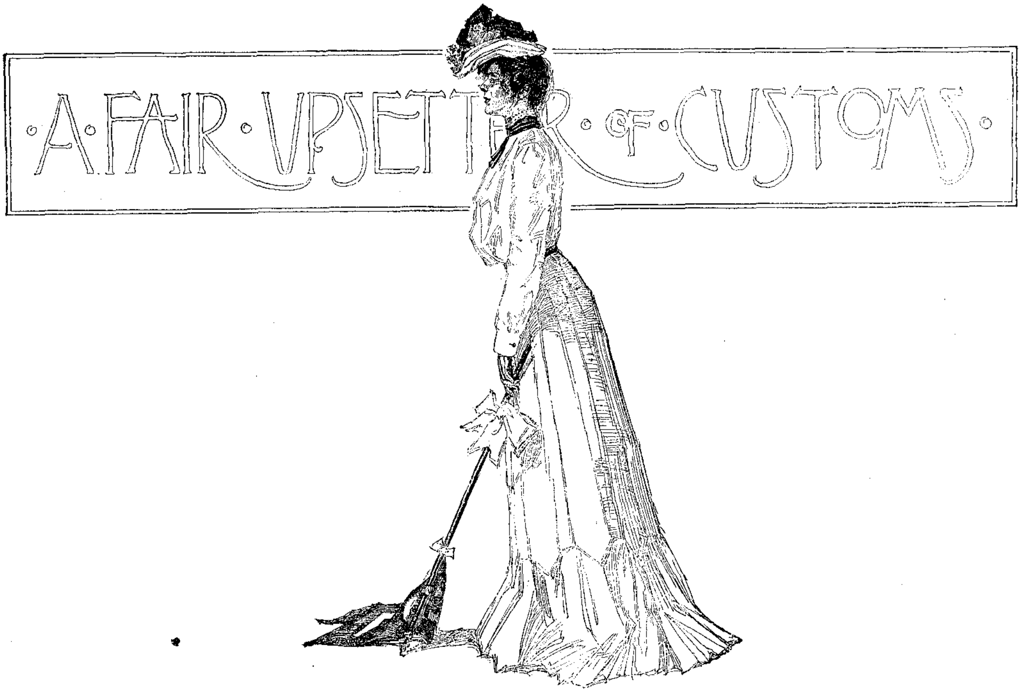
Crossing the Danube at Rustchuk, he rode on to Bukharest, the first point from which a long telegram to London could be surely despatched, nearly one hundred miles distant from Tirnova. He arrived at eight o'clock in the evening. He had been three days and nights either in the saddle or in the Shipka trenches under fire, without sleep, often without food. "I was dead tired," said Forbes, from whose lips I had this story. "Not a word of my despatch was written, and I had news for which I knew the world was waiting—news on which the fate of an empire and the fortunes of half Europe depended. And it was as much as I could do to keep my eyes open, or sit up in the chair into which I had dropped." "What did you do?" "I told the waiter," answered Forbes, "to bring me a pint of dry champagne, unopened. I took the cork out, put the neck of the bottle into my mouth, drank it with all the fizz, sat up, and wrote the four columns you read next morning in the 'Daily News.'" As a piece of literature the four columns were of a high order. As a piece of news they were one of the greatest "beats" ever known. Taken together, and with all that history of those three days, they would entitle Forbes, even had he never done anything else, to that place at the very head of his profession to which he had many other titles scarcely less valid.

A BOY'S POINT OF VIEW

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

SOMETIMES the road to Sunday School
Drags out so hot and dreary,
But that same road to go trout-fishing,
It springs along so cheery.

I get so tired running errands
I'd almost like to drop;
But when I'm playing hare-and-hounds
I never want to stop.



A FAIR UPSETTER OF CUSTOMS

BY CHARLES FLEMING EMBREE

Illustrated by Urquhart Wilcox

I

When Baxter Wilhite won the long jump on the athletic field at the State University he was thinking about Kate McLean. Just before starting on the run he had torn a dark red cap from his head and thrown it down. That was absent-mindedness, but it piqued Kate because she had bought that cap for him and embroidered a highly original swirl of fraternity colors on it. It was just like Baxter to throw it right down in the dirt at the critical moment.

So that was the end of his hopes for a drive with her before he went home to Fort Wayne and she returned to Princeton for the summer. She was a lively creature with sparkling black eyes, a nose turned up a trifle saucily, and a tender mouth. She had gone to her room in the dumps after that long jump, and he sat for two hours in the parlor of her boarding-house trying in vain to get a sight of her. Then, train-time coming, he went to Fort Wayne, sorrowful, puzzled, and absent-minded as ever. Just as he entered his father's house he remembered the cap.

He stopped and stared at a tree with his tongue in his cheek, then smote his thigh.

The elder Wilhite manufactured famous cook-stoves and ranges. Baxter, having given his mother a bear-like hug, and illuminated her day with his smile, strode into the factory office and lighted that up also.

"I tell you, Samson," his father was saying, "Buck Brothers are outdoing us in the southern part of the State. Now this lively firm in Princeton is making that another center. And there they go, sweeping us out with their old lead ranges."

Samson swore under his breath, looking over an order. It was at this moment that a thought sprang up in Baxter's revery.

"If that's all," said he, mildly. When his big voice became mild it held a charm.

"What do you know about it?" sniffed Samson.

"If you don't mind," said Baxter, nonchalantly, "I'll spend the summer winning back that trade. Princeton, you said?"

"If you can win New Albany and Princeton, you have the wedge well in," said old Wilhite, looking with pessimistic interest on Baxter. "How would you do it, now?"

"Give me the biggest spring wagon you can find and ship us to—Princeton, you said? Send some ranges ahead, and let me have Tarsus, the negro cook. We'll bake biscuits in public."

Samson had sat down pained. "Try me!" cried Baxter.

Mr. Wilhite, pleased at the genius of his son, heard further details; then, in spite of the frigidity of Samson, and not feeling very trustful himself, he suddenly agreed.

II

"Kate! Kate McLean!" called the unapproving voice of that girl's stepmother at the foot of the staircase.

"Yes, yes," came down Kate's impatient reply.

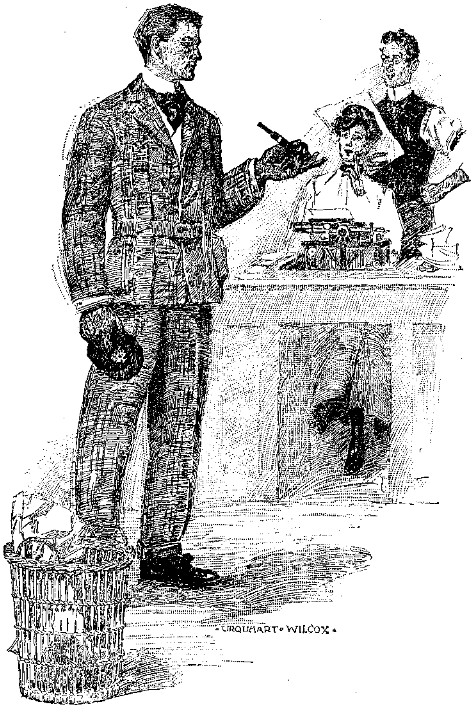
"Are you dressing up, Miss, to go out again with those undignified girls?"

"Mother, I *wouldn't* quarrel with you all the time if you would only be good!" Kate called. She was tying a red ribbon round her neck, and her mirror cast back at her the prettiest thing she had ever seen.

"Are you going out traipsing, in spite of my wish?" asked Mrs. McLean.

"You have on your gayest hat yourself, mother," called Kate, mischievously.

"Kate McLean, where are you going?"



"'*We'll bake biscuits in public*'"

Kate suddenly laughed, long and hilariously. There was a silence.

"Kate McLean!" came up the icy syllables.

"Oh, the big competition in stoves has arrived at Princeton," said the girl with prim solemnity.

"In what?" inquired Mrs. McLean.

"Didn't you know about it?" the girl's voice was flowing upward. "Two range factories. Frances and Belle say," her smiling face appeared over the banisters, "that they bake biscuits and give them away."

"Kate!"

"Buttered," said Kate.

Mrs. McLean cast one withering glance up at her stepdaughter's snub nose. Then she moved majestically away.

"I have no sympathy with it!" she ejaculated.

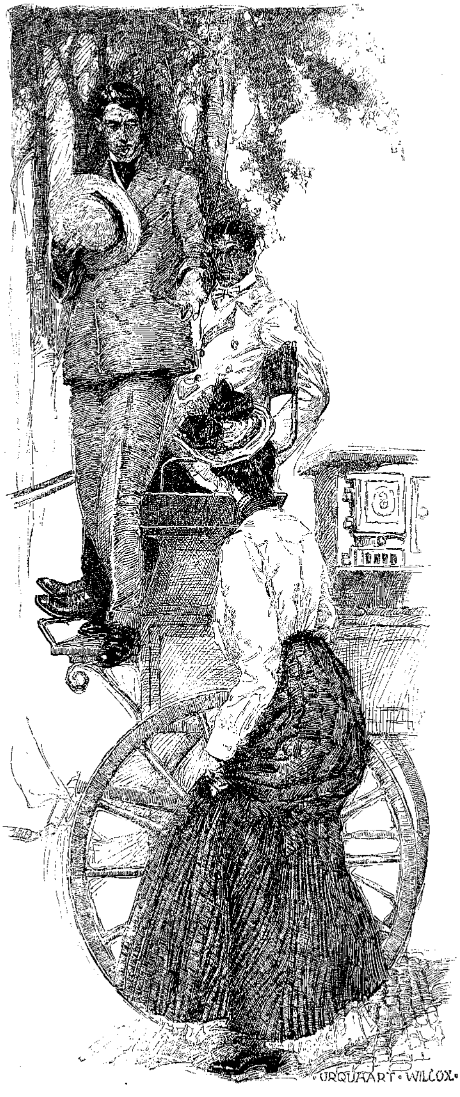
If the truth be told, the only relish Baxter had found in that method of pushing his father's business was the relish of approaching Princeton. It was this that made him sweep everything before him in New Albany. It was this that animated him as he swung across the State in a spring wagon with the range up behind and Tarsus beside him. Yet there was an element of the lark in this unique employment, storming villages, capturing whole populations by the gentle art of the oven.

But his methods had aroused emulation in his rivals. They, too, had begun to bake biscuits. There had been exciting races for certain towns, bitter defeats, hair-breadth victories. And now at last the representatives of Wilhite and Samson, and those of Buck Brothers, had descended on Princeton, as birds of prey on a barnyard. The sample ranges had come booming in from country roads, mud flying, whips cracking.

Along the east side of the square came Kate, Frances on one arm and Belle on the other. It was a jolly afternoon with the sun shining, a season of the pleasant bustling of commonplaces. The streets were full of wagons and buggies. The grass in the courthouse yard was green.

Round Mr. Tindall's tin and stove shop at the square's southeast corner a crowd with tickled expressions of countenance craned their necks. Down on Broadway, two blocks distant, another crowd, equally tickled, jostled round the pregnant oven of Buck Brothers. Toward Tindall's came the three girls, like bright feathered creatures let out of an aviary, and little was Kate McLean dreaming what eye was about to meet hers.

"Now ladies and gentlemen," cried a clear and commanding voice at the door of Tindall's large wareroom, "walk right up and test



“ ‘*Delighted*’ ”

these biscuits, please ; just five minutes by the clock since my good friend Tarsus touched the match to the fire. I guarantee you the Wilhite and Samson range will bake biscuits in eighty-five seconds less than any other range in the world, and I'm ready to prove it.

“Tarsus, give the lady a little more butter there. I see by the little girl's face, madam, that she likes it. It's almost as light and dainty as you are, little girl, I'll give you my word, but not quite. Don't crowd, gentlemen.”

“Oh ! ” Kate McLean had said, and the ejaculation was long and mysterious. Yonder on the crossing she stopped.

“Come on,” cried Frances, laughing and pulling at her sleeve. “ I'm not afraid. Belle, he's *beautiful*. I'm going to push right up there, girls, and get one of those biscuits.”

“Oh, no ! ” cried Kate, crimsoning and drawing back. She could see his face over the crowd. He had never looked handsomer, never more amiably smiling, never with more of that dark red in his olive cheeks. And he seemed to be dressed for some afternoon fraternity function. Tarsus, a natty negro of the sleeping-car-porter type, was serving hot biscuits with manners that would have adorned a French court.

“Why, Kate McLean, you're bashful ! ” taunted Belle.

“Lead on ! ” cried Kate, with sudden theatrics, her pretty lips set and her nose in the air.

In this order the three, links in a bright chain, went through the crowd: Frances's red shirt waist breaking the way, with farmers and farmers' wives, townspeople and their families, titillated of palate, falling back before her ; Belle, a veil flying loose from her sailor hat, clinging to Frances's hand in front and Kate's behind ; and Miss McLean, dressed in a bright blue waist and blue hat slanting up to a bunch of high violets, bringing up a half reluctant rear, mischief in her black eyes.

“Ladies and gentlemen, the mechanism of this range is so simple that a little dot of a girl could manage it.” Baxter was fond of little girls. “Touch the knob, so, and the patent opening descends. The draft enters here, so strong that a candle's flame is at once extinguished. Place your left hand here,” he turned his face toward the crowd, “and you find that the damper—hm—the damper——”

The red in his cheeks deepened, and he halted. Not two yards away from him were the mischievous lips, the black eyes, the high violets. A gentle flood of pink, like a sunset in miniature, flowed softly over her face ; she looked interested in his stove. Frances was nibbling a biscuit ; Belle was gazing rapt at Baxter Wilhite and his college clothes.

“Ah—hm—I was saying something about the damper,” said he.

And Kate, without warning, laughed in the midst of that semi-stillness which his pause had occasioned ; a soft, irrepressible, contagious and musical laughter. He lifted his hat and came forward, smiling and confused. The three girls and Baxter were the center of an admiring throng, who looked on with sedative approval, as they had looked at the biscuits. Tarsus was tossing in another panful and the range was roaring.

“Miss McLean,” said Baxter, holding out his hand, “I am flattered to amuse you.”

"Not at all," said she, turning a piquant face to him and, after allowing him to stand with his hand held out till a farmer tittered, she decided to favor him with her fingers.

"It was the biscuit that pleased me ; let me introduce my friends."

They were standing on the sidewalk ; the crowd seemed to think it all very agreeable, and munched away.

"Why, Mr. Wilhite ! She didn't tell us she knew you !" said Frances, excited.

"I think the biscuit was *grand!*" said Belle.

"Kate McLean !" came a sudden, shattering command from behind Baxter, who turned in a hurry.

There stood Kate's stepmother, that woman of a strange disposition. Her large eyes were on the girl, condemnation written in every line of her features. She was both tall and plump, with a fine figure elegantly clad.

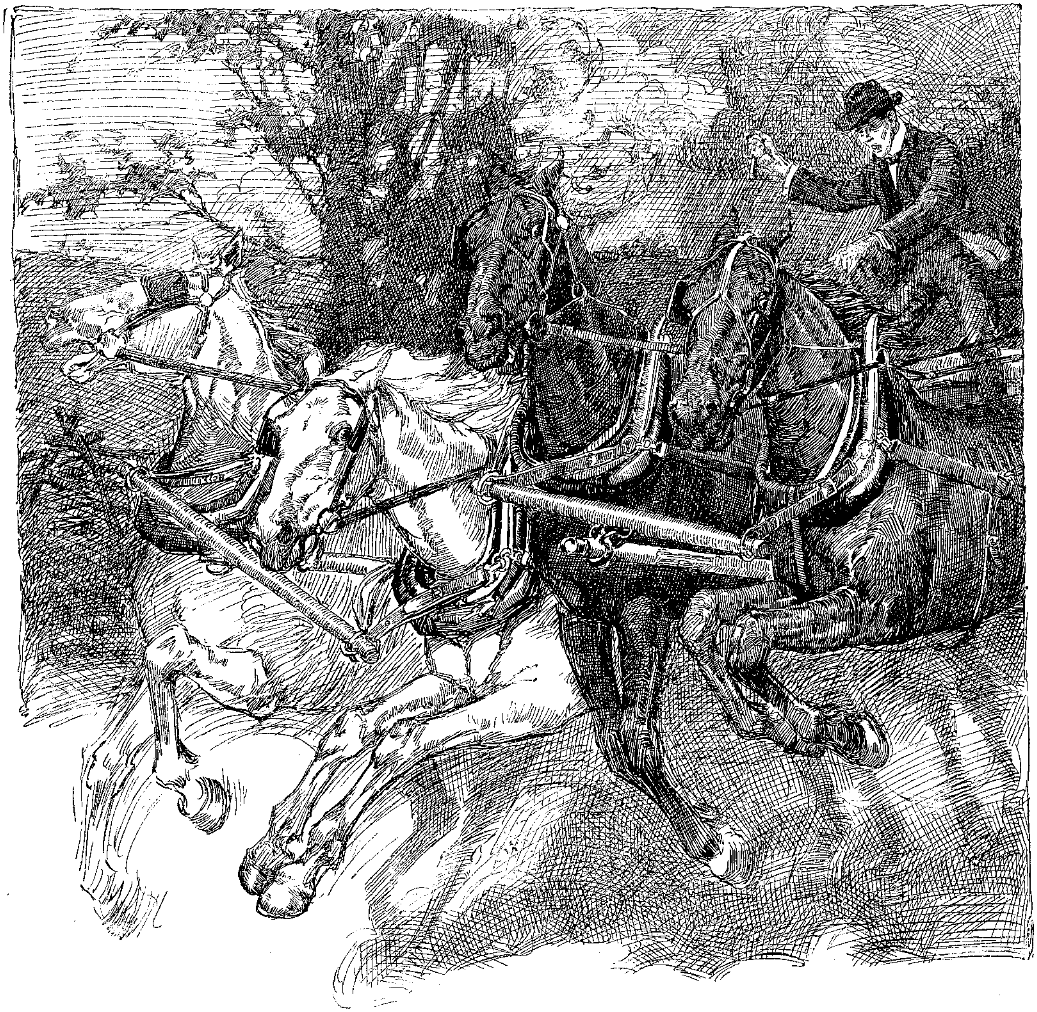
"Kate," said she, "is this the place for a lady ? Go home, shameless girl. Who is this person—some patent medicine man, I suppose ?"

A spring wagon dashing up to the curb saved Baxter's dignity.

"Out with that other range, Tarsus !" cried he, red to the roots of his hair. Three men tossed a stove into the vehicle. Tarsus, having distributed his last pan of biscuits, sprang to the seat. "Ladies and gentlemen," cried Baxter, vainly endeavoring to be suave, "I'm going to Smithville to leave a deputy there and show that town the merits of this range. I'll be here all next week on this very spot, proud to show you the workings of the draft and damper, happy to give you another taste. Thank you—thank you !"

He was on the seat.

"Mother !" Kate had cried, cut to the quick. The two women were hopelessly incompatible ; but this was too much ; her



"Abreast and all but crashing against one another,

mother had insulted him. All her spirit came up; she tossed her head. The laughter of the crowd stung her, and, months of rebellion suddenly producing action, she swept by Mrs. McLean to the spring wagon, crimsoning and ashamed, but daring. The dignity of Wilhite's occupation had been assailed in public, and because of her. She turned her animated face up to him. Her mother was looking sternly on and the crowd became excited.

"Baxter," she said, "I promised to go driving with you. Aren't you going to take me?"

He was startled, also amused.

"Whenever you say," said he.

"Now," she replied, mischief coming back into her eyes, her lips still firm. "Give me your hand—I'll come up, if you please!"

"But—this rig?" he stammered, feeling Mrs. McLean's unsympathetic eye consuming him as she stood apparently horrified.

"What?" said Kate, with fine hauteur, "you promised—and you refuse?" The trembling violets were on a level with his hand as he held the whip.

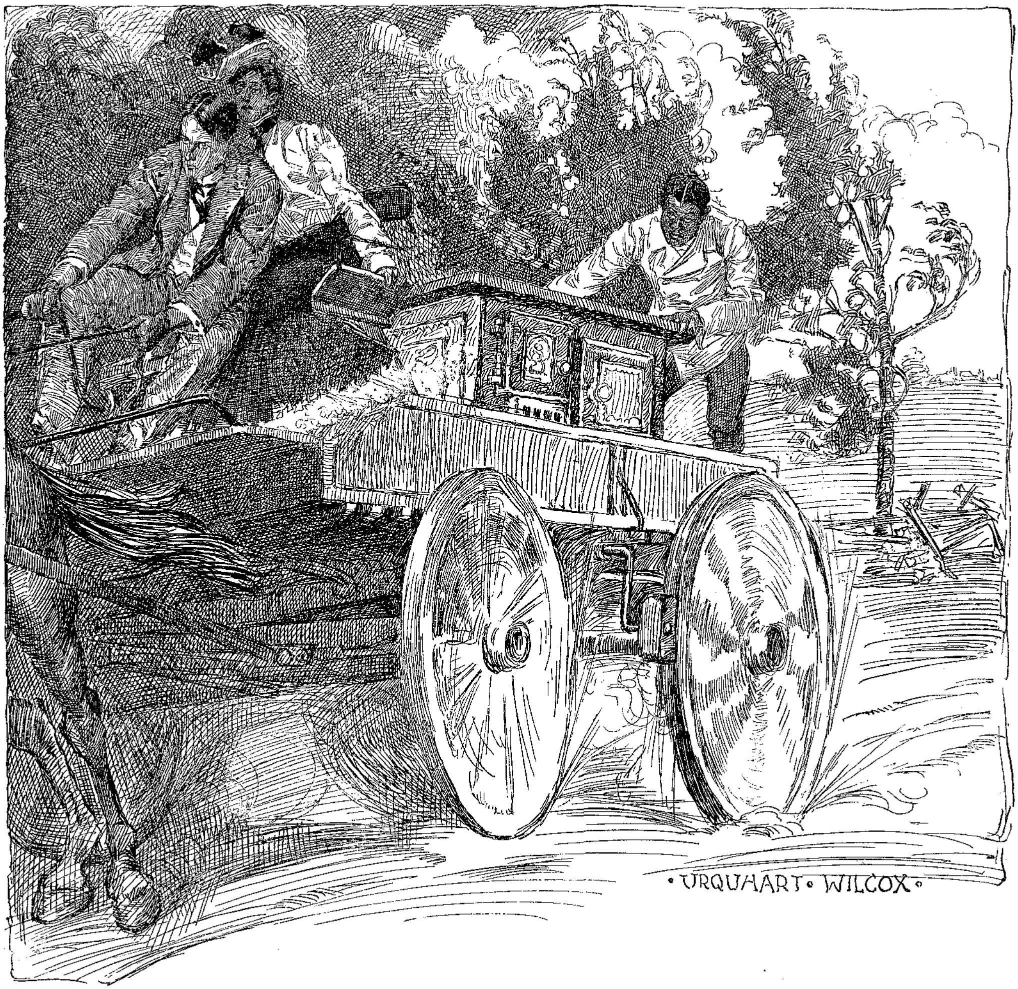
She had him caught there; the crowd began to smile, with one wide circling display of teeth.

"Delighted!" said he, gallantly, and leaping to the ground, handed her up in a jiffy.

Tarsus, as proud as any liveried footman, made for her a cushion of Baxter's raincoat, and sat down on the stove behind. Kate, gazing straight ahead, waited. Wilhite climbed up, put on his gloves, bowed and smiled at the crowd with a dare-devil look in his eye, gave the horses a touch, and they dashed away.

Mrs. McLean stood dumfounded; Frances and Belle were sick with envy; and yonder down along the east side of the square rode Kate, her beautiful hat quite a marked thing, the range rattling behind with Tarsus sitting

they flew forward into the single stretch that meets the bridge"



on it; she thus vindicating the aspersed occupation of Baxter. And for some reason the crowd at the tinshop cheered.

III

They had passed the cemetery before either spoke. The air was bracing and Gibson County's rolling hills never looked greener. Some heavy clouds only occasionally obscured the sun. She sat straight and full of faith, while the rattle of the stove made a not unrhythmical accompaniment to the music of the horses' hoofs, and Tarsus, on his unusual seat, involuntarily twirled out little wreaths of whistled notes.

"But—how far may I take you?" asked Baxter, less puzzled than pleased.

"To Smithville, of course," said she, with a faded smile on her mouth. Somehow that commonplace name had an opiate sound, as though she had murmured, "Forever."

"I stay till Monday," he said at length, vaguely, a pleasant worry making his olive cheeks glow.

"And I," answered she, "return to-day on the five-thirty train. I shall arrive at home before six."

His sigh was long and delicious. Even driving slowly he should reach Smithville before half-past five.

"Mr. Wilhite," she said, soft color flowing over her face, "I want to apologize for mother."

"It was nothing—not a thing!" he vowed with dismissing vehemence.

"It was," she replied; "but you get a wrong impression of her. Frankly, we are incompatible—just born so. And I don't like to quarrel and fuss; it isn't nice, even when you get used to it. But do you know," she turned her black eyes on him, "we just do it all the time."

He mused on this. "Too bad," he said. To be let into her life, even in this way, was full of a rare excitation.

"Yes," she said, looking at the distant woods. "All the time. And she is good to me; she would work her fingers' ends off to make me something pretty. She comes in the night to see if I am warm. You are going to say that you forgive her."

"I do," he declared, "from the bottom of my heart. And now; I'm glad you deferred the drive till to-day—but why was it?"

She tossed up her head. "You threw the cap in the dirt," she said.

After that he took it out of his pocket, a red thing, still dirty, and, giving his hat to Tarsus, put it on. A friend in Bloomington had found it for him.

"It's going to rain," said she.

The thunder then burst with a terrific crash. He looked up; all the sky was covered and there were flashes in the east. It had come unawares.

"You'd better hurry," she said, a dulcet regret in her words.

He flicked the horses; the stove cried out, and Tarsus, bouncing on it, twirled his notes out shrill and fantastic. It grew strangely dark, and a high wind began to bend the trees and ravish her violets. The clouds came swooping down; and yonder, two miles across the panorama of the rolling fields, was the misty curtain of the rain rushing on.

"You'll never make it, Mr. Baxter," cried Tarsus.

Baxter pulled his cap down, shut his jaws, and his eyes glittered. Thus he looked when he won the long jump, thought she. He gave the horses a cut and the vehicle flew.

"You'd better hold to me," he cried.

She caught his arm and clung. They came to the summit of a steep hill, to the bottom of which another road, also from Princeton, ran westward and joined this. With skill he sent his horses down. There was no farmhouse visible; the sky's shade grew inkier, the wooded landscape was veiling itself in darkness. A quarter of a mile away the Patoka River, spanned by Severn's bridge, awaited them round a curve. Down they careened, he daring to the utmost, for the curtain of the rain was yonder rushing on.

"Look down that other road, Mr. Baxter!" suddenly cried Tarsus. "There's Buck Brothers' old lead range a-skimmin' over the ground to beat the devil, sir!"

"It is!" cried Kate, battle and joy welling up in her. "Oh, *do* let's beat him!"

Baxter's eyes glowed. Yonder, its horses galloping toward the conjunction of the two roads, came the rival spring-wagon; the rival representative, hair flying, whip circling; the rival range up behind shrieking with iron voice. Baxter's descent on Smithville was to be forestalled. Here was a race for the trade in stoves!

Down the last of the descent swept Wilhite, more daring yet, and in Kate's face leaped the blood. She grasped his arm and laughed with a wild ripple of fun and defiance. She was a child again. From the junction the two vehicles must pursue the same road to the covered bridge. The rival was standing up, lashing his beasts, determined to swing first into that common course; and just behind him came the rain, while thunder burst like cannon on his head.

Baxter shot his horses into the lower level course Directly at him plunged his rival's beasts; abreast and all but crashing against one another, they flew forward into the single stretch that meets the bridge. This was an even race to victory or defeat, and even Kate's high violets seemed to meet the wind with stiffer courage. While the representative of Buck Brothers stood and yelled at his horses, lashing them on like a Roman charioteer, Baxter crouched low, and the daredevil look on his bloodless olive face seemed to transmit some conquering electricity over the taut lines to his steeds.

Round the curve they dashed abreast. With both hands she clung to him. But the bridge! Yonder its hooded end gaped, its black tunnel was waiting. But it was narrow; two spring wagons so furious as these could not hope to plunge in there together. Single file or ruin—the bridge compelled the crisis. They lunged toward it—still abreast. Now, at last, within twenty feet of its opening, discretion for the girl conquered Baxter's eagerness to win It could not be; he drew his horses back three yards from the bridge. They reared, and in that instant the hind wheel of the passing rival banged into the forewheel of Wilhite and Samson, crushed that circle of spokes, tore on through it savagely, hurled Baxter's vehicle aside, and was gone, thundering through the wooden tunnel. Tarsus was out, seizing the horses' heads. The spring wagon had been thrown into the gutter, but remained upright. Baxter sprang to the ground with the girl, and the horses were at length quieted. Then the rain, like lakes emptied, rolled down.

She scudded into the covered bridge, for the first time thinking of her hat.

"It's fine in here!" she called, laughing. "I'm ever so comfortable. Don't mind me!"

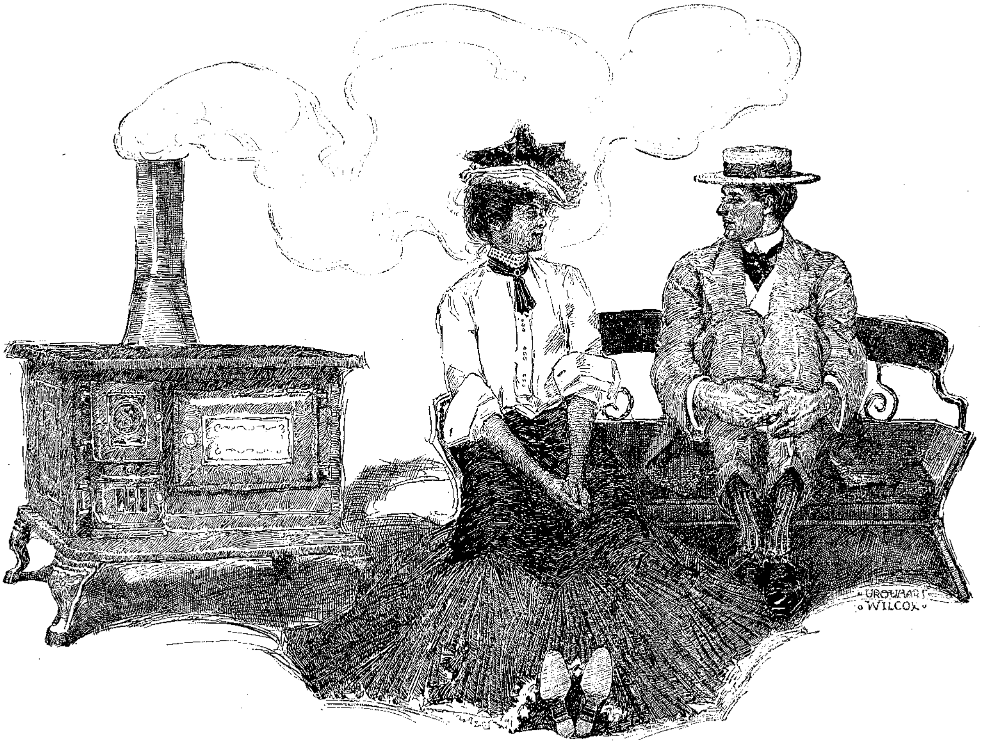
So Baxter and the negro brought the quivering horses in, and dragged the broken vehicle and its freight in after. The spring wagon was lopping down in front, wherefore they slid the range out and it sat in a home-like way on the floor of the bridge, so that Kate fell beside it and laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks.

"I'll take off my hat and stay a while, if you don't mind," said she at length, getting up. And she hung the blue thing on a nail.

"Well," said Baxter, staring at the descending torrents outside and the hopeless damage of the vehicle within, "it's evident that we'll have to make ourselves at home."

The bridge was about one hundred feet long,

"'Kate, . . you've forgiven me about the cap?'"



completely roofed and walled in, sufficiently dry and snug. It was pretty dark in there, and they could reckon on having it to themselves while the storm lasted. They went to the middle of it where the little river could not be heard rushing below for the rush of the rain above. At the far end the horses were stabled, Tarsus singing a matter-of-fact song.

"Sit down, Missy," said he, and put the seat of the spring wagon on the floor.

It was now pitch dark. In a big wooden box in the spring wagon Tarsus had a lantern which he used when he went to see his horses in the night at out of the way places. This he lighted.

Its rays fell on Kate, sitting hatless, two playful wisps of damp hair on her forehead, her hands clasped round her knees, her smile fresh and inspiriting.

"Well, Mr. Baxter," she said, while he leaned on the stove, "we couldn't go on even if it stopped raining. We do not know the roads in the night, and there are three turns close together. Also, it would all be horrible rivers of mud."

"It gives no sign of stopping, anyhow," said he.

"Well," she replied brightly, getting up, "now we'll have supper."

"Supper!" cried he.

"Of course; haven't we brought the stove? I'm going to make biscuits."

"Tarsus," called Baxter, pleased, "what all have you there in that box?"

"All the biscuit stuff, sir."

Baxter thrust his tongue in his cheek. "But fuel," cried he.

"There are the spokes," she suggested, taking up a broken piece and looking at the splinters. "Ladies and gentlemen—" she turned on him with a captivating smile and made sinuous movements with her graceful hands—"I'll guarantee you that this range will burn fifty per cent. less fuel than any other range in the world! You have to prove that, young man."

The idea charmed him. While the thunder rolled they all went to work. There was a length of stovepipe which fitted on the range, designed for out-door advertising occasions at county fairs. Tarsus had this up, and the stove assumed a haughty and ready-for-business air.

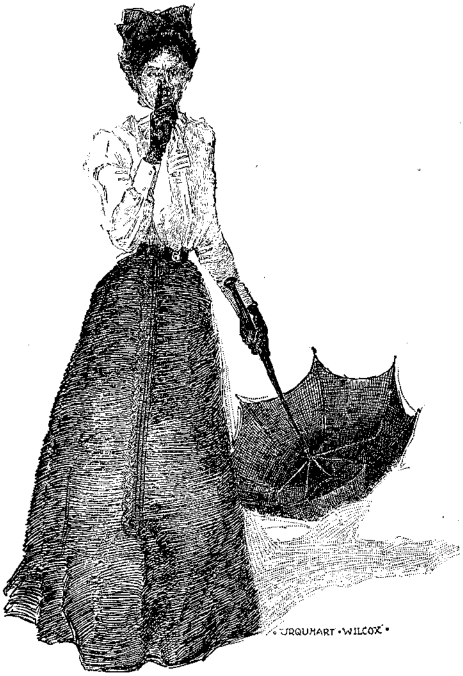
"It looks alive!" cried she. "We have a house to ourselves!"

They blushed and began on the biscuits. She would make them herself to Tarsus's infinite restlessness. He caught water at the end of the bridge. She pushed her sleeves high, daintily tucked up her overskirt, gave Baxter her rings to hold, and laughed at him till he was completely transformed with enchantment. Never had he spent an evening so full of sweet sorcery.

Tarsus had the wood in and the fire going. The range rebelled at first, and puffed and coughed; then struck off with a vim and roared tremendously, sparks flying out of the pipe.

"It sounds as though it were laughing," she suggested. "Here, Tarsus, be ready to put this panful in."

Baxter stood and looked on and she threw an occasional smile up to him. Her fingers looked as white as the flour in the flickering lantern light. She rolled, and cut out, and tucked the round pieces in the pan with deftness. He saw the wisp of damp hair go curling on her cheek.



"'I tell you she has eloped'"

"My stepmother taught me this," she said. "Now, Mr. Tarsus, toss them in!"

A little later out they came as delicate and brown and crisp as the most fastidious epicure could wish. She was joyful and skipped. Down they sat on the seat side by side while the storm beat, and the negro with the French court manners buttered the biscuits and served them.

Nine o'clock. Ten o'clock. The storm still raged. She grew dreamy and sat with her head on her hand staring at the light. Tarsus, having yawned, at length went off near the end of the bridge, lay down, and snored by the horses. Baxter broke up the box and put it in the stove, and while it blazed up they two drew the seat near, for the air was chill. There they sat in a little hollow globe of hazy light, the tunnel's shadows black on either hand. The flame showed her up-turned pretty nose, the lips now apart, the white cheeks, the big eyes.

"Kate," he said, "you've forgiven me about the cap?"

"I think I'll have to," she answered.

"I've been sorry all summer," said he.

She turned her eyes down.

"You—you didn't write," she faltered.

"I was stubborn," he said, in self reproach.

She waited a second. "Like me," she replied; her voice was wistful.

"Kate!—you are a sorceress. Turn this way. Kate, I love you!"

He had her hand. Slowly she turned, and the pretty nose was up, the eyes were half closed.

"You love me, Kate?"

"Yes," she whispered. So he took her in his arms.

"You'll marry me, Kate?"

She looked up and smiled; he kissed her lips.

"Yes," she said, hardly audibly; "and already we've learned to keep house, haven't we, Baxter?"

IV

"I tell you she has eloped," said Mrs. McLean, firmly, to Mr. McLean the next morning. "I insist. I knew that man was not the proper kind. You've tramped the town and walked the floor all night. Oh, mercy, John, I've done my duty for fifteen years in vain!" Her voice was broken a little, but still stern. "This is the day for that memorial service, and I'm going to church as though never a thing had happened, and if you had spirit you'd come along with me."

He was a retired manufacturer of tiles, with a goatee, and a limp in his gait. He looked dejected.

"I'll walk down with you," he said, "as far as the telegraph office."

They stalked along the street, and the family skeleton might as well have paraded in front, so miserable did they look. They met the preacher, who walked with them, trying in vain to soothe. At length McLean went off in a side street, and his wife, with the minister, proceeded to the court-house square.

The storm had passed; the sun was shining brightly. A crushed feeling was in Mrs. McLean and sometimes tears blinded her.

A muddy spring wagon rattled round a corner. Mrs. McLean stopped. With a crack of the whip Baxter drew up, his face alight but deferential. There sat Kate on the seat, as calm as ever, her high hat ascending with its customary patrician slant to the bunch of violets. Behind her was the range, and Tarsus, like a footman, sitting thereon. The victorious rival had sent this vehicle at the abating of the storm.

"Kate!" said Mrs. McLean. "Are you married?"

"Not yet," said Kate, with a ripple of laughter.

"Kate McLean, you will be married this minute—this minute, I say!"

Baxter leaped down; some people were gathering round.

"Mrs. McLean," began he politely, "we wish to be married, but——"

"But!" was Mrs. McLean's outraged interruption. "Mr.—whatever your name may be—did you suppose she could return to my house without being married, sir?"

"She is right," broke in her daughter firmly. The minister appeared shrunken against a fence. Baxter threw an appealing look at Kate, who, daring again, added with a smile, while her eyes flashed: "Baxter, I see the minister; we shall be married here, this very hour."

"O no," protested the minister, appalled. "Come to my house!"

No hint of her secret longing to have them at her own house came to the face of the violent Mrs. McLean. So Baxter went into the court-house in search of the county clerk, and, coming back after a time, found the minister striving to move Kate. Not she. She would be married then and there.

She leaped down into Baxter's arms, and they stood up before the astonished crowd, which was augmenting. Under the very eyes of Mrs. McLean (the guilty range, with Tarsus sitting thereon, for a background) they were married.

"Jump up, sweetheart," said he, and she did so.

"Mother," she called, and there were tears in her eyes, "aren't you going to say anything to me?"

Mrs. McLean stood pale. Then Baxter climbed to the seat, took the reins, and drove a few yards.

"Kate!" came the familiar order behind.

The vehicle was stopped. Here came Mrs. McLean, agitated.

"I'll go with you!" she said.

"Where, mother?" asked Kate.

"Home!" cried Mrs. McLean.

"But—you wouldn't ride up here?"

"Tell your man to get me home, Kate McLean, I don't care how!" cried she, and of a sudden wept.

Baxter leaped down and helped her up. There was room for the three of them on the seat. Away they rattled, range and Tarsus up behind. That crowd, for some reason, did not cheer. At the gate of Kate's home out limped Mr. McLean.

"Father!" she cried, "I'm married!"

McLean gazed with pain on Baxter, then held out his hand. A slow, shrewd smile of relief began to play on his face.

"You've swept the matter pretty clean," said he. "There's nothing left for me to do but buy you the stove!"

DR. LORENZ, STRAIGHTENER OF CHILDREN

The Great Austrian Surgeon with the Soft Strong Hand

BY JOHN SWAIN

IMAGINE the street in front of a big hospital filled with a crowd of earnest, eager men and women, carrying in their arms helpless and deformed children. Imagine yourself one of them, and that for three, four, even half a score years you have watched a son or daughter growing from infancy into childhood, unable to walk or run and play, unable to go about with other children and to enjoy life as they do; able only to sit patiently on the floor or lie endlessly in bed, and suffer physically and mentally, without hope of relief. Imagine that in all those years you had believed that for this your child the future held nothing but sorrow and darkness. And then imagine that you had suddenly learned that within this hospital was a stranger come from over the sea with a wonderful healing power for just such cases, and that under the deft touch of his strong hands your little one could quickly be made whole and well.

When you have imagined all that, you will have a faint idea of the feeling that moved the great throng, which on a day in October last besieged the Cook County Hospital in Chicago, imploring an interview with Dr. Adolf Lorenz, of Vienna, who was then operating in the clinical ampitheater; who was straightening and restoring to health and grace and normal functions the crippled children who were being brought to him—and doing it free of charge. A faint idea you may have, but a true conception never. For one who has not so lived with a helpless child of his own that grows daily more deformed and more pitiable, and has not for years felt his heart daily wrenched with sorrow at his own inability to relieve the suffering, can feel no more than a shadow of the emotion with which these men and women crowded in to touch the hand and even kiss the coat hem of the surgeon. It was an emotion that words could not have expressed, yet which was instantly interpreted and found ready response in the heart of the typical old Teuton professor as he came out of the hospital and stood before them saying, as One in Judæa, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

That was a moment which might well have been the culminating triumph of any man's life, thus to have his helpless fellow beings appealing to him for the relief which he alone had found it possible to give. And yet it was not with triumph, but with sorrow and infinite sympathy, that in the instant before he began his ministrations the world-famous surgeon, himself familiar through a life of struggle with the hardships of a laborer's task, paused, and looking out over the throng said, "Poor people! I did not know there were so many cripples in the world."

America has seen many healers of the hysterical order, of Dowies and Schlatters, giving little and taking much; it has witnessed annual pilgrimages to the shrines of St. Anne, in which thousands have participated; but not in the memory of the present generation, at least, has it witnessed such a flocking together of the multitude to receive the aid of a practical surgeon, who came asking nothing, but giving much, freely laying hands on them and making them whole. And if that would imply that Dr. Lorenz gained from his recent tour of America honor and affection, it must be added that though the great majority whom he treated gave him no more than that, yet from those who were able and willing to pay he collected such fees as heretofore we have been accustomed to hear of only in connection with grand opera stars and Bohemian violinists. Fifty thousand dollars would be a mild estimate of the profits of the specialist's six weeks' trip to this country. Double would probably be nearer the amount. Yet so completely did his humanitarian work among the poor overshadow his few highly paid cases among the rich, that the latter are almost entirely lost sight of in contemplation of the whole.

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Lolita Armour, a favorite grandchild of Philip D. Armour, had been in the five years since her birth unable to walk. She was suffering, technically, from bilateral congenital dislocation of the hips. She was a bright and happy child, and very popular, but apparently hopelessly crippled. Every year increased her helplessness, and her parents cast about for some means to relieve her. They finally put her under the care of a Chicago surgeon famous for his work in orthopedics, and by him she was taken east for examination by other orthopedists. There was apparently but one thing to do—to operate by what is known as the "Lorenz method" of reducing the dislocation—an operation which has made famous its discoverer. The surgeon performed the operation, and put both hips in plaster casts. After a time the casts were removed, and it was found that one hip was entirely cured. The other had slipped out of joint again and required a second operation.

It was at this point that Lolita's father, J. Ogden Armour, went to Vienna for the originator of the operation. This was Adolf Lorenz, professor of surgery in the University of Vienna, and head of the department of orthopedics in the General Hospital of the Austrian capital. Dr. Lorenz was willing to take the case, but desired the little girl to be brought to him. But Mr. Armour, acting as American millionaires are supposed to act abroad, offered a price sufficient to "buy" Dr. Lorenz for six weeks—or, what was the same thing, it was sufficient to compensate him, not only for his trip across the Atlantic and for the operation, but for his loss of time and labor abroad, and that of his assistant, Dr. Frederick Mueller, as well.

Of Dr. Lorenz before he came to attend Lolita Armour, Chicago had heard nothing; but the surgical fraternity had, for his progress in the past few years has been almost identically that of orthopedy itself. Austria knew him long ago, for he grew up there a shining example of the truth that it is not in the new world alone that the poor boy can make his way to the top. Lorenz was a poor boy, a very poor one. He was born on a farm, of peasant stock, and during all his boyhood and young manhood toiled as only farmers toil who have never had the advantage of American farming machinery. Plowing, sowing, reaping, working before sunrise and after sunset, he built the massive frame and the enormous muscles which make him now able to perform operations unaided for which others require apparatus and assistance.

Not until he had secured in his farm neighborhood his early education and was ready to enter the university of Vienna as a medical student did he go to the capital. He landed there a green boy, with little to go on but determination. But he had lots of that, and went ahead. There were no better surgeons in Europe then than the men he studied under, and they had no readier pupil than he. Yet all through the university he was still the farm boy. He was still one of the people. And when, after graduation, he became the assistant of his old master and later his successor, and began to become known as the greatest of them all, he still found time to give his best services to those from whom he would take nothing, and to take from the rich whatever he thought was due.

Lorenz had chosen that department in surgery which gave the most play to his love of humanity—orthopedics. He became literally all that the word implies, "a straightener of children," and gloried in his success. All his efforts were spent in endeavors to make his work more successful and to reduce painful consequences. Whenever he made a step in advance, he quickly published it and urged it upon others, for the benefit of the little ones. He straightened curved backs, re-formed club feet, corrected bowed legs and knocking knees, set wry necks upright, and in other ways remedied and improved the cripples who were brought to him. Perhaps most of all he gave his attention to the troubles of the hip joint, and especially to congenital dislocation. When he began to practise, a child who was born with the head of the femur outside of the acetabulum, or hip socket, was doomed to remain a cripple through life. There was no way of remedying the defect. Paolo Poggi was working with it in Italy. Lorenz went at it in Vienna. Almost simultaneously they developed a mode of operation—possibly Poggi having something of advantage in it—in which, by cutting down into the hip, laying open the defective joint, scooping out a false socket and placing the head of the femur in it, and then binding it in place until it had healed there, something of an improvement in the joint could be made. There were many dangers in it. Blood poisoning might follow. Suppuration often did. The child might not be able to rally from the shock. Or, more commonly than these, the joint became stiff, so that the patient would always be lame. But generally the child could walk after a fashion.

Five hundred times Lorenz operated by that method, always trying to improve it. He wanted to do it without the knife, for it is always his aim to do away with the use of the knife as far as he possibly can. He found that in every child under thirteen years on whom he operated there was always to be found some remaining socket, however defective. He thought that if the femur could be placed in this and held there a joint could be formed without cutting. He went to work on that hypothesis, and at last evolved the present "bloodless" method. Some idea of the importance of this step may be gained from the fact that Lorenz alone has operated by it, he says, 1,000 times in Vienna. He gave it to the world, and went to Paris to exhibit it at clinics, from which it spread quickly to America, and it has been used many times here.

This, then, was the operation which was to be performed on the little Armour girl. It consists of kneading and tearing the muscles of the hip and thigh until they are virtually stripped from the bone. The thigh is then given a powerful downward wrench in the axis of the body, and the head thrust into the socket. Then the leg is twisted out to an angle in which it cannot escape the socket, and there it is bound in plaster bandages. For six months the child must walk with these on, every step driving the thigh bone deeper into the acetabulum and helping to round out the joint. By that time the muscles have grown into their new positions, the ligaments are strong, and the patient should be well. The stages of the work are first the tearing loose of the muscles, and second the fastening of the leg in a certain position. The operation can be performed by many surgeons; but Lorenz, by virtue of those great farmer muscles and hands, is able to do it more quickly, more skilfully, more speedily than any one else.

Every surgeon knows that the fear of the knife, felt to some extent by every one, is greater among the poor than among the well-to-do. Persons ignorant of the methods of modern surgery had often rather suffer slow torture and death from deformity or wasting disease than submit to a cutting operation. For this reason they keep away as much as possible from the free wards of the County Hospital, where they believe the doctors are constantly seeking opportunities for cutting them open. Here and there through Chicago, and all through the country, were homes sheltering children suffering as Lolita Armour was, and their parents, not knowing that they could be cured without cutting, probably not knowing that it could be done without expense, hid them, grieved over them, and believed them hopelessly deformed.

So when an enterprising city editor picked out the news of the coming of Lorenz and featured it as the "story of the day," with an account of what the surgeon could accomplish, he conveyed wonderfully welcome news to many homes. When the papers, on the day after the Armour operation, reported that on the following day the famous foreigner would conduct a clinic at a local hospital and operate free of charge on a poor little girl afflicted just as the millionaire's daughter had been, to show Chicago surgeons how he worked, there was a rush to find him. His apartments in the Auditorium hotel were besieged from daylight to dark by fathers and mothers carrying their cripples. The hospital at which he appeared was surrounded. His appearance on the street was the signal for the gathering of a crowd. The newspapers made his features—or rather his beard and his enormous figure—familiar to the public, and he found no place in Chicago where he could escape the crowd.

The amazement of the Chicago surgeons at the number of cripples suffering from hip dislocation within their city was immense, but it did not equal that of Lorenz.

"Where do they come from?" he exclaimed on beholding the throng that met him at his first clinic. "I did not know that any city in the world had so many."

Later the puzzle was in some way explained when it was found that a farmer near Delavan, Wisconsin, had mortgaged his farm and with the money brought his crippled child to Chicago to Lorenz; that a resident of Nebraska had come 600 miles, bringing his little girl; that from Memphis a gentleman had brought his only son; that from all the Mississippi Valley they were flocking to Chicago. And Lorenz, when he saw how they came, seemed to feel that his knowledge had been given him in trust for them. He held clinic after clinic at the County Hospital, at Wesley, at Mercy, and at other institutions, working endless hours over them.

Typical of these occasions was his appearance at Mercy Hospital at the regular clinic of Dr. J. B. Murphy. The big amphitheater was crowded with medical students and doctors, and with others who had been able to obtain admission. Some of the best known surgeons of the country were gathered on the front benches, watching with absorbing interest the work of the master. One by one the tiny children—some only two or three years old—were brought in and held up in the arms of the surgeon, while he examined the joint and showed to the audience what the defect was. Tenderly he handled the little ones. He quieted their fears, and sent them back to be given the anæsthetic. Then, as they were brought back to him and placed on the operating table, he would lay his enormous hands on the affected thigh, and, with a running explanation, interspersed with unexpected humor, and a comparison of the case in hand with others, he would knead and pull and twist, till it seemed as if the little one must be dismembered. There was no suffering, for the anæsthetic prevented that. And the work was done so skillfully and so swiftly that the enormous strength was often lost sight of. But when, with a final tug, he pulled the thigh down, having literally rubbed the bone free, and then, turning it out at a sharp angle, held it in position for the administering of the plaster cast, there was always a round of clapping, even of cheers, that showed the admiration of the doctors for his work. This pleased Lorenz. He would laugh like a boy and pat the child again tenderly. He was proud of his work, and he was proud to have it recognized, and he often looked up to tell the crowd so.

All the cases he operated on were not of hip dislocation. There was a seven-year-old boy with a wry neck brought in, and on him similar methods were used. While he lay unconscious Dr. Lorenz, bracing the little head against his own hip, drew up the shoulders till it seemed the neck would collapse. Then he pulled the head out as if he would wring it off. He twisted, pulled, tugged, and at last, by a subcutaneous tenotomy, cut a single cord which remained obstinate, and, straightening the head, held the boy up to be seen. "You see, the neck is somewhat improved," he said, laughing happily. Then he bent it over in the opposite direction and held it there while bandages were applied, that it might overcome the tendency to go back to its deformity.

A girl of sixteen, with a club foot which all her life had lamed her and rendered her an object of pity, was brought in. It was a sadly deformed foot, which had turned a life that should have been bright and happy into one of bitterness. Lorenz examined it a moment, and then with his powerful hands began tearing the ligaments apart, stretching, crunching, compressing, and then remolding. Wonderfully quickly it was done, and in a few minutes he stood aside and the spectators beheld instead of the deformity a foot as graceful and well-shaped as its mate. A moment later it was hid from sight in plaster bandages. In another case he set a defective knee without removing the patella, as is commonly done, and so prevented all danger of stiffness. And when all was done he went to an anteroom where he could meet those waiting to see him.

If in the clinic he had been bringing joy to many hearts, in the receiving-room it was his fate to give grief to as many more. They came with hip disease, with paralysis, with countless other troubles which either fell outside his scope or were too difficult to be treated in so short a stay. But to many he promised aid, telling them to come to his clinic next day, and giving their names to his assistant. They came with money that represented chattel mortgages on their furniture; laborers brought all their wages, and money they had borrowed; but the vast majority came penniless; and to all the reception was the same, for the healing art as understood by Lorenz makes no distinction on account of money.

There were many touching scenes in this little antechamber. Crowds of pale-faced women and frightened children waited their turn; weeping mothers went home heartbroken, and others became fairly hysterical with joy. A worn little woman, thin, haggard, ragged, carried in her arms a crippled girl of three years. She found herself in the front rank, and timidly handed up the little girl to be examined. Hope lighted her face; anxiety and love were mingled with it. She watched the surgeon's countenance as he deftly felt the child's hip and knee. She read the unfavorable answer before he spoke it. The child was hopelessly paralyzed, and he could do nothing for her. The mother sank sobbing to the cement floor, but the surgeon bowed and, taking her hand, raised her up. Tears were in his own eyes at her grief. It was not like that of those who were stronger and had other children. To the little woman this child was all in the world. And Dr. Lorenz, bending, kissed her hand as he restored the child, saying in German, which was her tongue, "Madam, I cannot help your child. But God may heal her in His own time."

On another day a policeman in uniform, a man with a record for bravery in service, found himself one of the disappointed ones when the surgeon, wearied by hours of operating and examining, was forced to stop work for the day. At such a time the mask which convention puts upon the feelings is cast aside, and the natural father- and mother-love stand gloriously naked and unashamed. The policeman was crying and making no effort not to. He held the child aloft when Dr. Lorenz came out, and caught the surgeon's attention. The latter could not resist the appeal to make a quick examination as he passed.

"Come to me to-morrow morning, and I will treat her," he said in a low tone. "Give your name to my assistant." And as he went away the policeman's joy was as tearful as his sorrow had been.

Of course the Chicago papers made much of the presence in their city of this distinguished foreigner who went about working miracles of good. And Dr. Lorenz, reading the extravagant things they said about him, laughed his hearty, boyish laugh, and was immensely pleased. For he is a very human man, and is proud of the success he has attained. That was to be known from the way he described himself.

"Who are you in your own country, Dr. Lorenz?" an interviewer asked him.

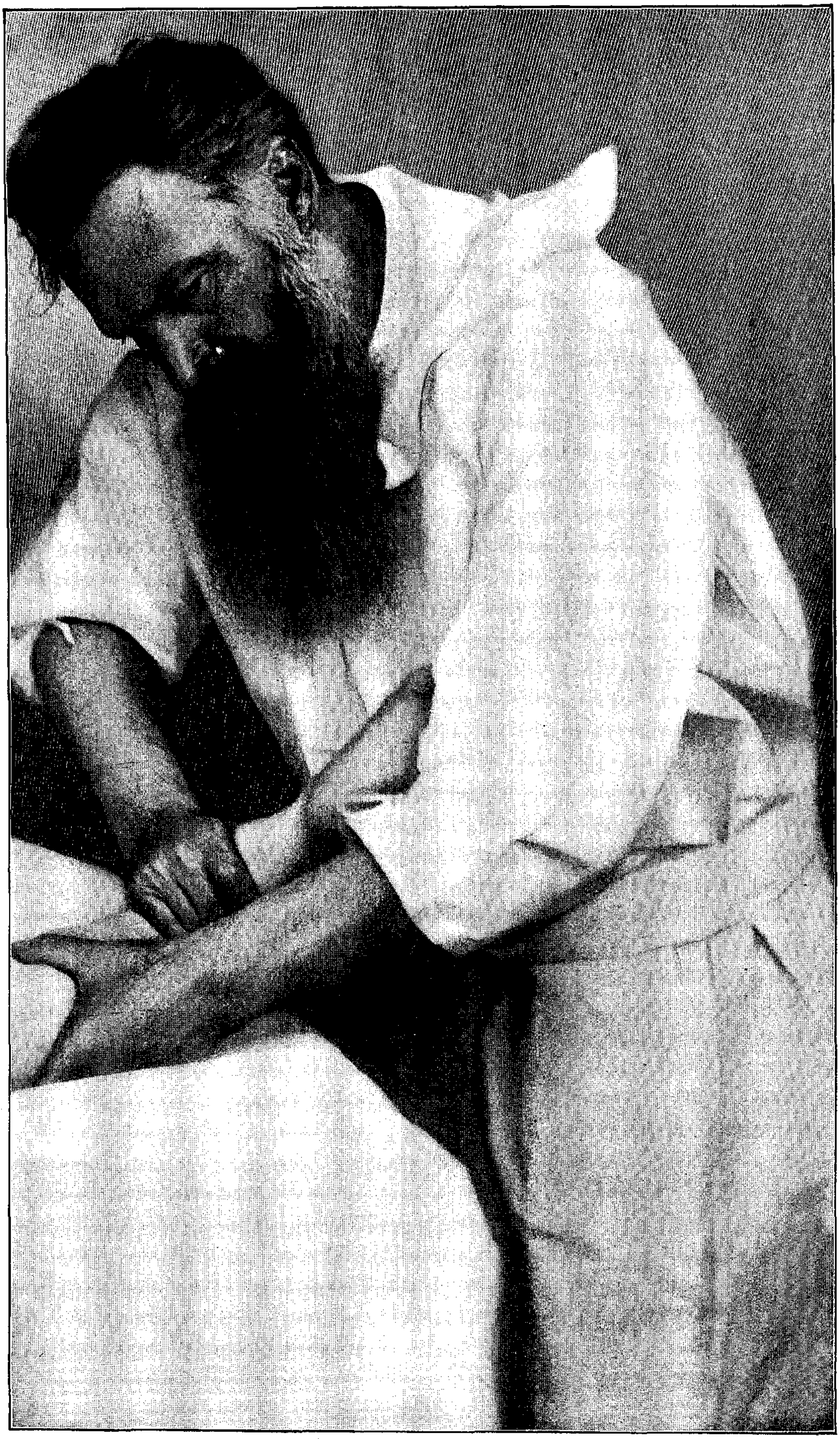
He settled his long, muscular form deeper into an easy chair, and held up a big hand on the fingers of which to reckon his honors. "Well," he said, in rich German dialect, "I am, let me see—what you would call in English—Councillor of State. That is an honorary title—what you have not in America." This he reckoned on his thumb as an especial distinction. Fingers would do for the rest. "Then, I am Herr Doctor Professor Adolf Lorenz, professor of surgery in the University of Vienna." The ponderous title was rolled out with happy enthusiasm. "Then, also, I am Doctor Lorenz, head of the department of orthopedics in the—the—what you would call the Common—no, the General—Hospital in Vienna." He paused again and ran hastily over the fingers, frowned, smiled, and added, "And then I am also Doctor Adolf Lorenz, the great orthopedic surgeon." And he made that cover both remaining digits.

Two weeks Dr. Lorenz remained in Chicago, and then went on west, stopping in Denver, in Salt Lake, and in San Francisco, and in each case remaining long enough to repeat in smaller measure his Chicago adventures. He operated free of charge in scores of cases; in Chicago alone giving more than forty children what they had never hoped to have—the ability to walk. And he collected fabulous sums of money from his few paying cases. Aside from the Armour fee he was paid $2,000 for an operation on the daughter of a wealthy North Side family. From another he had $500. From others, who were willing to pay to have the work done at home and in private, rather than in clinic, similar sums. And every day, when he was not entirely busy in hospitals, he received these people at his rooms, charging them twenty-five dollars a visit, and collecting in this way more than $1,000 in the two weeks. And there was a curious feature about this that was never made public during his stay, doubtless to the loss of a good newspaper "story." For he brought with him from Vienna enough money for all his expenses, added to it his fees in Chicago and elsewhere in currency, and, scorning letters of credit or checks, carried this whole amount around with him in his pockets. Holdups are of daily—almost hourly—occurrence in Chicago, and the imagination delights to picture the scene that would have followed had some enterprising thug known of the enormous wad the surgeon carried in his pocket. Lorenz is not a timid man, and one can fancy the way in which he would have unset the various joints and kneaded the muscles of the surprised bandit.

On his arrival he insisted on calling on the surgeon who had already operated on Lolita Armour, as a spectator and friend. And having found in the local surgeon—himself famous all over America—a man after his own heart, he settled down in his office, making that his headquarters, and assigning to the local specialist the task of classifying his patients for him.

The Chicagoan, too amused at this turn of affairs to protest at it, did as he was directed, and suddenly found his own office calls rising from about eight per day to fifty or sixty. For Dr. Lorenz, in all his examinations, was saying to the complicated cases which he could not treat in his brief stay, "Go to Dr. ——, and have him take the case."

Of course, when the newspapers took Lorenz up, there were others ready to run him down. There were surgeons who said, in disgruntled manner, "I have been performing that operation for years myself." And there were others to defend him, who, while admitting this, asserted that they had never been able



Photograph by M. H. Cherwin, Chicago

DR. ADOLF LORENZ

operating for congenital dislocation of the hip, forcing the femur into the acetabulum, or socket. This gives an idea of the wonderful strength of his hands and forearms to do it as well as Lorenz. But these quarrels affected the Austrian not a bit. When asked about his coming he laughed.

"It was so foolish," he said once. "They begged me to come, and paid me for it, when their own doctor could have done as well. But I am very, very glad I came, for the poor people seemed not to know they could be cured, and I have taught them that, at least." And that is very true. But Dr. Lorenz had to teach it to the rich as well as the poor; it was a rich man whose offer in St. Louis of $100,000 or more to treat his child, the surgeon refused, with a recommendation to try American surgeons.

Orthopedy is as old as the healing art. In the earliest civilized times men and women and children were placed in rude frames to correct deformities. But never has its power to relieve suffering been brought home to the people as it was by this child-loving, farmer-boy surgeon. Spartan fathers and mothers, history says, cast away their defective offspring at birth. Their conduct has been held up as a model of fortitude that has given the adjective "Spartan" much of its meaning. But the courage that throws away a maimed child is infinitely less than that which preserves it, cares for it, faces it cheerfully day after day, yields to its whims, shields its helplessness, and seeks with all the strength of mother love for some rift in the gloom of the future through which to espy happiness for the little one. That is the courage which deserves reward. And it asks and can have no greater one than it has received from the hands of this wonderful straightener of children.

THE BREATH OF LIFE

BY EDITH WYATT

THE gift of life was given me,
More wonderful than earth or sea,
Than cloud or star of changing skies
Where night and day resplendent rise—
The gift of life.

A thousand colors flash and glow,
A thousand odors waft and blow;
Or harsh or soft or crystal clear,
A thousand notes sound far and near—
The gift of life.

To work, to sleep, to work again,
Rejoice and laugh and suffer pain
Is mine: to know in bliss or ruth
The splendor of the real truth—
The gift of life.

Although that time at last must come
When all sweeps past me blank and dumb
And I untouched as shard or stone;
Perhaps forever—yet I've known
The gift of life.

THE RIGHT TO WORK

The Story of the Non-striking Miners

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER

PUBLIC opinion seems to be coming around to the view that the trades' union is here to stay. From many unexpected quarters we hear every now and then a more generous acknowledgment that the organization of labor is not only as inevitable as the combination of capital, but a good thing in itself. At the same time, and from the same fair minds, you hear expressions of passionate indignation at the abuse of power by unions. This means that public opinion is beginning to distinguish between unionism and the sins of unionists, as it is between organized capital and the sins of capitalists.

Clear-headed labor leaders say that violence hurts the union cause, and they denounce it in general. In general, too, violence of the old brick-throwing sort has decreased. It has not disappeared, however, but has taken on a subtler, more deliberate, more terrible form, in many cases, nowadays. Consequently, conditions arise which make liberty and the pursuit of happiness, not to speak of life itself, well nigh impossible to certain of the strikers' fellow men and citizens. The public at large, and often the leaders of unions, do not realize these conditions. But it is manifestly the duty of both to understand them clearly.

We believe that the presentation of the facts—the conditions under which the seventeen thousand non-striking miners worked—will be helpful to the public, which is the final arbiter, and beneficial to those also who have in charge the administration of labor unions. Mr. Baker was, therefore, asked to make an impartial investigation and report, and the following article is the result.—THE EDITOR.

"*While the right to enter upon a strike is and must be conceded as a right belonging to the personal freedom of working men, this much must ever be demanded, and in the name of the same principal of freedom under which the men act who refuse to work; that they should cease to work must in no way interfere with the liberty of others who may wish to work. The personal freedom of the individual citizen is the most sacred and precious inheritance of America. The constitution and the laws authorize it. The spirit of the country proclaims it, the prosperity of the people, the very life of the nation, require it.*"—ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

DURING the closing weeks of the great coal strike, seventeen thousand men were at work in and around the anthracite coal mines. More than seven thousand of these were old employees of the companies, long resident in the communities where they worked, with knowledge of the conditions of life there existing. Of the remaining ten thousand, part was made up of workers recruited from one section of the coal fields into another, men who dared not work in their home villages, but ventured employment at collieries where they were not personally known; and part consisted of men having no special knowledge of mining, recruited from neighboring farms or more distant cities.

It seems profoundly important that the public should know exactly who these seventeen thousand American workers really were, how they fared, and why they continued to work in spite of so much abuse and even real danger. This inquiry may be made without bias, without contravening the rights of labor to organize, or impugning the sincerity of the labor leader, or defending the operator.

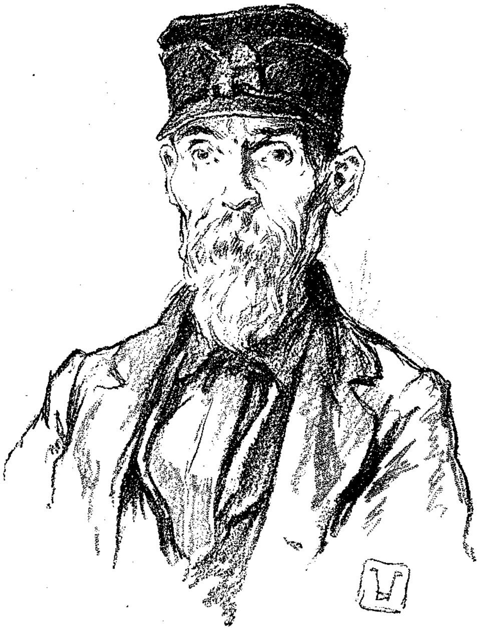
In order, therefore, to learn more of these non-striking workers I visited a large number of them, their families, and their neighbors, union and non-union, in various parts of the anthracite regions, reaching them both in their homes and at their work in and around the mines. I saw the men themselves in each case, examining at first hand the evidence of their difficulties and dangers, recording exactly the reasons they gave for continuing to work, securing corroboration and further light from all sources, both union and non-union. The account of all the cases investigated would fill an entire number of this magazine; those here given are typical of the conditions generally prevailing, and show what the strike signified to the so-called scab, the non-striking worker.

The first man visited was David Dick, of Old Forge, a small town south of Scranton. I was led to visit Mr. Dick by a letter bearing his signature published in the Scranton "Tribune." Here is the letter:

Mr. Dick's Version of the Attempt to Kill Him.

Editor *Scranton Tribune.*

Sir: Your paper this morning (Monday) contained an account of the recent attempt on my life, which has several inaccuracies. I therefore send you a correct version, for I think the public ought to know how some persons are treated in this so-called "free country." On Tuesday evening, September 23, my next-door neighbor, Edward Miller, called at my house and spent some time with us. Shortly after 11 o'clock he left us to go home. I accompanied him to the gate in front of our house. Just as we said "good-night" I turned to re-enter the house. Two shots were fired behind me; the shots whistled past my head and lodged in the door in front of me. The night was dark and it was impossible to see any one. My wife is an invalid. Imagine the shock when my family realized that a deliberate attempt had been made on my life.



DAVID DICK OF OLD FORGE

"'*I claim my right as a free man to do what my conscience approves.*'"

A short time ago, my son, James Dick, had his home attacked at night by an angry mob. The windows were smashed and the house so damaged that he had to move his family out and come to my place for shelter. Now, why these depredations? Because my son and I try to earn a living for our families. I have been in this country thirty years, and have worked all these years as an engineer. I have tried all my life to live peaceably with all men. I am not a member of the union or any other organization, except the Christian church. When the order was given for engineers to quit work, like many others, I did not obey the orders. Why should I? The company had given me a support in return for my work —I considered myself fairly treated; I had no grievance.

Further, I disagreed with the policy of destruction and revenge which the proposed flooding of the mines implied. I admired the attitude of Mr. Mitchell in the strike two years ago, when he said the property of the companies should be protected, and went so far as to say that men who served as deputies should not be discriminated against when the strike ended. Now, all this is reversed, and I claim my right as a free man to do what my conscience approves.

My forefathers died in Scotland for what they believed to be right, and now, once for all, let me say that I propose to work for my home and loved ones. If I am murdered for this, then I ask my enemies to face me in the daylight and not come skulking around a man's house in the dead of night and fire when my back is turned.

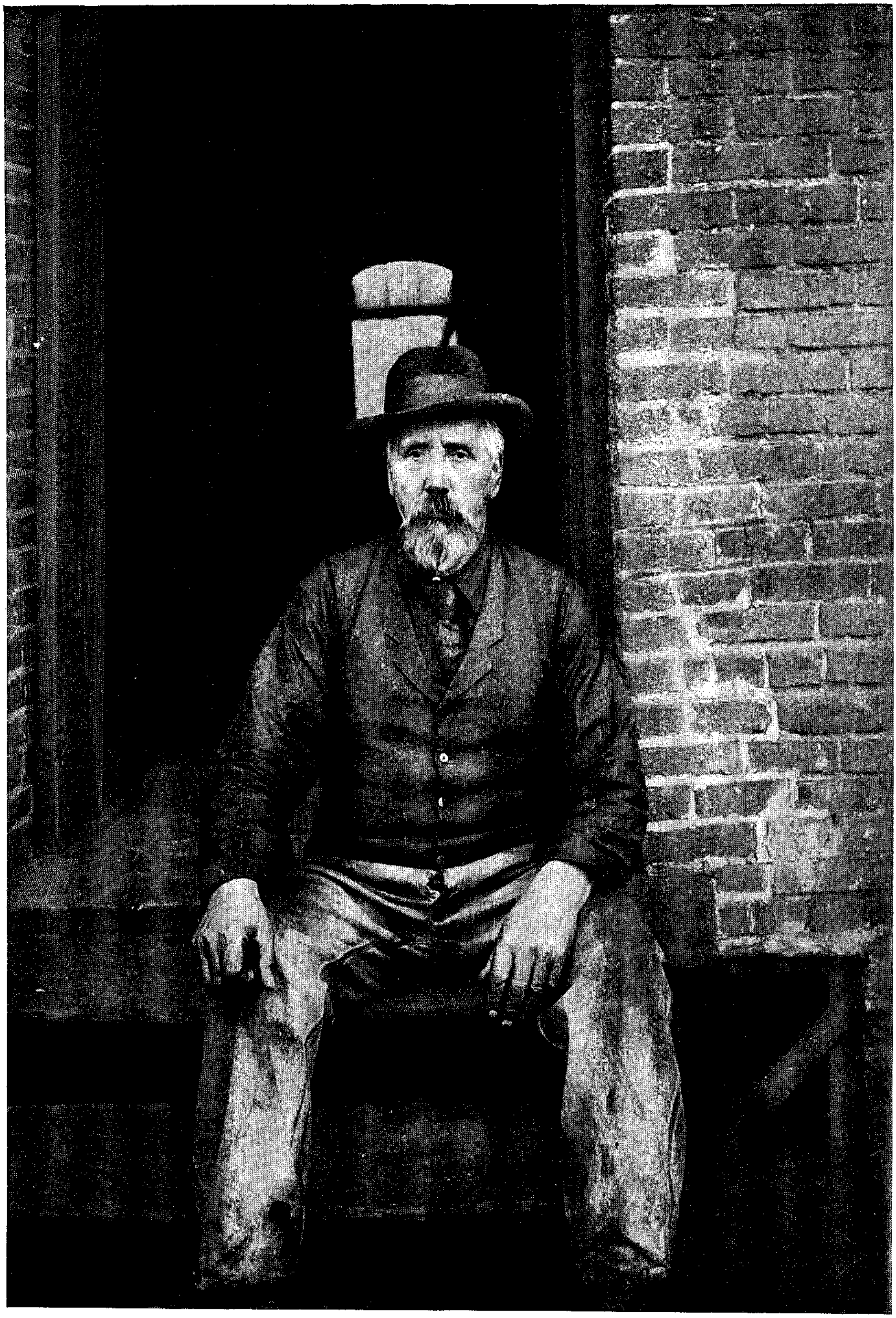
No attempt has been made by the civil authorities to find a clue to the perpetrators of these outrages. I cannot but think if I occupied a position on the other side of the labor question what has happened would be heralded far and wide as an illustration of the tyranny of the operators or their friends. I write in the interest of freedom and justice and the rights of workingmen under the Stars and Stripes in this "land of the free and home of the brave." We have our suspicions of the guilty parties, and if we are correct, they are not far away from us. David Dick.

Old Forge, *September* 29, 1902.

I found Mr. Dick in his engine house at No. 2 Colliery, Old Forge, a prosperous appearing Scotchman who had a singularly clear way of expressing his decided views. He told me he had written the letter, and would reassert all it said. He had come to this country without money, and had been able to save enough to purchase himself a good home of his own. He was a member of the Scotch Presbyterian Church. The company, he said, had always treated him well, and he had no reason for striking. He had been repeatedly threatened, once surrounded by a mob of Italians, once shot at, narrowly escaping death, as his letter shows, and he and his family were ostracised by the strikers of the community. But he said he proposed to work or not to work as he saw fit, and that no threat would deter him. Every day he walked over a mile to his work, going unarmed, though he showed me the riot gun which he had in the engine house to protect him in case the colliery was attacked, as it had been at one time.

Reasons of an Engineer

I talked with Charles Monie, another Scotch engineer of Moosic, Pa., who had worked for twenty-three years in the place he then occupied. He was a man of high intelligence, an elder in the Presbyterian Church of Avoca. He owned a good home, which I visited, and his children were finding good places in the greater world. I asked him why he had remained with the company. I quote his exact words:



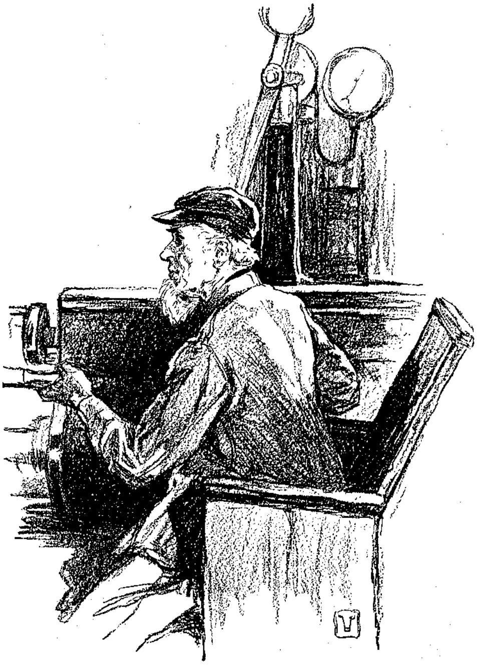
WILLIAM THOMAS
"'*I'd rather be discharged than go back on my friends.*'"

"Unionism is all right when it is kept within bounds. But when it says to any man, 'You can't work until we give you permission,' and when it plans to destroy property, I claim that the individual has a right to quit.

"I have got a home over there without a cent of debt on it. I must have my regular wages to support it.

"I have a right to work when I like, for what I like, and for whom I like.

"I thought about this matter, and as long as my conscience approves my course I don't care who is against me. I don't know your beliefs, but I have faith that the great God will protect me, so I am not afraid."



CHARLES MONIE

"'I have a right to work when I like, for what I like, and for whom I like'"

How Gorman was Called Out

Another non-union engineer whom I called on in his engine house was J. R. Gorman, of Exeter Shaft, West Pittston, who had worked for the company twenty-five years. As he said, he was a "free born American citizen, not a made citizen." This is his story:

"At the beginning of the strike Paddy Brann, the president of the local union, came to me and said he was requested to inform me that my presence would be required at St. Alban's Hall that evening to discuss the strike.

"'I can't go,' I said, 'I'm working.'

"'You understand,' he said, 'that when the strike is over you won't have no work.'

"'Won't I?' I said.

"'No sir; we'll see to that, and you won't be able to buy any goods at the store. We'll boycott you.'

"'Partner,' I said to him, 'look here. Don't you bother your head about me; you've got troubles enough of your own.'

"They hung me in effigy and hooted me in the street. I had to go armed, but they didn't dare lay hands on me. I stand on my rights. I won't have anyone coming to me and telling me when I am to work and when I am to quit working. I don't join a union because I object to having some Dago I never saw before coming and ordering me to stop work or to go to work again. I can think for myself. I don't need any guardians. What is the object of their union anyway? Why strike, pure and simple, causing all this rioting and trouble. Some labor organizations give their members benefits and insurance, help take care of the sick, and bury the dead. Do the mine workers? Not a bit of it. They pay in their money month after month, the officers draw fat salaries, and by and by they all strike, and begin persecuting and assaulting honest men who want to work."

The Blinding of an Engineer

Another engineer whom I met was Abraham Price, of the Dorrance Colliery, Wilkesbarre. He had been with the company for twenty-two years. English by birth, he came to this country when four years old, and had made a place for himself in the life of the town. He never belonged to a union. He was never personally asked by union men to stop work, and had never been interfered with during the strike except to have strikers call him "scab." He said:

"I thought it was best for my own interest to remain at work. The company has done better for me than any union could. I believe that a man should have a right, no matter what his reasons are, to work when and where he pleases without dictation from any one."

Nearly three weeks after the strike was over, I am informed, on pay day, November 16, 1902, Mr. Price, with other non-union men, was assaulted, and his eyes put out with a blow from a stone.

William Thomas, a fine-looking Welsh engineer whom I met at the Exeter Colliery, had this to say concerning his reasons for staying:

"I thought I should be a coward to turn my back on people who had employed me for twenty-nine years and had always treated me well and paid me promptly. I'd rather be discharged than go back on my friends."

Adventures of an English Miner

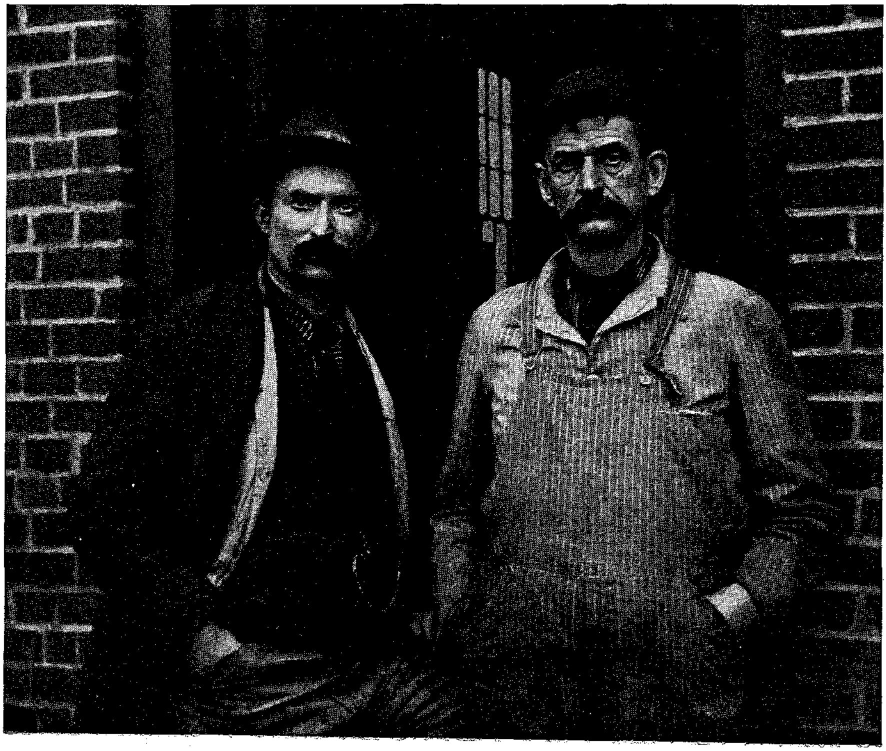
I met Hugh Johnson, a licensed miner of Forest City, who had spent nearly all his life in underground work. He was a good type of the English miner, a man of intelligence, a member of the Masonic fraternity, a communicant in the Presbyterian Church, the owner of two houses which he had bought and paid for from his savings, though he is not a vigorous man physically. I found that Johnson had been a member and officer of the union, indeed a delegate to the convention at Shamokin which declared the strike. He said:

"I believe in unions, and I have long been a member, but I could not agree with the methods of the United Mine Workers. I didn't think we had any cause to strike in the first place. I voted against the strike in the convention, but it was carried by the younger element. All the boys—about a third of all the members—are under age, and the Hungarians and Poles are allowed to vote, and they entirely overwhelmed the conservative element. I did not believe in destroying property by calling out the engineers and pump men, but still I staid out with the strikers until I began to see how the relief fund was distributed. I thought it should be share and share alike. I paid my dues regularly, and my expenses were going on, and I got to the point where I had to have help or else mortgage my home. So I applied to the officers of the local and they said: 'You've got property. Why don't you raise money on it?' And they gave me a good hauling over for presuming to ask for help. The men who got the relief were often those who had been intemperate and improvident before the strike—though there were plenty of genuine cases of poverty—and who had shouted loudest for the strike because they had nothing to lose. I know of some cases in which those relieved took out their relief orders at the store in hams and traded them off for beer. Now that system is putting a premium on improvidence, and fining every man who has saved up any money. As long as they do that of course the crowd that hasn't anything to lose is going to keep on striking."

A Non-union Man's Daughter

Mr. Johnson went back to work in the mines, and the union began at once a series of persecutions to compel him to come out. The school board, which was composed of strikers, refused to employ his daughter, who was an experienced teacher, on the ground that she was a "scab." His boy was hooted in school. He himself and other workmen were surrounded one night by a mob which shouted "Kill them! Kill them!" Stones were thrown and several men were injured, but Johnson was fortunately unhurt. Some of the stores refused to sell goods to him or any of his family, but he continued to work, and is working yet. All these things were done by his neighbors and friends,

J. R. GORMAN (at right),
who says he was always used well by the Company and sees no reason for going back on his employers



among whom he had lived an honorable life for years.

Many of the men who stayed at work, especially those of the less intelligent class, could, apparently, give no very definite reasons for their act.

Bellas, the "Scab"

One particularly determined worker was a teamster named Bellas, of the Lehigh Company. They heaped a mock grave in front of his house and set up the inscription:

> "HERE LIES THE BODY
> OF BELLAS THE SCAB."

That did not bother Bellas, nor did any of the threats. Once when they stopped him he said, "My father fought for this country up in the Wyoming Valley during the Revolutionary War, and I think I've got a right to work where I please."

At another time they surrounded him and asked him for his union card. He pulled a revolver out of his boot with the remark:

"Here's my card."

They stoned his house, hung him in effigy, and fired at him at night. Part of the time, to prevent his house from being blown up, he watched half the night and his son the other half.

Struggles of the Snyder Family

At Wilkesbarre I met John Snyder, a non-striking worker, and his wife. Snyder is a strong-built young fellow, brought up in the coal regions, a fireman by trade, though he never had worked in the mines until this summer. His wife had been a shopgirl in New York City. Just before the strike began she inherited a legacy of $450.

"When we got that," she said, "we thought that now we could have a little home of our own—I mean we could start one."

But the legacy was small, and homes were costly, so Mrs. Snyder finally went out of the city to Stanton Hill, and bought a lot in a miners' neighborhood, paying $100 for it. Then her husband and his father built a house, mostly of second-hand lumber, leaving the plastering until Snyder should be able to save something from his wages. There was now just money enough left to furnish the house meagerly, and they moved into it, with what joy one way imagine. At last they had a place, a home, in the world. Mrs. Snyder bought a hive of bees, her husband fitted up a chicken-house and made a little garden, hoping thus to add to their income and make the life of their children more comfortable. Every penny they possessed was expended on the home. But Snyder was an industrious fellow, did not "touch, taste, nor handle," as his wife told me, and they knew that he could easily earn enough to support them comfortably.

In the meantime, however, the great strike was on, and every sort of job not connected with the mines was seized upon by union men who were willing to work for almost nothing while the strike lasted, so that Snyder, in order that his family might not be reduced to starvation, was forced, as he told me, to go to work in the mines. He had been thus employed barely four days when one of his neighbors—an Irish striker—came to him. Snyder thus reported to me the conversation which ensued:

"'You're working, are you?'

"'No,' I said.

"'We've got spies on you, and we find that you're firing at the Dorrance.'

"'I am a citizen,' I said, 'and I have a right to work where I please.'

"'Well, I tell you,' he said, 'you can't scab and live here. You ought to be killed, and you'll find your house blown up some morning if you don't quit.'

"Then a big crowd gathered, mostly Irish, and began to yell 'Scab! Kill him! Kill him!' and throw stones at me. I jumped on my bicycle and escaped."

Snyder now remained within the stockade at the Dorrance colliery day and night, fearing death if the strikers caught him, leaving his wife and two babies in the new home on the hill, not dreaming that any harm would come to defenceless women. But crowds, both grown men and boys, gathered daily under the trees near the house, and every time Mrs. Snyder appeared they hooted at her, often insultingly, sometimes threateningly. After a few days of this treatment she became so fearful of personal injury—for she had seen more than one account in the newspapers of what had happened to the wives of non-striking workers—that she took her babies and, having not even money enough to pay car-fare, fled to the city, where she found shelter for the night. For several days she returned to her home to feed the chickens and look after the bees, always subjected coming and going to the jeers and insults of her neighbors. One day she found that her bees had swarmed, and that the swarm was attached to a near-by tree. Here was the first of the increase. She tried her best to get them down and rehived, but, not strong and a woman, she could not do it. Venturing even insult, she ran out to the men on the hill asking help. Not a man of them would assist her. Instead, they hooted her back to her home, and presently she saw her bees rise and disappear to the hills. She could not tell this part of the story without a quivering lip and a tearful eye.

HUGH JOHNSON, TYPE OF THE INTELLIGENT ENGLISH MINER.

Their House Broken Into

A few days later she returned to find that her home had been entered, her new lamp smashed, a prized clock stolen, her husband's trunk broken open, rifled, and thrown out of the window. In terror she started back toward the city, but turned back to get her canary bird and two or three pet chickens, which, fortunately, she carried away with her. There was nothing now but to desert the new home. The terrified woman sought her husband, but he dared not leave the colliery, though he finally succeeded in getting an advance of $5 on his wages. With this money in hand, Mrs. Snyder hurriedly employed a drayman to move her furniture. When the team reached the house, however, the drivers were stopped by the crowd. She told me they shouted at her: "We'll kill you and your husband if it takes twenty years. Your house will go up in smoke."

And they turned back the teams, not permitting the removal of any of the furniture. In desperation, now, at the prospect of seeing her little home destroyed, Mrs. Snyder went to Mr. Mitchell's headquarters in the Hart Hotel. She told me she had read somewhere that Mr. Mitchell wanted to have no violence committed—that he had promised to prevent violence to non-union men and the blowing up of houses. She met John Fallon, one of Mr. Mitchell's assistants and chairman of the district board of the union, and to him she told her story.

"Why, yes," he said, "I'll see to that; I'll go right out now"—looking at his watch.

The Tragedy of a Home

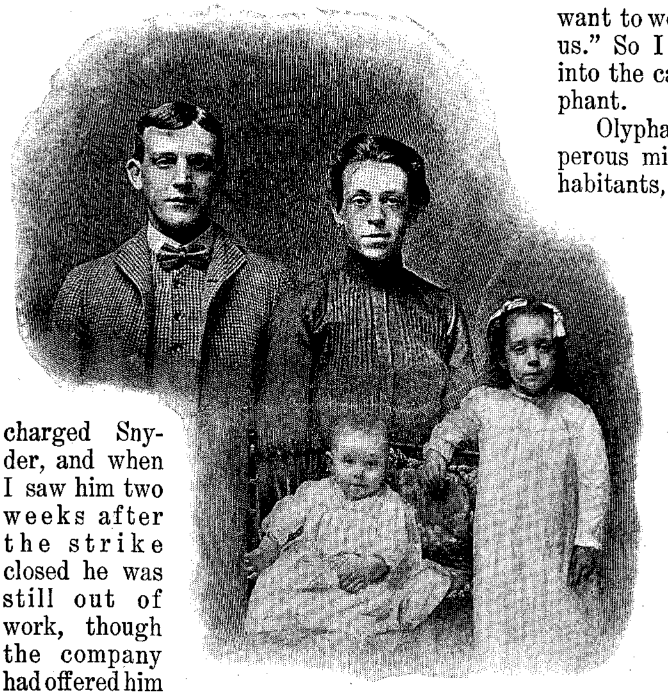
Mrs. Snyder went away relieved. The next morning when she climbed Stanton Hill and looked up to see her home its place was vacant. She found only a cellar full of ashes. The chicken-house was also gone, and of all the chickens not one was left. Even the bees had been burned up, and the little garden was trampled and ruined. An old family dog that had recently brought a family of pups to the house was the only creature left, wandering about whining, looking for her pups. In the telling of this part of their story neither Mr. nor Mrs. Snyder could keep back the tears.

They searched in the ashes, hoping to find something left, but there was not even any remains of their cook stove, or sewing machine, or bed springs, and they learned subsequently—so they told me—that their house had been looted before burning, and that the furniture had been distributed among their neighbors on the hill. Everything was gone. Mrs. Snyder did not even have left a change of clothing for her children. While she and her mother were looking into the ruins the crowd gathered and hooted "Scab, scab! Dynamite them!" so the two helpless women turned back toward the city.

Fresh from her loss, Mrs. Snyder went to see John Fallon, who said:

"I didn't see about it in the newspapers."

Snyder continued to work until the strike was over and the union men came back to the colliery. At once every means was exerted by the strikers to displace non-union workers, Snyder among them, and such influence was brought to bear that the foreman finally dis-



JOHN SNYDER AND HIS FAMILY, WHOSE HOME, WHICH HE HAD JUST BUILT, WAS BURNED.

charged Snyder, and when I saw him two weeks after the strike closed he was still out of work, though the company had offered him another position. And Mrs. Snyder has been haunting the second-hand stores of Wilkesbarre, hoping against hope that some of her household goods may be pawned by the thieves, and that she may thus recover them.

I asked Snyder why he did not try to have the criminals arrested.

"In the first place," he said, "if they were arrested they'd never be punished, because everybody is in favor of the strikers, and they could get all their friends to swear they were not present when the house was burned. Besides, I am afraid they'd take it out of me if I did anything."

So nothing has been done, and it seems likely, from what I can learn, that nothing ever will be done to bring the perpetrators of these outrages to justice.

The case of the Snyders is by no means exceptional. There were many instances which I investigated of similar persecution.

The Murder of James Winstone

"All we want is investigation," a strike leader said to me. "Now, these murders they talk about. Look into them and you will find that they were the result of the presence of the armed coal and iron police, who were mostly city thugs with orders to shoot and kill. It's a trick of the operators to try to lay all the blame for disturbances on us; they want to work up public sentiment against us." So I went from Scranton to look into the case of James Winstone, of Olyphant.

Olyphant is a more than usually prosperous mining town of some 6,100 inhabitants, nearly all mine workers, over seventy per cent. of whom own their own homes. The population is very diverse, being made up of some dozen different nationalities, but with an unusually large proportion of the English, Welsh, and Irish, the better elements among the miners.* James Winstone lived in a neighborhood known as Grassy Island, of which he was the foremost citizen, having by far the best home and the most means.

His home was really a pretty place, a two-story house with trees in front, which Winstone himself set out, an arbor where there was shade in summer, a fine garden in which Winstone grew vegetables, and was experimenting with grapes. I came in by the back door to a shining kitchen, spotlessly clean. Indeed, the home was more than comfortably furnished, with an organ, books, pictures, and other evidences of enlightenment and comfort. Mrs. Winstone came in and told us quietly and sadly some of her story. Then we went out again through the spotless kitchen, and crossed to the next house, also the property of James Winstone, and the home of his son-in-law, S. J. Lewis, a worker in the mines. Here, too, was every evidence of comfort and spotless cleanness. The daughter, James Winstone's oldest, had been married only a year. Little by little the story came out, mostly through Mr. D. E. Lewis, a highly intelligent Welshman, the foreman of the mine where Winstone and his son-in-law were employed.

The Rise of an English Miner

Winstone had been in America only fourteen years, having come from Yorkshire, England. Reaching Pennsylvania without money, he was able, working as a common miner and supporting a family, to save enough in fourteen years to make him the possessor of two fine homes and everything paid for. Mr. D. E. Lewis told me that Winstone averaged a net earning of $3.50 a day, for which he found it necessary to work only five or six hours. His son-in-law, young Lewis, earned $2.26 a day. Winstone was in the prime of life, forty-eight years old, with a wife and three children. His wife told me with sad pride how he had been respected in his community. He was treasurer, she said, for eight years of the Lackawanna Accident Fund, a member of the Sons of St. George and of the Red Men, and even, at one time, an officer in the United Mine Workers. She said he had not an enemy in the world, that all he wanted was to live peaceably and see his sons properly educated. He meant to keep them in school until they could work into good positions. They had done well in the mines, but they hoped the boys would do something better.

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* As an indication of the diversity of nationality, Grassy Slope mine, in which James Winstone worked, had 401 adult employes. Of this number 24 were Americans, 48 English, 60 Welsh, 59 Irish, 5 Scotch, 2 Swede, 152 Polish, 5 German, 41 Hungarian, 5 Italian.

Winstone, a natural leader, opposed the strike from the beginning, as did others of the conservative element. He asserted publicly that he saw no cause for striking, that any man who was willing to work and was temperate could get ahead, that there was too much agitation. But he and the conservatives were overwhelmed and the strike declared. Winstone went out with the others, found employment for several weeks outside the mines at a fraction of his former wages, and then came back home. He now saw that he must mortgage his property to live. He went to the union, and was told that he would be given no assistance. He had property and he could raise money on that. This, however, he refused to do.

So Winstone went back to the mine to work. His son-in-law, S. J. Lewis, had already gone back, in company with some of the other mine workers of the community. Immediately the strikers began their tactics of intimidation and threats. Every morning and evening they gathered in the road and hooted Winstone, Lewis, Doyle, and others on their way to work. Sometimes they gathered in front of his home, threateningly, but Winstone would not be cowed. One night a larger crowd than usual appeared, and Patrick Fitzsimmons, secretary of the local and auditor of the general assembly, stood up and shouted a violent tirade against scabs. One of the things he said, reported to me by Mr. Lewis, was: "If there were half a dozen of loyal union men like me there wouldn't be one of the scabs that would dare to go to work."

S. J. LEWIS AND HIS WIFE. LEWIS AND HIS FATHER-IN-LAW, JAMES WINSTONE, WERE ATTACKED ON THEIR WAY TO WORK. WINSTONE WAS KILLED, BUT LEWIS ESCAPED AFTER A SEVERE BEATING

These crowds were composed of Irish and English, with a large rallying force of Poles and others. Most of them were Winstone's neighbors and fellow-workmen, and many of them had been his good friends.

A week before the final tragedy, a committee waited on Winstone and requested him to stop work, threatening him if he did not. Winstone told them that he would not desert his place.

The persecutions now became so severe that Winstone and Lewis, instead of going to the mine by the road, were accustomed to go back through the garden, climb a fence, cross the rear of a lot occupied by a Polish miner named Harry Shubah, a neighbor well known to Winstone, and join William Doyle, another non-union man, the three men going together. They carried no arms.

Day of the Tragedy

The morning of September 25th was rainy. Winstone and Lewis had gone down through the garden. When they had climbed the fence into Shubah's yard, Lewis took his father-in-law's arm, and was holding an umbrella over his head. Suddenly, hearing a noise, he

JAMES WINSTONE AND HIS FAMILY. WINSTONE WAS KILLED IN THE YARD OF A NEIGHBOR ON HIS WAY TO WORK, SEPTEMBER 25, 1902.

glanced behind and saw Harry Simuralt, another Polish neighbor with whom both were well acquainted. Simuralt had a club lifted. Lewis cried:

"Don't strike us with that."

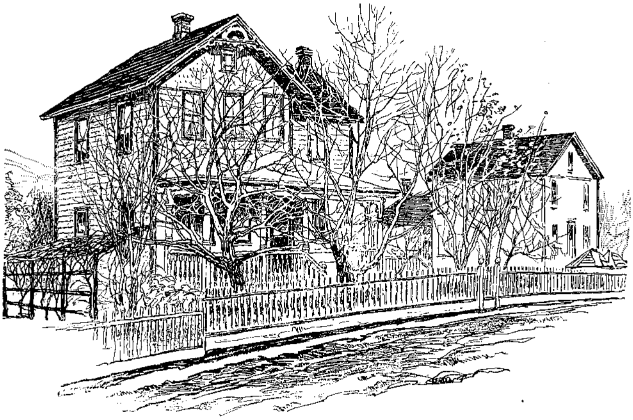
The words were hardly out of his mouth when he was felled to the earth. Jumping up again, half dazed, he ran toward Doyle's house. Hearing Winstone shout, "Don't kill me," he glanced behind and saw several men pounding him with clubs. Lewis himself was now pursued and struck in the back with a heavy stick, but he succeeded in escaping. The assaulters having pounded Winstone to their satisfaction, left him lying in his blood. He was carried into Doyle's house, where he died a few hours later without regaining consciousness. Lewis was in bed three weeks.

Everything evidently had been plotted beforehand. The murderers were perfectly sober, making an evidently planned escape by train. Fortunately they were arrested at Hoboken, New Jersey, and brought back to Scranton, where they are now in jail. According to Lewis, the three men most concerned were Harry Simuralt, Harry Shubah, and Tom Priston, all Polish miners, union men, and strikers—all near neighbors of Winstone, long known to him. The astonishing thing is that they had been in the country for years and spoke English well; one of them, Simuralt, owned his own home, a very comfortable place. Foreman Lewis told me that they all bore good reputations as industrious and temperate workers.

It is interesting, as showing the difficulty of protecting life, that seven hundred soldiers were camped within less than half a mile of the scene of this murder.

A Murder in the Fog

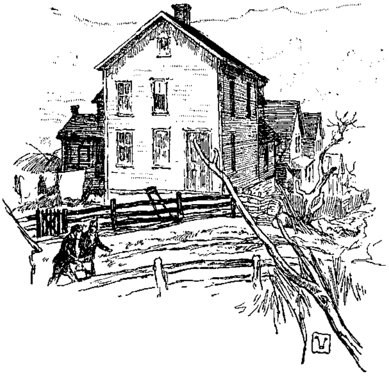
Through some peculiarity of location, the valley of the Susquehanna is singularly subject to fogs—not unlike those of southern England, appearing before dawn and often continuing until long after sunrise. Such a fog filled the valley on the early morning of September 8, 1902. It was so thick that a man could see only a few paces before him—familiar houses, fences, road-marks, seemed mysterious. It was on this foggy morning that a number of important things were happening in the vicinity of the Maltby Colliery. Though no one could see any evidence of life, nor hear any sound, yet men were gathering from several directions—men who hated one another. There were three parties of them, all armed. On the previous Saturday night there had been a joint meeting of three locals of the United Mine Workers of America—the Luzerne, the Broderick, and the Maltby. It was a special occasion. Reports were made by an officer that the company intended to add a large number of non-union men to its force at the Maltby Colliery on the following Monday morning. This news was received with jeers, and after

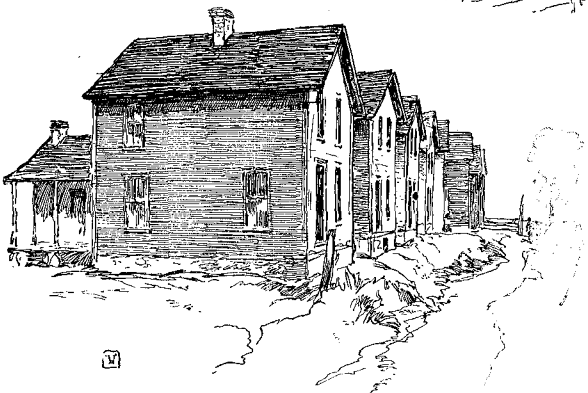


THE HOME OF THE WINSTONE FAMILY.

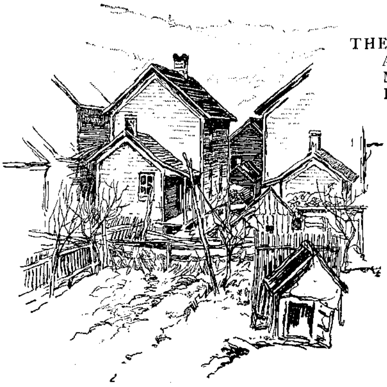
much discussion a motion was made and passed calling upon all the members of the three locals to be present at the entrance to the colliery on Monday morning. Great secrecy was enjoined, but there was a man present whose business it was to listen to just such news; he carried the word immediately to the officials of the Lehigh Valley Coal Company. Sheriff Jacobs being notified, armed deputies were provided to escort the non-union men on Monday morning. This accounted for two of the parties gathered in the fog. The mob appeared in great force, many armed with clubs, some having large iron nuts at the end; some with stones; others with cheap revolvers. Lining themselves up along the roadways, they awaited the coming of the car with the non-union men.

In the meantime another party of two men was out in the fog. Sistieno Castelli and his friend and brother-in-law, Kiblotti, were going hunting. Castelli was a peaceable citizen, whose family was hungry. He had his gun on his shoulder, and was tramping up the Lackawanna Railroad tracks on his way to the hills, hoping to find some rabbits or squirrels. Just as he and his friend reached a point behind the house of John Keeler, outside foreman of the mine, the car with the non-union men had come to a stop.





THE HOMES OF SHUBAH, PRISTON, AND SIMURALT, THE THREE MEN ARRESTED FOR THE KILLING OF JAMES WINSTONE.



The mob, fully expecting to surprise the non-union men and have them instantly at their mercy, came up out of the fog to find themselves facing armed deputies. Under cover of this surprise the non-union men were hurried into Keeler's house, guarded by the deputies. The mob, gathering quickly, foresaw that an attempt would be made to rush the workmen from Keeler's house by the back way to the mine, so they turned and streamed up the tracks of the Lackawanna Railroad, between the colliery and the foreman's home. And here they came suddenly upon Castelli and Kiblotti there in the fog. Castelli cried out. Some one, said to be a Hungarian, struck him a frightful blow on the head, felling him to the earth. And then they seized his shotgun, placed the muzzle against Castelli's body, and pulled the trigger. In the meantime several others pitched upon his companion, but in the confusion Kiblotti succeeded in escaping. The mob then turned their attention to Castelli, in their fury horribly beating his lifeless body. Having glutted their passion, they turned the body over and went through the pockets, and this is what they found—a union card and a receipt for dues paid, showing that Castelli was a good union man, a member of the Broderick Local No. 452. They had killed him and left another widow and children, visiting upon him the fate they had planned for the non-union men. In the meantime the deputies and their charges were safe in the colliery.

A Wife's Experience

In the list read before the Arbitration Commission of the men murdered during the strike was the name of John Colson, and the memorandum, "Non-union man beaten to death at Shenandoah." I went to Shenandoah to learn more of the story of John Colson.

At first I could find no record of any workman named Colson. Shenandoah had her share of riot and bloodshed, but Colson was not remembered among those injured. But I finally heard of a man of that name who had been working at Shamokin, and I went down to find John Colson, not dead, but living and working tenaciously after an experience that would have daunted most men. He is an English born engineer. Previous to the strike he had lived at Gilberton, working as an engineer, the best position at the colliery. He did not believe in the strike, nor in the order withdrawing the engineers, and he had not been slow in saying so. But he went out with the other strikers and remained a month; then he went to work at the Henry Clay Colliery, at Shamokin. Spies at once found him out, but, living in a car close to the colliery, they could not reach him personally, so they brought to bear the usual pressure on his wife and family at Gilberton. She was boycotted at some of the stores, so that she could not buy the necessaries of life. She was jeered and insulted in the streets, and her home was stoned.

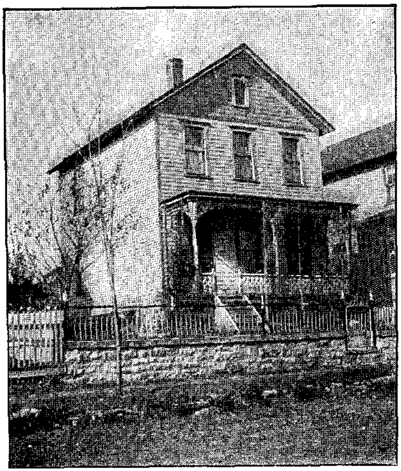
"Every night," she told me, "I was afraid to go to bed for fear they would blow up my home with dynamite. They did dynamite three houses in the same neighborhood."

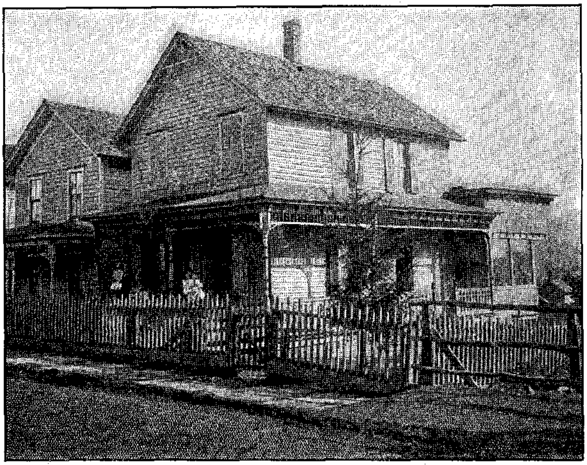
How Colson was Attacked

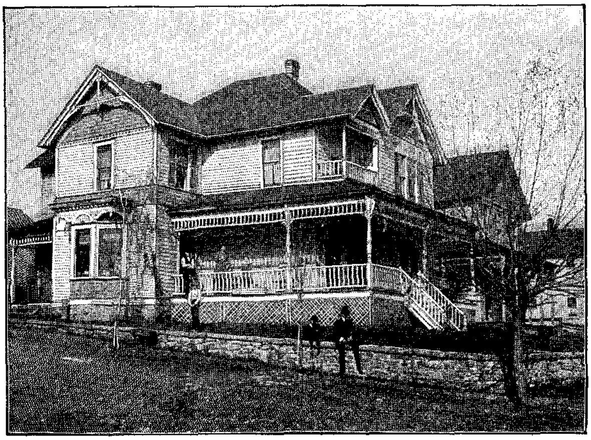
So she finally wrote to her husband that she could bear it no longer, and he rented a house in Shamokin, and told her to move the furniture. This she tried to do, but the teamsters refused to assist her, and she feared that if she attempted to get away the strikers would attack her. Accordingly, Colson bought furniture at Shamokin to fit up a new home. On the evening of October 7 he came up from his work with several coal and iron police to look after the arrangement of his purchases, and when he had finished he started back alone along the railroad tracks. The police had warned him of his danger, and he had, indeed, already been stoned, and yet, naturally fearless, he was going back alone. Having a revolver, he thought he could defend himself. A trainload of soft coal was passing; a mob of men appeared, shouting at him threateningly. He reached to draw his revolver, and a man on one of the cars dropped a huge block of coal on his head. Colson fell in his tracks, and after further beating him, the mob robbed him of his revolver and a new pair of boots, and left him for dead. For three days he lay unconscious in the hospital, and there, slowly, with careful nursing, he recovered, and as soon as he could walk went back to work again. His wife now succeeded in getting an undertaker from an adjoining town to move her goods, under guard of a deputy, and they settled at Shamokin. I found them in a comfortable, pleasant home—two boys at work in the mines and a comely daughter.

The Mother of a Non-union Man

In this case of John Colson I had an opportunity of seeing what it means, socially, for a man to work during a strike. At Mahoney City, in the last house in the town, one of the dingy red company houses, almost in the shadow of an enormous pile of culm, I found John Colson's father and mother. The old miner had just come in from his work, his face and clothing black with coal dust. His wife had hot water ready for him, and a tub stood waiting on her kitchen floor, so that he might wash off the marks of the mine. Yet some of the marks he could not wash off—the blue tatooing of powder which covered his face with ugly scars. Five years before







TYPICAL MINERS' HOMES AT FOREST CITY

he had been in a mine explosion. A careless Hungarian, cross-cutting through the coal, had set off his blast without giving warning, and Colson had been taken from the mine for dead, but he finally lived, blue-scarred, wholly blind in one eye and almost blind in the other. He was an old man even then; he had been mining, here and in England, for nearly fifty years, and his seven sons, miners all, told him that he might rest the remainder of his days. So for four years previous to the great strike he had lived quietly a comfortable old age, he and his wife alone in the red house at the end of the village, their sons and daughters around them.

But with the strike came hard times, and the sons, though willing to help their parents, had many mouths of their own to feed, and by the time the miners were ordered back to work in October they were all in straightened circumstances, so that old John Colson was compelled to go back into the mines. He told me he was doing a boy's job now—turning a fan in a deep working, and that he earned only 75 cents a day, but he was glad to be employed again. The mother told me with pride of her boys—Anthony with his family of eight children, her other boys, and the married daughters. And so we came to speak of John, her oldest son, the one reported beaten to death. She flushed at the mention of his name, said at first that she would have nothing to say about him, and then, bitterly:

"He might better be dead, for he's brought disgrace on the name."

All the brothers, the old miner said, had been members of the union, and had come out when the strike was called, but John had gone back to work.

"He deserved all he got," said his mother. "He wasn't raised a scab."

The Hardest Penalty of All

Then she told how, when he lay hovering between life and death in the hospital, she had not gone to him once, and yet she wanted so much to know whether he would live or die that she called up the hospital on the telephone.

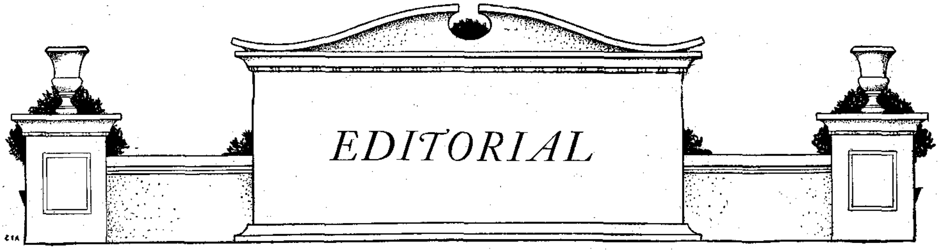
"But I didn't give my name," she said, "so he didn't know about it."

Since he was well again none of the family had visited him or paid the least attention to him. The strike had wholly crushed all family feeling. John was not again to be recognized.

Such a story as this gives a faint idea of the meaning of a strike in the coal fields.

None of these Incidents Exceptional

I could, as I have said, fill a whole number of this magazine with other narratives of like incidents that I have myself investigated. Those that I have set down here are not chosen as especially flagrant cases; they constitute only a few among scores, even hundreds, of similar tragedies of the great coal strike.



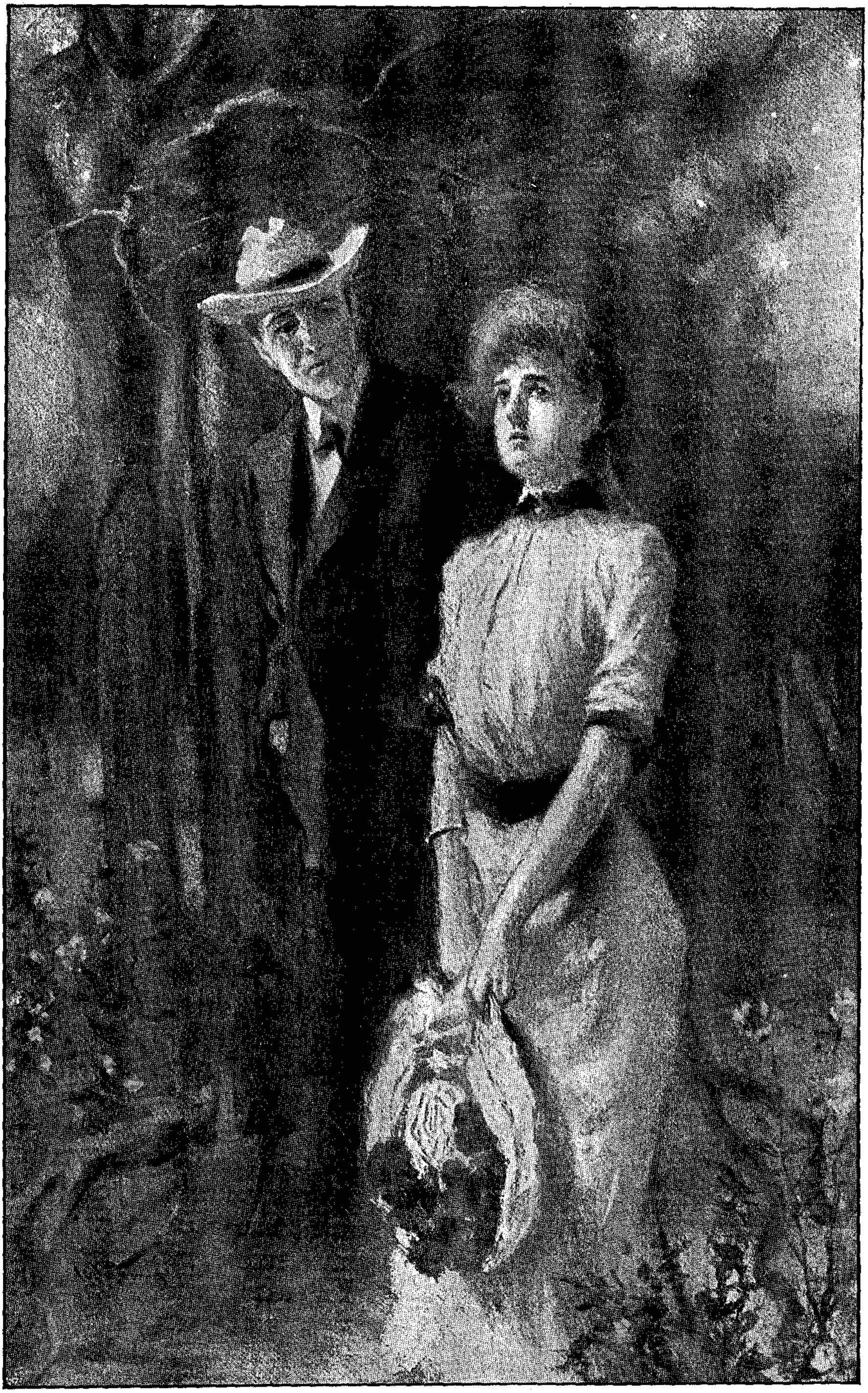
Concerning Three Articles in this Number of McClure's, and a Coincidence that May Set Us Thinking

HOW many of those who have read through this number of the magazine noticed that it contains three articles on one subject? We did not plan it so; it is a coincidence that the January McClure's is such an arraignment of American character as should make every one of us stop and think. How many noticed that?

The leading article, "The Shame of Minneapolis," might have been called "The American Contempt of Law." That title could well have served for the current chapter of Miss Tarbell's History of Standard Oil. And it would have fitted perfectly Mr. Baker's "The Right to Work." All together, these articles come pretty near showing how universal is this dangerous trait of ours. Miss Tarbell has our capitalists conspiring among themselves, deliberately, shrewdly, upon legal advice, to break the law so far as it restrained them, and to misuse it to restrain others who were in their way. Mr. Baker shows labor, the ancient enemy of capital, and the chief complainant of the trusts' unlawful acts, itself committing and excusing crimes. And in "The Shame of Minneapolis" we see the administration of a city employing criminals to commit crimes for the profit of the elected officials, while the citizens—Americans of good stock and more than average culture, and honest, healthy Scandinavians—stood by complacent and not alarmed.

Capitalists, workingmen, politicians, citizens—all breaking the law, or letting it be broken. Who is left to uphold it? The lawyers? Some of the best lawyers in this country are hired, not to go into court to defend cases, but to advise corporations and business firms how they can get around the law without too great a risk of punishment. The judges? Too many of them so respect the laws that for some "error" or quibble they restore to office and liberty men convicted on evidence overwhelmingly convincing to common sense. The churches? We know of one, an ancient and wealthy establishment, which had to be compelled by a Tammany hold-over health officer to put its tenements in sanitary condition. The colleges? They do not understand.

There is no one left; none but all of us. Capital is learning (with indignation at labor's unlawful acts) that its rival's contempt of law is a menace to property. Labor has shrieked the belief that the illegal power of capital is a menace to the worker. These two are drawing together. Last November when a strike was threatened by the yard-men on all the railroads centering in Chicago, the men got together and settled by raising wages, and raising freight rates too. They made the public pay. We all are doing our worst and making the public pay. The public is the people. We forget that we all are the people; that while each of us in his group can shove off on the rest the bill of to-day, the debt is only postponed; the rest are passing it on back to us. We have to pay in the end, every one of us. And in the end the sum total of the debt will be our liberty.



"Walked with Eleanor along the country road, white in the moonlight"

See "The Triumph," page 380